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THE

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Hedges '64

GIL-BLASANA.

MOST people have read the unparalleled History of Gil Blas of Santillane, and those who have not ought to accomplish forthwith the perusal of that wonderful and delightful book; in which every page is a satire suited to all times and countries; in which philosophy comes before you in a garb of simplicity; and in which every man can see his own heart clearly revealed and skilfully dissected.

But perhaps the strangest thing about Gil Blas is its peculiar Spanish character. The scene of the book is founded in Spain, though most of the satire it contains is levelled against people and things in Paris, the home of the author; and the scenes of Le Sage's other two great books are founded in Spain. From the first, the books were translated into the Spanish, and many aver that they read better in that language than in the original French. In the "Collection of the Best *Spanish* Authors" you will find Gil Blas, *Le Bachelier de Salamanque*, and *Le Diable Boiteux*, which shows how the Spaniards regard these books; in fact, the last-mentioned one is only an enlargement and improvement of a book of the same name, by the celebrated Spanish comic poet, Velez de Guevara.

To turn abruptly to our story, an incident happened to the writer, a few fortnights ago, so like those which excite your sympathy in every chapter of Le Sage's works, that he thinks it worth relating.

I was sitting one afternoon, with a book and cigar for company, on the piazza of one of our sea-coast hotels, when my attention was attracted by the approach of a strange-looking man to my hitherto solitary vicinity. The new-comer was of middle stature, his face very dark, his features regular, and his eyes coal-black and piercing. He was dressed in a neat suit of dark gray, and the only ornament to be seen about his person was a plain gold watch-chain. Without taking the least notice of me, he knelt down and began to pat a good-natured pointer that lay stretched out lazily in the sun at a short distance from my chair. While I was meditating upon the possible motive of this proceeding, (for the man was evidently as great a stranger to the dog as to me,) the new-comer turned towards me, with an extraordinary twinkle in his eyes, and in a polite way asked, "Can you tell me, sir, whose dog this is?" "Mr. Reid's, I believe, the stage superintendent." "He is a very fat dog, too fat to hunt. Do you ever hunt, sir?" "I am fond of hunting, but find little opportunity to gratify my taste for it." "Do you fish, sir? You certainly cannot complain of finding no opportunity to fish here." "No; I have found excellent fishing in this neighborhood." "Have you tried Poleton's Brook?" "Yes, sir, the first day of my arrival." "Ah, then you have been here some time?" "About a month, sir." By this time my interlocutor had got a chair and sat down in front of me, and now I noticed for the first time that he spoke with a slight accent. His manner was urbane, and all the time he seemed afraid of making himself disagreeable, yet determined to get acquainted. "Pardon me, sir," he continued, "but are you not from Cambridge, in Massachusetts?" "Yes, sir." "And in college?" "Yes, sir." "Ah," he replied, with a smile and

another twinkle of his eyes, "I thought so I can tell a Cambridge man nine times out of ten. I myself was at Cambridge a year, and in college. But my father, having taken a government contract, and at the same time being an honest man, failed, and I was obliged to give up my studies. However, when I left college, though my knowledge of Greek and Latin was limited, yet I had acquired a stock of general information, with which I hoped to make my way in the world. An uncle of mine gave me a letter of introduction to the editor of a leading paper in one of our large cities. I set out from home with a scanty wardrobe and a scantier purse, and after a few days of travel presented myself, in a very anxious state of mind, to the gentleman to whom my letter was addressed. After he had read the letter, he turned to speak to me, but was interrupted by the sudden appearance of the master printer, who stated, 'No news has come about the Convention, and I am at a loss how to fill up the half column we reserved for that.' 'That is awkward,' answered the editor. 'Let me see. O, just set up a sensation rumor about an encounter between a British ship-of-the-line and an American sloop-of-war. For instance, — Captain of the clipper-ship Dashing Boy just arrived from Brazil reports, that he saw two war vessels, one with the American flag, and the other with the British, about latitude so and so, and longitude so and so, engaged in a fierce conflict. The British ship's mizzenmast was gone, and before the Dashing Boy was out of sight she had struck her colors. With the aid of your imagination and big capitals you can make out.' The foreman bowed and retired, and the editor turned once more to me. 'So you are a Spaniard, eh? You ought to be French. French is the thing, sir, French.' I ventured to suggest, that I understood French. 'Do you? How well?' I explained, that I had spent most of my boyhood in Paris. 'Ah, have you, now? You are the man; we need a Paris correspondent. A respectable paper cannot do without one. This will be grand, — Paris Corre-

spondence of the Daily Lantern, No. 25, Rue des Cinquante Mille Tournebroches.' I was overjoyed at my good fortune. I could desire nothing better than to return to Paris. 'How soon,' I asked, 'shall I start?' 'Start for where?' echoed the editor. 'For Paris.' 'For Paris! My dear boy, I see you are yet to learn many things. Your Paris will be in that room there, to the right. As you are doubtless well acquainted with the people and manners of the French capital, you will find little trouble in writing us weekly letters from that place, which letters shall be published after the arrival of the mail steamers. Use your Spanish imagination to the fullest extent, and do not be sparing of French phrases.' As a steamer was expected next day, I immediately set to work and wrote my first letter from Paris, in which I gave, on the best authority, two favorite designs of the Emperor, the narrow escape of the Empress from drowning in her bath, a good deal of gossip about a Russian count and an English lady, and, finally, a full account of a horrible and interesting murder, and told how the murderer was detected by the sagacity of a dog belonging to an American merchant. My letters became very popular, so that they were continued for a year without interruption, and perhaps they would have gone on to this day, if fortune had not willed it otherwise.

"Sirius seemed opposed to me, for it was during his reign that the accident which ended in my leaving Paris happened. It chanced on one of those sultry summer mornings when people feel an inclination to lie abed and get the sleep which the hot night has robbed them of, that I had drawn my bed to an open window looking on to the street, and had fallen into a deep slumber. Now it also chanced, on the same morning, that two large vans, one laden with casks and the other with bales of wool, met in the narrow street below my window, and, being unable to pass each other, even by running on to the pavement, had come to a sad collision. The loud shock of the meeting and the rattling of the casks might

have been enough to wake the Seven Sleepers. Rolling from my bed with a start, and unfortunately rolling the wrong way, I fell headlong on to the bales of wool. The fall was not enough to stun me even; but, before I could recover from my astonishment, the drivers of the vans, whom the oppressive day had made more than ordinarily irritable, were engaged in terrific combat, which, by its violent and noisy character, had attracted a large assembly of amused spectators. When my senses had come back to me, and I clearly understood what the matter was, it occurred to me that no time was to be lost in getting back to my room, which I hoped to do under favor of the existing excitement. But no sooner had I risen to my feet than the crowd descried me, and fell to shouting at and mocking me, entirely giving over the contest between the van-drivers, which was raging with increased spirit. Maddened to desperation by their jeers and laughter, I jumped down amongst them, intending to force my way through to the entrance of my house. But there was no need for violence; they gave way before me, shouting, 'Madman! madman!' as I rushed by at the top of my speed. Alas! before I had reached the wished-for haven, one of those Protean beings who personate sometimes the kind Mentor, sometimes the faithful Clytus, and often the avenging Furies, pursued me in this latter character, and caught me in his strong gripe ere I had accomplished my object. In spite of my struggles and protestations, he bore me off to a prison, from which I was soon removed and placed in an insane asylum. In vain did I implore the guardians of the asylum to release me; in vain did I ask them to carry a letter to my employer. The more rationally I acted, the crazier they thought me; and I was confined in a narrow cell, of which the door was massive and carefully secured, and the window barred with iron. Here I pined for days, always hoping that my employer would seek me out, and procure my release. But he never came. I concluded, he must have believed the story as it was told in the papers and in the common talk.

"They kept me in this cell a month; to me it seemed a lifetime. After leaving the cell, I experienced more reasonable treatment. Books were given me to read, and they allowed me to walk in the open air. But think of a sane man wasting his life in the company of idiots!

"For lack of better employment, I devoted much of my time to studying the characters and the habits of the inmates. Strange to tell, at the end of a few days, I discovered that one, a man of middle age, was in the same condition as myself; but he was the victim of his wife's tyranny, while I was the victim of Fate. We immediately became friends, and began to plot our escape, which was effected, a week or so afterwards, in the following manner. The three guardians, who were in constant attendance upon us during the day, all happened about this time to be taking the deepest interest in the Presidential election, which was soon to be held, and they passed most of their time in disputing about that momentous question. These disputes were all the more spirited because each of the disputants represented a different party. One evening, after all the inmates had retired, excepting the guardians, my friend, and myself, the arrival of the daily papers was the signal for an argument between the first-mentioned worthies, who fell to it as hungry men would to their supper. We were sitting in a large room, in which the more harmless inmates were allowed to pass the day, and which communicated directly with the yard of the asylum. In this room my friend and I had the privilege of staying until it was vacated by the attendants, and here we spent all our long evenings, reading or talking, or walking up and down.

"By an hour after the arrival of the news the dispute between the guardians was raging with unusual violence. Each one held in his hand his favorite journal, to which he occasionally referred in support of what he said. One was sitting in a chair, which by its creakings and movements showed the tremor and excitement under which its occupant labored. Another stood by the window, with a

disdainful look, gazing into the darkness, and apparently addressing his words to the night. The third, the most violent of all, strode the floor with a nervous tread, gesticulating with his whole body, and summoning to the aid of his arguments every invention he could contrive; he would stick his knife into the wall, and on it hang his watch, to represent his country's suicide, in case his candidate should not be chosen; he would stamp the floor with alternate foot; he would throw his bunch of keys against the ceiling, and fold his newspaper into the smallest possible volume, only to be unfolded and refolded again. Seizing a favorable opportunity, I picked up the bunch of keys, which its possessor had at last forgotten, and, beckoning to my friend, stole out. We both reached the yard unobserved, so closely were our amateur politicians engaged in their debate, and as one of the keys we had brought luckily unlocked the outer gate, we made good our escape.

"We two refugees from the hands of Mercy, thinking it better for the success of each, soon after our escape bade each other a long farewell, and separated.

"To tell what I did during the next ten years would take much time, and excite little interest. I engaged in many different pursuits; for a long time I was secretary to a gentleman in the South; thrown out of this post by an untoward accident, I went to the coast of Africa in a slaver; the slaver having been captured, I, who was ashore at the time, turned missionary; but the climate of the Western coast of Africa is not salubrious, which induced me to abandon the war against the fetiches and return home. When I had reached my adopted country for the third time in my life, I was led by a curious chain of circumstances to become a Methodist clergyman, in which calling, as my voice was only of ordinary strength, I made a miserable failure; finally, I went to the South to seek my fortune. Here, while travelling about on horseback, I stopped one night under the hospitable roof of a poor planter, in whom

I was astonished and delighted to recognize my friend of the insane asylum. 'What!' said I, 'how in the world came you here?' 'Why,' he replied, 'when I got out of the asylum, I found my wife had eloped with my largest debtor, and that my affairs had gone to ruin. I gathered up a little money, and came to this place, where I bought a few slaves and a small plantation. But I have met with no success in my undertakings, and I am thinking seriously of returning to the North again; but I am troubled to know what to do after I am once there.' Said I, 'Let us join hands, and buffet the world together. There is no better opening for genius in the North at this time than lecturing. We will go to New England and lecture on slavery. We shall need a negro, a heavy chain, some handcuffs, and an overseer's whip, all of which can be procured in the North. You will deliver the lecture, I will sit among the audience and weep, and the negro will recount his experience.' My friend agreed; in a few days he had sold his property, and we were on our way to New England.

"Our plan succeeded well. We had five or six careful rehearsals before appearing in public, so that we came before our audiences well drilled. It was our custom, at each lecture, to take up a collection to pay expenses and to buy the family of our negro out of slavery. The donations of our hearers were liberal; in a month our treasury was full; it might have been filled again and again, had it not been for an unlucky quarrel between my friend and myself. He claimed for himself an unjust part of our revenue, on the ground that it was due to him in consideration of his doing the most work. 'The most work?' I retorted.' 'Pray, what do you call the most work? Standing up for an hour and repeating a speech that you know by heart? Do you think mine is an easy part? Is not acting the most difficult thing in the world to do well? It is not everybody who can represent faithfully sorrow, compassion, wrath, and benevolence. Anybody with common sense and self-posses-

sion can deliver a lecture on such an easy subject; but, my friend, it is not so easy to mimic the *beau-ideal* of a sympathizer with the down-trodden black man.' But he was not convinced of the justice of my claims. Our quarrel ended in a fight, which, in turn, ended in our arrest and exposure. We were stripped of our gains and sent to prison, where we remained almost a year; during this time we became reconciled to each other. Thus does misfortune sometimes take from us those bad feelings which are unworthy of us, and lay our hearts open to kindlier and better influences. When we were at last set free, on account of our notoriety in the neighborhood of the prison, we immediately set out for a distant part of the country, working our way, and by the end of a year we reached California. Upon our arrival, we had money enough left from our wages to keep us until we should find some good situation. Therefore we took lodgings at a cheap boarding-house, whose mistress proved to be the recreant and unfortunate wife of my companion. She was here alone, without any friend to care for her, and barely able to support herself upon the profits derived from her little inn. My companion did not listen to her tale unmoved, but relented from his anger, and received her once more as his lawful wife; by favor of fortune he once more became well to do in the world, and is now leading a happy and contented life.

"Meanwhile I was busily seeking for some place adapted for the display of my abilities. I finally determined to become a member of the press, being considerably influenced to do this by the memory of my former success in the same calling. But I found extreme difficulty in choosing my politics (which was necessary), as I could not find out which party paid the best. Fortunately I did away with the necessity of a decision by obtaining the position of political correspondent to two leading and opposite papers. In this new correspondence I met with my former success, and obtained more than double of my old pay. But the Fates would not

let me rest. I fell sick of the heart disease, and after being bedridden for several weary months returned to the Atlantic States.

"Ever since my return, I have been engaged in petty swindling, my health not permitting any exertion or confinement. I have not found it difficult to dress neatly and make myself agreeable. My poor health is all that keeps me from going to the war, where I think my genius would bring me speedy promotion. Alas! my health is gone; here, feel my heart; it beats twice as fast as yours. It seems to be sounding a continual warning to me, bidding me to correct my ways and lead a better life. But reform is more easily advised than made. Nor has my life been very bad. I do not seek to excuse it by claiming the right of retaliation for my wrongs. I only plead, that I have robbed and deceived those who could afford to be robbed and deceived. Good day, sir."

He was gone before he heard my answer to his salutation; he had jumped into a barouche that was driving past, and was whirled out of sight amid a cloud of dust. It was some time before I became fully awake to the reality of my situation, so entranced had I been by his story. I have followed with tolerable faithfulness his own words; his gestures, his eye-twinklings, his expressions of joy, grief, chagrin, anger, sympathy, triumph, of every feeling suited to the character of his story, these cannot be copied on to paper. As I sat looking at him, while he related his adventures in his earnest way, I fancied myself hearing some Gil Blas or some Don Querubin, and his Spanish face added much to the naturalness thereof.

When the last visible dust cloud from the retreating barouche had settled again to the earth whence it had been stirred, I was about to take my eye-glasses from my vest pocket, and pursue the vehicle with reinforced sight; but the strings were cut and the glasses gone; he had seized them when he grasped my hand and pressed it to his heart. Luckily for me, my watch was at the jeweller's.

If this should ever reach the eyes of my Spanish entertainer, (and it is not likely,) let him know, that I will pardon him the loss of my glasses, if he will not be vexed at my giving publicity to his story, since all names of people and places are carefully suppressed.

Corey '64.

THE GREAT COMET OF 1858.*

UNDER this title has recently appeared the third volume of the "Annals of the Observatory of Harvard College." In attempting a notice of this great work, we shall not presume to present to our readers so complete and able a review as will be found in the standard periodicals both of this country and of Europe, from the pens of those far better qualified than ourselves to do justice to the subject; still we can but think it appropriate that the Harvard Magazine should contribute its mite to the just meed of praise and commendation which this noble production of an honored member of the University must elicit from all the great men of science, both at home and abroad. Whatever we may say of this work, therefore, will be said rather with a view to pay an humble tribute of praise to the genius, skill, patience, and perseverance which the author has displayed in the execution of his task, than to attempt the composition of a critical scientific essay on the subject of which he treats. We should, moreover, but imperfectly perform our duty, if, in connection with the name of the author, we failed to mention, with the deepest respect and gratitude, the name of that veteran benefactor of science and learning, Hon. Josiah Quincy, through whose munificence the whole expense of the letter-

* Account of the Great Comet of 1858. By G. P. BOND, Director of the Observatory of Harvard College. Cambridge: Welch, Bigelow, & Co., Printers to the University. 1862. 4to. pp. 372. Plates 49.

press was discharged, and also the name of a worthy son of an illustrious sire, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, Esq., without whose kindly interest and encouragement, the author assures us, the work, in its present extent, would never have been attempted, and mainly through whose energetic support, in a time of political and financial agitation, peculiarly unfavorable to such an enterprise, he has been able to carry out, in every particular, the original plan of publication.

The astonishing magnitude which Donati's comet attained, as seen from the earth, the remarkable duration of its visibility, which was no less than two hundred and seventy-five days, the complete absence of moonlight during the period of its greatest development, and the circumstance that the points on the earth's surface most favorable for observing it were situated in the most civilized countries, where were to be had the very best instruments to observe it with, and the men best qualified to use them, rendered the advent of this comet the most favorable opportunity which has ever been presented of extending our knowledge, hitherto exceedingly imperfect and unsatisfactory, of the nature of these remarkable objects, and the mode of development of those enormous trains of light which so often attend them.

To quote from our author, "Nor does it appear that astronomers were insensible of its importance. The increased facilities afforded by modern instruments have been everywhere employed in recording the details of the phenomena, and a great mass of materials, illustrating the various phases and transformations of the comet, has been accumulated for future discussion. In the essential elements of accuracy and fulness of detail, in the long interval of time for which it furnishes a connected record, and in the variety of interesting features described, this collection is, beyond comparison, the most valuable which we possess, and, to judge by past experience of the many chances against a similar recurrence of favoring conditions, it may long retain its distinction.

"In order to make these materials available to their full

extent for the purposes of theoretical investigation, it is proposed in the present volume to bring the observations together under a systematic arrangement, so that they may be easily accessible for reference and comparison; to subject them to a suitable reduction, in order to eliminate errors and bring to light the more evident relation of the phenomena; and, finally, to unite them in a continuous history, based upon this discussion. The opportunity will be taken to give in detail the observations made at the Observatory of Harvard College, the greater part of which are now for the first time published, together with a valuable collection of other matter, which has been communicated in manuscript from various sources elsewhere acknowledged."

We have quoted somewhat at length from the author's Introduction, believing that by so doing we could give our readers the clearest idea of the plan followed in the composition of the work. In accordance with this plan, the author has given to the world the result of his labors, forming a superb quarto volume of nearly four hundred pages, illustrated by fifty-one engravings on steel, five large charts, and numerous wood-cuts. It is divided into fourteen sections, containing the details of observations upon the figure, dimensions, and position of the tail throughout its whole extent; observations on the secondary tails or rays; details of the reduction of the observations upon the figure and position of the tail; considerations of the probable errors affecting the observations upon it; a description of the deflection of its upper part, and its columnar structure, — a very remarkable feature; reductions of observations on the secondary tails; observations relating to the brightness of the comet and the polarization of its light; a discussion of the outlines of the head of the comet; phenomena of the branching and central darkness of the tail; the size of the nuclei and the quantity of light generally emitted from the head; the phenomena of the envelopes; an account of the outer faint veil, and the deviation of the initial axis of the tail from the direction of the radius vector prolonged.

Such is a brief summary of the topics discussed by the author in the volume before us. The idea of devoting a large quarto volume of nearly four hundred pages to the discussion and illustration of the phenomena connected with this remarkable comet, must certainly be ranked among the finest scientific conceptions of the age; and the publication of this volume will mark an era in astronomical study and investigation.

The execution of the typographical and the artistic part of the work is well worthy the plan of the author. It has never been our fortune to meet with a work on any subject which displayed so much elegance and neatness in its execution. While the subject-matter it contains renders it indispensable to the library of the astronomer and physical philosopher, the beauty and elegance of its mechanical execution render it one of the finest ornaments even for the drawing-room. The steel engravings by Mr. Watts are perfect masterpieces, and bring to mind with astonishing vividness the aspect of this wonderful object, as depicted in a clear evening, on the dark background of the sky, four years ago.

It is a great good fortune that this exceedingly important part of the work has been executed with so much skill and fidelity. The service which Mr. Watts has rendered to the science of Astronomy, in thus giving to the world such clear and accurate representations of the phenomena of this comet, are of the most important kind, for which he deserves the highest commendation.

The liberality with which the citizens of Boston and its vicinity have assisted the author in the publication of this volume shows clearly, that, notwithstanding the disastrous state of our political and financial affairs, they are still determined to sustain the reputation which the American astronomer has had abroad since the advent of the illustrious Bowditch. And when they receive this volume, as the account of the author's stewardship of the money intrusted to him for the purpose of prosecuting astronomical researches,

they cannot but be encouraged to still greater efforts in behalf of the science in future.

The publication of this volume also shows that what is needed by the American astronomer is money. Let him have what money he needs, and he can produce works at least equal, if not superior, to any in the world, as our author has clearly demonstrated. Without it, no great addition to the science ought to be expected from him.

The situation of the American astronomer in this most important respect bears a very poor comparison with that of the European. Among the great nations of Europe, the observatory is regarded as a royal institution, and whatever funds may be needed to promote the interests of Astronomy are promptly furnished by the respective governments. In this country, the government does indeed pretend to keep one observatory in working order; yet the one that is doing more to advance astronomical science than all the others combined, is mainly dependent on the munificence of individuals to supply its wants.

Such, then, being the case, it is our most earnest hope that the publication of this volume (which, in connection with the labors of Mr. Clark in the construction of refracting telescopes, will place us as a nation in the very first rank in the pursuit of practical Astronomy) may induce others besides those whose names appear at the commencement of this volume to follow their noble example. Let the wants of the able Director of the Observatory of Harvard College be, as far as possible, anticipated and generously provided for. Let due care be taken that the Observatory be furnished with all necessary and useful instruments, and those of the very best quality. Above all, let sufficient funds be placed at the disposal of the Director, to enable him to give to the world the result of his labors in as complete and elegant a form as the volume before us. In this way, and in no other, can the intellectual force now connected with the Observatory be effectually and advantageously applied to the extension of astronomical knowledge.

S. S. Hegeman '63

LORD SOPHOMORE.

A FRAGMENT.

CANTO XXVIII.

THE COMBAT.

Now far across the shining green,
Two noble forms, distinctly seen,
Come thundering on with lofty tread,
And fevered eye, and haughty head;
And one, the Sophomore, 't is said,
Doth wear a beaver new and clean.

What pen unused to such a theme
Can fitly represent the gleam
Of youthful beauty, as it fell
Upon that other's face, or tell
The glories that combined to swell
The hopes of his exultant dream.

But all our senses needs must fail,
Our countenance grow fixed and pale,
Whene'er we scan the rising hate,
The quick, hot words of short debate,
The features now grown desperate,
And palms all itching to assail.

Each trusting in their equal match,
They rush together to the *scratch*
With fierce impetuosity,
Triumphant in th' uncertainty,
And eager and intent to see
Which will his foe despatch.

Now, by all arts, this will not do
That ye should waive all order so:
O Bluff and Simpkins, 't is not fair
That ye should pull each other's hair,

And shame the teaching rich and rare
Of sturdy Molineaux.

But now hath each one got his fill,
And where they fought all now is still;
With heated brows and scratchèd faces
They pass to their respective places;
Young Simpkins goes to view the graces
Left by a bluff, unwonted skill.

Where tooth and nail their mark have left,
Behold the fair-arched eyebrow cleft,
And watch the softly bleeding cheek
And visage, ere to-day so meek,
Now marked by many a crimson streak,
And of its beauty all bereft.

And how feels he, Lord Sophomore? —
The "fool grown wise in classic lore," —
Behold him where he sneaks away,
With crimpled beaver all affray,
And sad as the departing day,
He seeks his rest once more.

Ye babes, that wiser men should be,
Who make our yard your nursery,
Go where upon the village green
Your equals ever may be seen,
Let top and marbles be your screen
For such untimely revelry.

Nor seek to mar our well-trimmed grass,
Nor trouble strangers as they pass,
But let your rattles sound aloud
Where neither cries nor Freshman blood
Shall draw the wild awe-stricken crowd;
Go, and forbear to shame your class.

Fiske 03.

Y^E VITAL PRINCIPLE.

EXISTENCE being y^e most obvious and necessary subject of disquisition for y^e expanding forces of y^e semi-fledged intellect, it hath long been to us a matter of transcendent wonder why previous investigators in y^e boundless realm of metaphysical contemplation have not directed their powers to y^e solution of this self-luminous problem. Existence is y^e fundamental condition of all being. Given existence as a postulate, y^e universe follows; for without it there could be nothing.

Y^e primal consideration which will now occupy our attention is y^e form of existence. By this we mean y^e special mode which existence may assume, without regard to its underlying essence.

Now, y^e forms of existence are three, — viz. y^e actual, y^e possible, and y^e probable. Actual existence is y^e *res in esse;* possible existence is y^e *res in posse;* probable existence is y^e *res in cogitatione*, or, in y^e more familiar language of y^e metaphysician, "*in cog.*" Our limited time and space will not allow us to expatiate upon y^e sublime conceptions of y^e possible and y^e probable; but y^e actual, in some of its various phases, inviteth our earnest attention, and calleth forth our interested inquiry. One of y^e phases of this state or mode of existence which we designate as y^e actual is y^e vital principle vulgarly called life.

Y^e burden of our theme shall be to prove, —

1. That there is a vital principle;
2. That it is an *ens;*
3. That it existeth in y^e *ubi*, but not in y^e *ibi;*
4. That it is y^e unconditioned conditional;
5. That it is a *summum genus;*
6. That it is an object of conscious intuition.

Y^e vital principle, as we have before remarked, is life, but life is being, and being existeth; *ergo*, y^e vital principle existeth, and, *a fortiori*, there is a vital principle.

To prove our second theorem, we must have recourse to philology, — verily a difficult task to those who are so unfortunate as not to be skilled in such lore, — but it will immediately occur to yᵉ scholar that *ens* is a part. of *sum*. Now, *some* is a part of *all:* being is all; yᵉ vital principle is a part of being: therefore yᵉ vital principle is verily and truly an *ens*.

At this point we would fain solicit especial attention to a somewhat abstruse process of argumentation. To say that yᵉ vital principle is not matter, is a mere truism; but yᵉ necessary condition of matter is locality, which is, in turn, an attribute of space, — i. e. of *ibi*. Consequently matter doth, and yᵉ vital principle doth not, exist in yᵉ *ibi*. But yᵉ *ibi* and yᵉ *ubi* are yᵉ co-ordinates of all existence, and what is predicated of yᵉ one cannot be true of yᵉ other, since yᵉ polarity of their relations excludeth all community of attributes. Therefore yᵉ vital principle must exist in yᵉ *ubi*.

It is needless to say that by yᵉ unconditioned we mean that which is chronologically antecedent to all conditions; but it will be necessary to enforce upon all intelligent thinkers yᵉ fact that it is yᵉ logical as well as yᵉ chronological antecedent. If yᵉ vital principle, then, is yᵉ unconditioned, it must be yᵉ chronological antecedent of all conditions. But nothing existed previous to all conditions. Therefore yᵉ vital principle is nothing, and consequently must have existed before all conditions; that is, it must be yᵉ unconditioned. And because it is yᵉ logical antecedent of all conditions, it must condition everything, of whatsoever nature be it, which doth exist. Therefore, it is yᵉ unconditioned conditional. Lest yᵉ sceptical inquirer may find a difficulty in reconciling our previous statement, that yᵉ vital principle is *being*, with our present conclusion, that it is *nothing*, we may remind him that yᵉ immortal Hegel hath incontestably and triumphantly proven that pure being is pure nothing.

It is one of yᵉ fundamental canons of Aristotle, that yᵉ τὸ πᾶν is yᵉ *summum genus* of yᵉ τὸ ὄν. Now yᵉ vital prin-

ciple is life; but all life is all being, and all being is y^e τὸ πᾶν. But being is also y^e τὸ ὄν: *ergo*, y^e τὸ πᾶν is y^e τὸ ὄν, and as y^e τὸ πᾶν is y^e *summum genus* of y^e τὸ ὄν, *ergo*, y^e τὸ ὄν is y^e *summum genus* of y^e τὸ ὄν. But as y^e τὸ ὄν is identical with y^e τὸ πᾶν, y^e τὸ ὄν must be y^e *summum genus* of y^e τὸ πᾶν: and for y^e selfsame reason y^e τὸ πᾶν is y^e *summum genus* of y^e τὸ πᾶν. But y^e τὸ πᾶν is identical with y^e τὸ ὄν, *ergo*, y^e τὸ πᾶν is y^e *summum genus* of y^e τὸ ὄν, and whereas y^e τὸ πᾶν is all being, and being is life, and life is y^e vital principle, it followeth that y^e latter is a *summum genus*.

We will conclude this conclusive concatenation of arguments by showing that y^e vital principle is an object of conscious intuition. It is evident that y^e vital principle cannot belong to y^e realm of y^e Unknowable; for if it did, we could manifestly know nothing whatsoever about it. Consequently it of necessity existeth in y^e province of y^e Knowable, and is capable of being cognized: *ergo*, it must be an object of consciousness. But consciousness is either conscious sensation or conscious intuition, and y^e vital principle not being matter, it cannot be an object of conscious sensation; wherefore it must perforce be an object of conscious intuition.

Having thus conducted ourselves through such an attractive field of contemplation, it would be easy, and doubtless profitable, to delight our mental vision with y^e varied forms of existence, actual, possible, and probable; but y^e present occasion is not one which alloweth of protracted dissertation, and we are compelled to withdraw our thoughts from this quiet introspection, and attend to y^e more urgent demands of objective life. Hoping, therefore, that y^e foregoing suggestions may have served to awaken y^e latent courage of those youthful hearts who have yet to flesh their swords on y^e frontiers of y^e metaphysical world, we leave to y^e veterans in y^e service y^e triumphs and *éclat* of future conquests.

Cole 64

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

THE active part which Irish-Americans have taken in the endeavors to suppress the monstrous rebellion which has been endangering the existence of their adopted country places them prominently before the public, and invites our consideration of their services and condition as American citizens. At the outbreak of the war, none showed more alacrity in taking up arms against the rebels than the Irish. They were not behindhand in the universal indignation at the outrages of the South, nor were they exceeded in genuine devotion to the cause of the Union, even by those who were Americans by birth, or who inherited from Revolutionary sires the truest patriotism. To aid the war, they have lent their eloquence, lavished their money, poured forth their blood, and yielded their lives. On the battle-field they have exhibited unflinching courage and stubborn determination to conquer. The bitter hatred of Secession which animated them at the first is still unrelenting, and only when the last spark of the rebellion has flickered and gone out will they rest from the fight. Their title to bravery, if it was ever doubted, is now indisputable. The spirit of the men who spread defeat among the allies at Fontenoy lives in the Irishmen of to-day, and, when united with discipline, has proved itself invincible.

Irish immigration to this country had begun in its colonial days, and when our independence was declared, the Irish settlers were among those who sprang forward to maintain it. They engaged zealously in a contest with Ireland's ancient foe, whilst, across the sea, their brethren at home watched with great anxiety the events transpiring here. The latter, if they could not give us their aid, lent us their sympathy, for they acknowledged England as their worst enemy. Ireland, as well as America, had found an oppressor in George the Third. Revenues rightfully her own went into the treasury of England; she was constantly

treated as a subject and inferior race, and in this she saw a lot worse than that which induced America to revolt. These insults, begun even as early as the time when Henry Plantagenet subjugated the island, rankled in their hearts, and imbittered them against their masters. When tidings came of the good fortune of their friends and relatives in the New World, many who before had been relucant to leave Ireland, but who were now longing for freedom, and in despair of ever getting it at home, followed the current of emigration to this country.

They were deservedly welcomed to the republic, for they belonged to a liberty-loving people, who had themselves resorted to revolution to gain the independence to which they had an inalienable right. It had never been in the Irish blood to submit unresistingly to English intolerance. They continually insisted upon their rights, and when, from time to time, English policy dictated that some demands should be granted, they were granted so reluctantly, as only to increase the exasperation of the Irish.

Twice they had risen against English dominion; but their efforts were frustrated, and a harsher rule imposed. Now they gathered inspiration from the struggles for liberty in America and France, they made another effort for their deliverance, and met with another failure. Five years had not elapsed after this, before insurrection was again attempted, and immediately crushed. Eighteen years ago, their still indomitable spirit, together with their still unabated love of liberty, impelled them to repeat the attempts that had hitherto proved in vain, and here again success was denied them. But in spite of these repeated defeats, there has been no expression of despair, and now-a-days it is not uncommon to hear our Irish fellow-citizens speak confidently of a time, when, schooled in the art of war, now being so well taught here, they shall return to the old country, to make at last a successful struggle for her independence. This may not come to pass; but Irishmen, all the world over, always have and always will entertain the fondest hopes of the speedy

deliverance of their native land, no matter how much the signs of the times may discourage the hope of such a consummation. Now they ask nothing better than for America to become plunged in war with England. For in that event, England, they believe, while battling with one foe, could not overcome the thousands of Irishmen, who, quitting their voluntary exile, would rally to their native soil, and there, under the green flag, declare the freedom of Ireland. Their extreme aversion to English rule has acted mainly in bringing them to our shores. It alone can explain why, for so many years, their influx into this country has been so steady and without intermission.

These emigrants, though they have come here in poverty and ignorance, have proved valuable to the country, both by building up its population and benefiting it with their industry. The surprisingly fast growth of our power is partly attributable to the large additions of foreigners, that from year to year have largely accelerated the increase in our census. Among these the Irish have formed the largest number. The familiar brogue of the Irish laborer and the Irish domestic, heard in all our cities, shows how many of their race are about us. If we enter any of the numerous Catholic churches on a Sunday, the large preponderance of the Celtic element in the worshippers cannot fail to strike us. Indeed, the majority of these churches would be always empty, were there no Irish to furnish congregations. If we were reminded by nothing else of their presence, one infallible sign would be the unsightly hovels to be seen in the purlieus of our cities. There is no doubt but that many fine attributes do credit to the Irish; but when poor, as the most of them are, they appear sadly deficient in appreciation of that order and cleanliness which add so much to the comforts of life. Were it otherwise, they could not for a moment longer content themselves with the neglected, dilapidated huts, that form the homes of so many of them.

To be sure, they have many fine traits of character, too well known to need enumeration, but by no means are they

without their faults. As observed by an historian, "They are distinguished by qualities which tend to make men interesting rather than prosperous." Their improvidence, which betrays them into giving and spending all they get, and often even more, accounts in a degree for the low circumstances in which they for the most part find themselves. Only now and then does the Irishman make a successful business-man. When he does, we may be sure it has been by studying carefully the enterprise, thrift, and shrewdness of the Yankee. But there are enough without his aid to complete bargains and attend to the commerce of the country. Many, however, are needed to carry the hod, dig canals, and construct railroads, and in these vocations he proves eminently useful.

It is no unfrequent complaint of his that, despite a boasted merit of our government, — that of hindering no man in making his way through the world, — the prejudices of native Americans are an obstacle to his rise to affluence and social position.

For this he has himself alone to blame. In his native land, where institutions and manners were in decay, and where mental torpidity seemed to be settling on the people, some excuse was had for his degradation. But it was to be expected that the life and liberty of the New World would quicken his powers, animate him with new energies, and arouse him to a consciousness of his dignity as a man. This has in a manner been the result; but he has not fully awoke to a right appreciation of the opportunities offered him, and will not help himself. The German emigrates to this country no better off and with no more advantages; but his career is attended with far greater success. He plies his trade industriously, and is saving; he penetrates to the Far West, he buys himself a farm with his earnings, and in time becomes a worthy citizen.. On the other hand, the Irishman learns to wield the pick and spade, and no more. He soon discovers that his rank in the community is not what it might be, and he is ashamed at the fact. He finds that negroes, even, are no poorer than himself, and are engaged

in labor as dignified as his own, if not more so. Whether as stevedore, porter, or waiter, the negro he finds to be his rival; and here it is, I think, that the secret lies of his extreme antipathy to the black man. Indeed, were St. Patrick to reassume mortal form and exterminate the "niggers," as of old he did the snakes and bugs of Ireland, it would be an act, in their joy for which Irishmen would, I believe, grow delirious.

If slavery is not, in their opinion, a divine institution, it is only because it is too good for the negro. Next to the negro, an Abolitionist is his abomination, and in truth, sooner than become a believer in Antislavery he would turn heretic. If this negrophobia of his is to instigate negro riots, such as have recently occurred in some of our cities, it is dangerous as well as ludicrous. But it is well to ascribe these freaks to some local excitement or to some momentary ebullition of his pugnacity, — not altogether unaccountable in these times, — which, for want of anything else to vent itself upon, makes the harmless black its victim. Notwithstanding his former devotion to Southern interests, his reverence for the "peculiar institution" is now, without doubt, being diminished by the behavior of its rebel supporters, — perhaps it will even be transformed to hatred. To soften his prejudices against the African, alike unfounded and ungenerous, we must trust to his good sense and the influence of liberal ideas.

For his sake it is lamentable that he is hardly alive to the immense worth of schools and books. The Irish lad is too often left uncared for, to pick up good and evil as he may, when our free schools might be fitting him for something more elevated than mere physical drudgery. Even the exhortations of bishop and priest cannot stir up an interest in mental improvement. Consequently, in America, the Catholic Church, whose adherents are mainly Irish, in spite of the vast number it counts in its fold, is forced to admit that in intellectual power she is feeble and completely out-

stripped by other sects. Brownson, one of its most energetic representatives, has sought to press this discreditable fact upon the consideration of his Catholic brethren. Some may allege that this deficiency is owing to Catholicism alone. Catholicism does not, indeed, allow the freest scope of the mind, and is accountable for much of the mental imbecility to be found where it prevails. Still its influence is not so illiberal as to crush, or even discountenance, all intellectual effort. In spite of it, and without undermining his religious faith, our Irish fellow-citizen might easily rise to a higher scale of enlightenment. Catholic France has produced some of the most gifted minds, and in every way fostered them. It cannot be that there is less in America to encourage talent and afford facilities for its improvement. The fact is, that the obscurity which for so many centuries enveloped Ireland has sunk its people to such a depth of ignorance and stupidity, that years must pass before mind can recuperate there. All to be hoped is, that discipline and nurture amid our free institutions may make some of them, in the course of a few generations, mentally equal to the rest of civilization. When such a result is consummated, perhaps it will not appear strange, as it does now, that Ireland was ever that seat of theological learning, which in the beginning of the Christian era was entitled the Insula Sanctorum.

Yet we must not forget the gifted ones whom Ireland, with all her ignorance and superstition, has produced. Goldsmith, Swift, Steele, Sheridan, Moore, Burke, Canning, Curran, Castlereagh, and Wellington were all of Irish birth, and, though their fame was won in England, they are an ample proof that some good can come out of Ireland. Let the Irish American continue to be as true to freedom as they were with Wolfe Tone and Emmet in the past, and as they are with Corcoran and Meagher in the present; let them emulate the virtues of their glorious St. Patrick, while the fame of such men as Goldsmith and Burke stimulates them to mental improvement, — and they will speedily gain esteem as among the worthiest citizens of America.

Sewer 64

NEW BOOKS.

The New Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children. By Dio Lewis, M. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

This book has been written for the purpose of describing and illustrating a new system of physical training. This new system, elaborated by its author during several years' experience in teaching gymnastics, is claimed to be effectual in correcting the "drooping shoulders, the malposition of the head, and many other common defects," which do so much to mar the beauty and impair the vigor of American men and women. The peculiarity of this system of exercises is, that it requires comparatively few and simple apparatus, and that it is equally well adapted for both sexes, and for all ages and conditions. After giving a few general directions concerning the gymnasium, the author goes on to describe a series of exercises with bags, rings, wands, dumb-bells, clubs, the gymnastic crown, and various other simple apparatus. To this is added a system of "*free* gymnastics." The remainder of the book consists of the "*Dumb-bell Instructor*" and the "*Pangymnastikon*," — the first by Professor Kloss, and the second by Professor Schreber, — translated from the German by Dr. Lewis. The whole book is profusely illustrated by wood-cuts, exhibiting the human form in every variety of graceful attitude. We doubt not the book will prove useful, and we commend it to the attention of all who are interested in the calisthenic art.

NEW BOOKS

Received by the Editors of the Harvard Magazine.

Edwin Brothertoft. By Theodore Winthrop, Author of "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 369. $1.00.

The New Gymnastics for Men, Women, and Children. With a Translation of Prof. Kloss's Dumb-Bell Instructor and Prof. Schreber's Pangymnastikon. By Dio Lewis, M. D., Proprietor of the Essex Gymnasium, Boston. With Three Hundred Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 274. $1.00.

Country Living and Country Thinking. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 461. $1.25.

The Patience of Hope. By the Author of "A Present Heaven." With an Introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. xxxiii., 171. 75 cts.

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR COMMENCEMENT, WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1862.

1. An Essay. The Salutatory Address in Latin. Goodwin Atkins Stone, Newburyport.

2. An Essay. "Classic Chivalry." Jabez Nelson Trask, Freedom, Me.

3. An Essay. "Sir William Hamilton." Edward William McCabe, St. Louis, Mo.

4. An Essay. "The Astronomy of the Ancients." Charles Ezra Green, Cambridge.

5. A Disquisition. "Victor Emmanuel at Naples." Arthur Reed, Boston.

6. An Oration. "The Heroic in American Character and History." William Tucker Washburn, Boston.

7. An Essay. "Slang, as corrupting and as feeding a Language." James Henry Stearns, Racine, Wis.

8. An Essay. "How the New World puzzles the Old." Edward Carson Bowman, Cambridge.

9. An Essay. "Henry Thomas Buckle." Edward Dorr McCarthy, Minaville, N. Y.

10. An Essay. "Cicero's Private Life as seen in his Letters." Joseph Perrin Burrage, West Cambridge.

11. An Oration. "An Apology for Puritan Intolerance." Frederic William Tilton, Cambridge.

12. An Essay. "The Representation of Minorities." Robert Singleton Peabody, Zanesville, O.

13. An Essay. "Bachelor Life in Ancient Rome." Charles Carroll Soule, Brookline.

14. A Disquisition. "The Thousandth Anniversary of the Russian Empire." Samuel Eaton Fitz, Chelsea.

15. An Essay. "The Exploration of the Colorado River." James Milton Loring, St. Louis, Mo.

16. An Essay. "Guerilla Warfare." Francis Webster Goss, Salem.

17. An Essay. "The Cardinals as Statesmen." Nathaniel Appleton Prentiss, West Cambridge.

18. An Essay. "The Eastern Church." Albert Edwin Davis, Westford.

19. An Essay. "Modern Scandinavia." Charles Follen Folsom, West Roxbury.

20. An Essay. "The Port Royal Enterprise." Charles Pickard Ware, Milton.

21. An Essay. "The Inundations of the Mississippi." Edward Eli Ensign, Sheffield.

22. An Essay. "Is National Adversity a Civilizing Agency?" Charles Carroll Balch, Newburyport.

23. An Essay. "Spectrum Analysis." Samuel Cushman Haven, Sanbornton, N. H.

24. An Oration. "The Internal Condition of France before the Great Revolution." George Edwin Chapman, Cambridge.

25. An Oration (*summa cum laude*). "The Influence of Democratic Institutions on Intellectual Habits." John Elbridge Hudson, Lynn.

Boylston Prizes for Declamation.

A large assembly was present in the Old Chapel on Thursday of Commencement week, to witness the competition for the Boylston prizes. Thirty-three competitors took part in the exercise, — six from the graduating Class, twenty-one from the Senior Class, and six from the Junior Class.

The prizes were awarded as follows: —

The two First Prizes

To B. T. Frothingham of the Senior Class, and to Thomas Waterman, Jr., of the Junior Class.

The three Second Prizes

To Edward D. Boit, Edward B. Drew, and Walter W. Hammond, all of the Senior Class.

The Senior Class have chosen for Editors the coming year,—

John Fiske, of New York, N. Y.;
Auguste Comte, of Sacramento, Cal.;
Samuel Storrow Higginson, of Deerfield, Mass.

The Junior Class have chosen, —

Edwin Pliny Seaver, of Northborough, Mass.;
James Neville Hedges, of Circleville, Ohio;
Charles Henry Coxe, of Philadelphia, Pa.

The elections were carried on this year with great inconvenience, the customary meetings for the purpose having been forbidden by the Faculty.

John Elbridge Hudson, of the Class of 1862, has been appointed Tutor in Greek in Harvard University.

WAR RECORD.

We renew our application to our readers, — that they inform us of any errors in this or in our previous lists, as also of any additions which may be suggested from time to time.

1827.

Richard J. Cleveland, Ill. Reg.

1829.

Charles S. Storrow, 4th Battery U. S. A.

1838.

Henry L. Eustis, Colonel Mass. 10th.

1841.

Rev. Thomas W. Higginson, Captain Mass. Reg.

1842.

William L. Rodman, Major Mass. 38th.

1843.

Frank L. Lee, Colonel Mass. 44th.
Francis C. Williams, Chaplain Vt. Reg.

1844.

Charles W. Dabney, Major Mass. 44th.

1845.

Samuel F. Coues, M. D., U. S. N.
Peter A. Porter, Colonel N. Y. Reg.

1846.

Calvin Eliot, M. D., Volunteer Surgeon Sanitary Hospital.
Calvin Ellis, Surgeon.
Ezra Ripley, Captain Mass. 29th.
Montgomery Ritchie, Aid-de-camp to General Reno.
Thomas R. Rodman, Captain Mass. 38th.

1849.

Caleb A. Curtis, Acting Master U. S. N.

1850.

Charles Carrol Bombaugh, Surgeon Penn. Vol.

1852.

C. T. Canfield, Chaplain Mass. 36th.
Calvin G. Page, Surgeon Mass. 39th.
Sidney Willard, Captain Mass. 35th.

1853.

William Ware Hull, Lieutenant 5th R. I. Battery.

1855.

Edward B. Dalton, N. Y. 32d.
Jacob A. Emerton, Surgeon Mass. 23d.

1856.

John W. Hudson, Lieutenant Mass. 35th.
Joseph W. Meriam, Assistant Surgeon Mass. 18th.

1857.

Alfred S. Hartwell, Lieutenant Mass. 44th.

1858.

Jacob D. Thurber, Private ——.

1859.

Heyward Cutting, Lieutenant U. S. A.
Edward B. French, Acting Surgeon, U. S. A.
Frank C. Hopkinson, Private Mass. 44th.
Albert Stickney, Captain Mass. 47th.
Strong Vincent, Colonel Pa. 83d.

1860.

Henry A. Clapp, Private Mass. 44th.
William E. Copeland, Private Mass. 44th.
Julius Dexter, Lieutenant Ohio Reg.
Edward F. Everett, Mass. 5th.
Horace J. Hayden, 1st Lieutenant 3d U. S. Artillery.
Edward C. Johnson, Lieutenant Mass. 2d.
Charles J. Mills, Lieutenant Mass 2d.
Joseph Shippen, Pa. Inspector of Hospital at Fortress Munroe.
Charles A. Nelson, Assistant Surgeon U. S. A.
Franklin Nickerson, Assistant Surgeon U. S. A.
Henry G. Palfrey, Private Mass. 44th.
Charles C. Parsons, Lieutenant Mass. 1st Cavalry.
William E. Perkins, Sergeant Mass. 44th.
Charles Storrow, Captain Mass. 44th.
Charles W. Swan, Assistant Surgeon U. S. N.
Lewis W. Tappan, Lieutenant Mass. 45th.
James B. Walker, Lieutenant Ohio Reg.
Emory Washburn, Jr., Adjutant Mass. 45th.
Samuel G. Webber, Assistant Surgeon U. S. N.
George Weston, Private Mass. 44th.
William C. Wood, Sergeant N. H. 11th.
Calvin M. Woodward, Lieutenant Mass. Reg.

About twelve members of the above Class are in the Rebel Army.

1861.

John D. Cobb, Mass. 35th.
William T. Gholson, Captain Ohio 106th.
John P. Hopkinson, ——.
Alfred P. Johnson, Private Mass. 44th.
David F. Lincoln, ——.
James H. Rice, Lieutenant Mass. 19th.
Herbert Sleeper, Private Mass. 44th.
James E. Wright, Private Mass. 44th.

1862.

Albert W. Edmands, Orderly Sergeant Mass. 44th.
William Hedge, Sergeant Mass. 44th.
Henry S. Huidekoper, Lieutenant-Colonel Penn. 2d Bucktail Regiment, 150th Penn. Vol.

John Read, Cadet Reg.
Arthur Sibley, Sutler Cadet Reg.
Benjamin H. Ticknor, Captain Mass. Reg.
John L. Ward, Captain Mass. Reg.
Edward E. Ensign, Private Mass. 49th.

1863.

John Allyn, Private Mass. 47th.
Haswell C. Clarke, Aid-de-camp to Major-General Butler.
William D. Crane, Private Mass. 44th.
Arthur F. Gould, Private Mass. 44th.
Samuel S. Gould, Private Mass. 13th.
Thomas R. Harris, Private Mass. 44th.
Walter W. Hammond, Private Mass. 47th.
Charles W. Heaton, Me. Reg.
George S. Jones, Private Mass. 44th.
William H. Lathrop, Private Mass. 44th.
Adolphus M. Levè, Private Mass. 38th.
Albert K. Post, Sergeant Mass. 45th.
Edward L. Stevens, Private Mass. 44th.
Benjamin R. Wales, Private Mass. Reg.

1864.

Edward Chapin, Private Mass. Reg.
Edward R. Cogswell, Corporal Mass. 44th.
Jonathan Dorr, Private Mass. 44th.
James H. Elliot, Private Mass. 44th.
Horace B. Hare, Miller's Battery Penn. Volunteer Militia.
Almon D. Hodges, Private Mass. 44th.
Samuel Storrow, Private Mass. 44th.
Anson G. Thurston, Private Mass. 37th.
Frank Wells, Sergeant Cadet Reg.

1865.

John W. Carter, Private Mass. 45th.
Cleveland Foote, Lieutenant Mass. Reg.
James S. Rogers, Private Mass. 39th.
Horace C. Rodgers, ——.
George B. Russell, Lieutenant Mass. 38th.
Cabot J. Russel, Sergeant Mass. 44th.
Edward T. Williams, Private Mass. 2d.

PROMOTIONS.

1825.

Captain Charles H. Davis, to Chief of Bureau of Navigation, since promoted to Acting Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

1857.

Lieutenant Charles P. Horton, of Mass. 2d, to Assistant Adjutant.

1860.

Lientenant Henry B. Scott, of Mass. 2d, Assistant Adjutant, rank of Captain.

CORRECTION.

1859.

F. S. G. d'Hauteville, Assistant Adjutant to Brigadier-General Crawford, General Banks's Division.

DIED WHILE IN U. S. SERVICE.

1860.

William M. Rodgers, Sergeant-Major Mass. 18th, died of typhoid fever in Army near Richmond, June, 1862.

1861.

Henry J. Doolittle, of typhoid fever, Aug. 10, 1862.

1863.

Gorham P. Stevens, Lieut. N. Y. 1st, died at Harrison's Landing, Aug. 1862.

KILLED OR MORTALLY WOUNDED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

1833.

Fletcher Webster, Colonel Mass. 12th, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

1853.

Wilder Dwight, Lieutenant-Colonel Mass. 2d, mortally wounded Sept. 19, died on evening of Sept. 21.

1854.

Richard C. Goodwin, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

1856.

Stephen G. Perkins, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

1857.

George Whittemore, Jr., killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

1858.

James Jackson Lowell, mortally wounded, near Richmond.

1859.

George W. Batchelder, mortally wounded Sept. 17, died Sept. 18, 1862.

Henry J. Howe, Major Mass. 19th, killed in battle on James River, during the retreat, June 29, 30, and July 1, 1862.

Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, Captain Mass. 12th, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

1860.

Edward G. Abbott, Captain Mass. 2d, killed at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

1861.

Pardon Almy, Lieutenant Mass. 18th, killed near Richmond, June 30, 1862.

1863.

Samuel S. Gould, Private Mass. 13th, killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

OBITUARY.

"In the hospital at Harrison's Landing, of rapid typhoid fever, died Lieut. Gorham Phillips Stevens, of the First Regiment, Excelsior Brigade." — *Boston paper*, Aug. 20, 1862.

It is with the deepest sorrow that we are thus called upon to record the departure of one who seemed the embodiment of all that is most beautiful in youth; whose sweet and genial temperament and childlike simplicity, united with the noblest exhibitions of moral courage and true manliness, formed the rarest combination of virtue and heroism; whose exquisite purity and tender sensibility, graced by a modest demeanor, endeared him by ties of the strongest affection to the classmates and friends from whom it hath pleased Infinite God to remove this sweet and lovely nature.

At a meeting of the Senior Class held on the 1st of September, 1862, the following resolutions were passed: —

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove by death our late classmate, Gorham Phillips Stevens, —

Resolved, That we cannot too strongly express our sense of the loss we have suffered in the death of one whom we have so justly honored for his talents, his warm affections, his constant, manly sense of duty.

Resolved, That in the active, patriotic, and high honors which marked his short service, we recognize the fulfilment of the promise given amongst us during his unfinished college course.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our classmate, as an assurance of our sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

Resolved, That, as a Class, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Again we are called upon to recognize the hand of Providence in the removal of an esteemed and beloved classmate. The following notice is taken from the Gazette of Saturday evening, Sept. 27, 1862: —

Another Hero of Harvard Fallen. — Among the fallen at the battle of Antietam was Samuel Shelton Gould, of the Senior Class, Harvard College, a young man of fine promise. Some three weeks since we heard him address a meeting at the Meionaon, and a more earnest appeal we never listened to. He addressed himself particularly to the more "respectable" young men who were holding back from enlistments, he feared, on the ground of not wanting to mingle with the common classes, saying that, if such were their motives, they were "not fit to have their names borne on that immortal roll of honor, the list of killed and wounded." He would not wait to join a new regiment, impatient for service; and, in two days after joining the Thirteenth, his name took its place in the association he coveted. The members of his Class held a meeting yesterday, and adopted the following series of resolutions: —

At a meeting of the Senior Class of Harvard College, held Saturday, Sept. 27, to take notice of the death of S. S. Gould, of the Massachusetts

Thirteenth Regiment, killed at the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, the following resolutions were adopted: —

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our number our late classmate, Samuel Shelton Gould, of Cambridge, therefore

Resolved, That, while we thus humbly acknowledge the hand of God in this sad event, and deeply deplore our loss, we are grateful for the example he has left us, and for the consolation we find in his noble death.

Resolved, That, although he had been but a year among us, yet during his short stay we had learned to love and honor him; for he was known but to be loved. Noble and generous-hearted, he shrank from everything that was selfish; and the instances are not few which remain of his disinterested generosity and quiet benevolence, — that his life, though short, was yet long enough to afford us a pattern of virtue, of patriotism, of duty, and of high resolve.

Resolved, That with a copy of these resolutions we tender our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family, and trust that they will find consolation in the thought that he was prompt at duty's call, and that, though dead, his name will be embalmed in the nation's memory.

Resolved, That the Class be represented at the funeral of our brother, and that we wear the usual badge of respect for thirty days.

Death of James Gore King. — At a meeting of the Junior Class, held on the 30th of August, to take fitting notice of the death of James Gore King, the following resolutions were adopted: —

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from among us our much-honored and beloved classmate, James Gore King, of New York, —

Resolved, That, while we bow in submission to the Divine will, we deeply mourn the loss of a warm friend and a genial companion, and we shall always delight in the pleasant memories of our past intercourse with one whose generosity and nobleness of character rendered peculiarly endearing his relations to us as classmate.

Resolved, That, in our own deep sorrow, we respectfully sympathize with his bereaved family.

Resolved, That the Class wear the usual badge of respect for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

EDITORS' TABLE.

With the issue of this morning the Harvard Magazine enters upon its ninth volume, and we seize upon this as an appropriate occasion for calling the attention of our friends to certain considerations which derive peculiar importance from the circumstances under which the Magazine is published.

We feel that we may congratulate ourselves upon the continuance of our Magazine for so long a period as eight years; and we think we may say, too,

that, on the whole, we have good reason to feel satisfied with the manner in which it has been conducted during that period. Those who feel dissatisfied with it are generally persons who look for a degree of excellence and interest in its pages which it is wholly unreasonable to expect from immature and unpractised writers. During the past eight years the Magazine has passed through many vicissitudes. At times it has secured editorial ability of a high order, and its pages have been filled with excellent contributions; at other times, we must confess, it has not been so fortunate. Yet we think that the students generally feel convinced of its utility. Had we doubted at all the existence of such a conviction, the generous support and encouragement which we have received since entering upon our labors this year would have more than satisfied us. But we do not propose at this time entering into any general exposition of the nature and objects of college magazines; we wish to confine ourselves to a brief statement of our plans, purposes, and prospects for the coming year.

As to the articles in the body of the Magazine, — which constitute its main feature and determine its whole character, — we will say that the main dependence must be upon outside contributors. The Magazine is not, as too many are apt to regard it, a publication of the Editors, for which students are asked to subscribe merely; it is the students' magazine, and it will always be just what the students make it. If the labors which properly belong to the Editors are to be increased by the necessity of filling the body of the Magazine month after month with their own productions, the result will certainly be a failure. Let no one, therefore, think that his duty is done when he has voted for editors and paid his subscription. Let no one attempt to justify himself for neglecting to do everything in his power for the support of the Magazine; for students possessed of any ability at all for writing, who ask a classmate to accept the duties and responsibilities of an editorship, and then neglect to aid and support him, can plead no excuse in justification of their conduct. We solicit most earnestly, then, the active support of all writers in College, not from any desire on our own part to escape labor, (for that we cannot do if we would,) but because we have a profound conviction that the success of our Magazine depends wholly upon the character and amount of the support it receives from the students at large. And we would urge this consideration with all the more earnestness, for the reason that some, who readily admit the justice of our reasoning, are still prone to leave all the work of writing for the Magazine to those who are more disposed than they to write, or to the Editors, — as the experience of the last year abundantly proved. We do not wish to go about soliciting contributions throughout the year, thereby making ourselves generally disagreeable; therefore we have expressed ourselves thus emphatically, in the hope that our friends may share in our earnest conviction of what the interests of the Magazine demand. We hope to see among the articles during the coming year some upon questions of present interest and importance. Political articles, if earnest and manly in tone, honest in purpose, and free from a *spirit of mere partisanship*, are well suited to the character of the Magazine, and likely to be of interest, as touching upon subjects which must occupy much of our thought. The pages of the Magazine are likewise open to the discussion of College affairs generally; and we are sure such discussion, conducted properly

and in a manly spirit, can meet with no disapproval from those gentlemen of the Faculty who are opposed to the Magazine, even though opinions should be maintained not always coincident with their own.

We wish to make the Editors' Table a more prominent feature of the Magazine. This should contain a full record of all events of interest to us as Harvard students, pieces short and pithy on various topics of interest, items of all sorts which are likely to be of present interest or worth preservation; in short, it should have the character of a College newspaper. *All* our friends should contribute to this department; for many can furnish appropriate matter for it, who do not feel like attempting more elaborate articles. It should be remembered, too, that the interest of this portion of the Magazine depends upon the efforts of our friends even more entirely than that of the other departments.

A word about our financial condition and prospects. It should be known by our friends that the arrangements with the publishers are such that the publication of the Magazine ceases when the funds give out. We hope to avoid such a result; still, a considerable increase in the number of our subscribers is, even now, necessary to secure us fully against such a contingency. After a pretty thorough canvassing of the four Classes, our subscription lists have been filled to an extent that warrants us in going on with the Magazine, but a much larger list is necessary, not only, as we have said, for security, but that we may be enabled to enlarge the number of pages whenever desirable. We have at present from the Senior Class 58 subscriptions; from the Junior Class 110; from the Sophomore Class 54; and from the Freshman Class 57. These, with other subscribers, make a total of 285. This is 40 less than the total of last year, and yet, as is well known, last year the Magazine was left in debt. There are, doubtless, some whom we have been unable to reach. We hope that they will also come to our aid.

It may be thought that in our remarks we have been more mindful of the duties which our fellow-students owe to the Magazine than of our own. We will only remark, that we are in a position where we cannot shirk. Our task is onerous at best, but when it is made still more so by the want of active support from the College, it is only natural to suppose that failure will be the result. We have dwelt at some length upon this point, because the Magazine has been too much regarded, not as an affair claiming the support of all the students, but a publication in which Editors alone are interested, and because we hope also that our plain statement of the case will secure the thoughtful attention of our friends and patrons.

THE NEW TERM. — Seldom in the history of the College has a term opened under such strange auspices as the First Term of 1862 – 63. We have gathered once more at Cambridge, with our ranks somewhat thinned by the calls of duty and patriotism. This diminution in our numbers has been quietly going on while we were separated from College and from each other by the vacation, so that it will not be felt as much as it would have been if it had occurred in term-time. But (which seems the strangest thing of all) a very large Class has entered this year, and this Class is composed of men whose average age is a year above that of most former Classes. It is hard to account for Harvard's prosperity in these times. Well, let us take it as "only another proof of the vast resources of the loyal States."

It is a very unsatisfactory state of feeling to see one's companions going off to the war, and be obliged to return to the tame occupation of a student. For ourselves, we have tried a hundred methods of consolation, and we find ourselves now clutching our pen as though it were a musket, and a voice keeps humming all day long, "Go, go, go." We are now speaking for the whole College. Those in authority over us here say, You serve your country best by doing your duty here. We answer with a reluctant Yes, but are not convinced. And so the matter stands. It seems a shame that men should be torn from their occupations and their families, while we are so much better prepared than they to fill up the army. But, on the other hand, there are strong reasons for our staying, which there is no need to enumerate.

It would seem from the course of the Faculty in regard to the matter, that they are opposed to our entering the service, and inclined to discourage our patriotic feelings. But we think it is not so much the Faculty as the voice of parents and guardians acting through them. As to what the Faculty themselves think, we have good reason to believe that they would oppose our enlisting as privates, and favor our serving as officers, and that they would advise those who can get commissions to join the army at once. These are also probably the real sentiments of those nearest to us by kin or friendship; they think us better as students than as privates in the army. But we are not convinced. We are drifting along whither the stream is bearing us, admiring the determination of our classmates, who have stemmed the current, and having the power to do the same ourselves, whenever a more urgent call shall decide for us. "And that 's the humor of it," as Corporal Nym says.

Those who have seen the return of the swallows to some accustomed haunt, and watched them flitting in and out, full of life and joy, chatting to each other as they meet at the doors and entries of their recovered home, have seen a very beautiful simile to the return of the students to their abandoned Halls; though, perhaps, the simile were better applied to school-children than to collegians. Yet it holds in our case too. We have been told that Cambridge is a curiosity in vacation; it is a curiosity that we do not care to see. On one occasion during the last vacation we were within a mile of the granite walls of University, but we turned our head away, and a shudder crept over us.

Our vacation passed rapidly, and that is the best proof that it passed pleasantly. To recount our experience would be merely to tell an old story. It has been the height of our ambition to acquire the color of our post-prandial cigar, which is the healthiest brown we know of. Then we have read a little, and written a few letters. And we have sailed on the sea and ridden on the land. And we have angled some. Good angling is always good sport; but when you angle with a reel used by the late Daniel Webster, angling becomes luxury. Our own course of life during the last six weeks has been about the same as most of our readers have led, — with the exception of angling with a reel used by the late Daniel Webster. But there are some unhappy dogs whom untoward fortune has forced to lead a life of quiet, and forbidden even to approach the luxury of angling with a reel used by the late Daniel Webster. From one of these victims of circumstances we have received a letter, which, as it is brief and to the point, we give below.

"Dear ——: — Have the kindness to send me an Analytic Geometry, if you

can get hold of one without any trouble. I forgot to take mine, though the necessary reminder was in my pocket. Send me, too, your briarwood, as I believe you confine yourself to cigars in the vacation.

"Have you anything fit to read besides Victor's new book? I went trouting yesterday, and carried Isaak Walton's Complete Angler along; I took one trout and read fifty pages of the book. I should have preferred to have taken fifty trout, and read one page of Walton.

"Were it not for my near-sightedness, I should enlist.

"Your friend, —— ——."

By the time this is read, everybody will be settled in his new room, and there will be no anxiety about the distribution of rooms for another year. There has been a great deal of very just complaint about the present manner of distributing the rooms, for in sooth it is a disagreeable one both to distributor and students. Some are deprived of rooms which they are able to pay for, and others of a revenue which the old system used to permit. However, it is not likely that it will be changed. There is an idea — but, good Heavens! how many ideas of improving our condition do we hear of! — there is an idea of erecting another dormitory which shall afford accommodations superior to those of any of the present buildings, and of fixing a grade of prices for all the rooms in College; the money obtained in this way is to be devoted to defraying the expenses of keeping the rooms and buildings in order and repair; the amount now obtained by College room-rent is not sufficient to pay expenses. We understand, however, that many friends of the College are opposed to furnishing residence to students at all, thinking that such a system entails needless expense, thus unnecessarily burdening the too slender means of the College. We hope most earnestly that such views are confined to a very few persons.

College Library. — Mr. Ezra Abbott, Assistant Librarian, may well claim the thanks of every student for the capital device by which he has contrived to bring the books in the Library — hitherto in a great measure unaccessible — within the easy access of all who have occasion to visit the Library. The necessity of *asking* for any book published within thirty years, from the fact that the only accessible catalogue was printed thirty years ago, has been a great inconvenience, especially as a person is not likely to know of nearly all the books which have been published upon any particular subject, and is prevented from visiting the alcoves for the purpose of finding out. All difficulties of this kind are met and overcome by the new Index, which was begun last term, and is now advancing towards completion, under the direction of Mr. Abbott. On one side is an "Index of Authors," which is intended eventually to contain the title of every book in the Library. On the opposite side is a most admirably arranged "Index of subjects." This Index is intended for the free use of everybody who has occasion to use the books in the Library. The Index at present contains the titles of all books received since the end of last term, and it is the intention of Mr. Abbott to place in its drawers the titles of all the rest of the books in the Library as soon as possible, selecting those, first, which are in more general use, so that in two or three months most of the books that are usually wanted will be within easy access.

A NEW PRESIDENT. — Indications seem to point to a close of the interregnum which has existed since the death of President Felton. We learn that the Corporation has again submitted a nomination to the consideration of the Board of Overseers. The person nominated is understood to be the Rev. Thomas Hill, recently President of Antioch College, Ohio. We have no doubt that Mr. Hill, if elected to the office, will make an excellent President; but, at the same time, we cannot help feeling that the honor properly belongs to another, who has so ably and satisfactorily fulfilled the duties of the office for more than half a year, as to have produced among the students a strong and frequently expressed desire that Dr. Peabody become our next President. We still cling to the hope that he may be elected.

THE RANK LIST. — We condense for the use of our readers the following synopsis of the Annual Scales of Merit, which have recently appeared.

	Annual Scales, 1861 – 62				1860 – 61.
Class of	'63.	'64.	'65.	Average	Average
	Per ct.	Per ct.	Per ct.	Per ct.	Per ct.
First half;	74.3	75.1	76.8	75.4	73.4
" third;	79.8	80.5	80.1	80.1	78.0
" quarter;	82.2	83.1	82.0	82.4	80.0
" eighth;	86.0	87.2	85.9	86.4	84.5
" sixteenth;	88.0	91.0	88.4	89.1	88.1
Highest average;	90.0	95.0	93.0		

It will be seen that the present Junior Class still holds its marked pre-eminence, while the averages of the three Classes range nearly two per cent higher than the corresponding averages of the three higher Classes last year.

MR. EDITOR: — I am sorry to intrude into the Magazine anything so disagreeable as my present topic. But, as what I have to say refers to subscribers for the Magazine of last year, and as the subscribers for this and last year are likely to be much the same, I know of no way in which better to bring it before them. The fact is, that the Editors of the Magazine of last year have thus far been unable to collect *seventy dollars* of the sum due them by subscription, and are in debt to their publishers for nearly that amount. I know of no exception by which subscribers to a Magazine are exempted from the customary laws of honor, and can but regard their neglecting to pay their debts as *culpable*, to say the least. The matter reduces itself to this, — either each subscriber must pay for his Magazine, or the *two* Editors must pay for all. There are several hard names which it would be scarcely unjust to apply to the conduct of the delinquents I allude to; but the ex-Editors are still trying to believe that this delinquency is the result of forgetfulness, and are indulging the hope that, after this notice, the University Book-Store will be besieged by those desiring to pay a debt which had only escaped their recollection.

EXCHANGES. — We have received none of our regular exchanges yet.

We have received "The Printer: A Monthly Newspaper devoted to the Interests of the 'Art preservative of all arts,'" published in New York. It is certainly a unique production, well calculated to amuse.

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX. OCTOBER, 1862. No. 77.

THE CONDUCT OF ENGLAND TOWARDS AMERICA.

IT cannot have escaped the observation of thoughtful men, that a very marked change has been produced in our relations with England by events which have taken place since the beginning of the war against the Southern rebellion. This change, we think, is destined to be permanent. Not that the feelings of bitter disappointment and just indignation excited by the cold and selfish policy of England may not pass away after a time; not that amicable relations may not be re-established, and friendly intercourse maintained with her hereafter; that good feeling should be restored, is clearly for the interest of both nations; but that unquestioning deference to English opinion — that colonial dependence, so to speak, which has always, to a greater or less extent, characterized the American mind — has disappeared, we trust, never to return. A successful issue of the war in which we are now engaged, by proving to the world the intrinsic excellence of democratic institutions, will place America at the head of free nations, and insure to her an independence from foreign criticism which she could not so well enjoy while her form of government was yet only an

experiment. The war, too, has awakened sentiments of loyalty and patriotism, which have invigorated us with new life, and inspired us with a more intense feeling of nationality. We shall expect to see the effects of this intensified nationality in our literature, as well as in our relations and intercourse with foreign nations. Of course we should strongly deprecate that insolent disregard of the opinions of others which characterizes a self-conceited nation; and we must confess that our danger lies in that direction. What we anticipate with satisfaction is that moral independence and that self-respect which shall enable us to withstand all undue foreign influence, and especially that very strong influence which English opinion has hitherto exercised over our minds. Henceforth the opinion of England, like that of other nations, shall stand for no more than it is worth. It shall have no more weight with us than it deserves. We have been taught, by the experience of the last year and a half, how much the opinions of Englishmen upon American affairs are apt to be affected by ignorance, prejudice, and the considerations of interest and party.

The treatment we have received from England will doubtless prove salutary in its results; still we cannot help feeling that we have good cause of complaint against her. We shall not soon forget the sad feeling of disappointed confidence and friendship which filled our hearts at the first expression of public opinion in England in relation to our troubles. Instead of that warm sympathy with our cause which we thought we had a right to expect from a kindred, and especially a free nation, we met with cool indifference and contempt. Leading journals and periodicals, with ill-concealed satisfaction at the event, hastened to declare that the disruption of the States was final, and that it was utter folly for the North to persist in its insane purpose of coercing the disaffected States into obedience. The first act of the English government was to accord to the rebels the title of belligerents, — a procedure calculated to afford such moral

support to the rebellious States as has never before been rendered by a foreign power to any rebellion. The subsequent course of the English government was well calculated to exasperate our already excited feelings of indignation. The eagerness with which the incident of the Trent was seized upon, and, when that had been settled, the circumstance of the stone blockade, seemed to indicate a purpose of intervention that was ready to seize upon any pretext. For this unsympathetic, almost hostile attitude, assumed at first by England, we have just cause of complaint, and, coming as it did immediately after the warm and enthusiastic reception given to the young representative of English royalty, it brought a peculiar sting, which will make it remembered a long time.

But it would be a mistake, if we should let our feelings so far influence our judgments as to suppose that England has been actuated, in her conduct towards us, by motives of jealousy and hatred alone; though we think she cannot be acquitted of having allowed these motives to influence her to no small extent. There are many circumstances which go to extenuate her conduct; and, if we examine the influences which were at work upon the public mind at the time when the rebellion broke out, we shall feel less surprised at the attitude of England than we did at first.

The prevalent ignorance of intelligent and educated Englishmen upon American affairs is proverbial. To say nothing of frequent and absurd mistakes, betraying the most confused notions of our geography, our history, and of our social condition, it is enough to know that Englishmen, as a general thing, have failed, even when they have made the attempt, to comprehend the nature and workings of our political institutions. American politics are a source of endless wonderment to an Englishman. He is puzzled and bothered when he attempts to study them, and so gives it up, content with passing general condemnation on all that does not square with his preconceived notions of good gov-

ernment, or with the model of perfection which he sees in his own Constitution. The observations of Mr. Trollope upon our government, in his "North America," afford a very fair specimen of the manner in which the mass of intelligent Englishmen, even when well disposed towards us, reason about our institutions. This writer is alike remarkable for the spirit of fairness and candor in which his observations upon this country were made, and for the good sense which characterizes his criticisms of social life and customs among us; but when he undertakes to explain the principles of our political system, and to resolve the problems forced upon his attention by the crisis in our national affairs, he, like most of his countrymen, wholly fails. Nor is this surprising when we remember that men of the highest eminence in political science — an eminence to which Mr. Trollope lays no claim — have likewise failed in the same attempt. Burke eulogized the American people, but he could not comprehend the spirit of their institutions; and Lord Brougham, though a warm friend of America, especially in his younger days, and an earnest advocate of liberal ideas, did not escape falling into serious errors.* If, therefore, men who have taken the most pains to inform themselves upon American affairs have failed to appreciate the significance of our institutions, we certainly cannot wonder that ignorance and prejudice prevail so extensively among the majority of orators, journalists, and politicians.

There is another circumstance which is often forgotten in our complaints against the English for their ignorance of us. While there is no foreign nation with whose affairs we are

* Lord Brougham's recent observations upon American affairs indicate an acquiescence in the conclusion that Republicanism in America has failed to secure the proper objects of good government, and the distinguished statesman does not fail to draw thence a warning against democratic tendencies in England. This is a good illustration of the influence which age and official position exercise in changing the opinions of men. Henry Brougham, the young and enthusiastic Parliamentary reformer, would hardly have allowed himself to utter the words which now fall from the lips of Lord Brougham, the peer of England.

so intimately acquainted as we are with those of England, the English, on the other hand, from the very necessity of their position, are forced to give American affairs only a secondary place in their thoughts. It is a matter of vital importance with an Englishman that he keep himself well informed upon all questions of European politics, since the welfare of his nation is directly concerned therein; and no less important to him, likewise, are the varied interests arising from the wide colonial dependencies of his country. The very Englishman who would be inclined to believe all Americans slaveholders, and might ask you whether Indians were to be seen in the streets of Boston, would show an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of France and the Continent; and journals which manifest the most perverse ignorance in everything pertaining to America, are reliable sources of information in all that relates to the Indian empire and Australia.

This state of things affords no excuse for public men who undertake to form the public opinion and control the foreign policy of England; it is their duty to keep themselves well informed; but it certainly does extenuate the conduct of the great mass of English people, whose time for reading about foreign affairs is limited, and whose principal source of information is the *Times* newspaper. And we cannot wonder that shrewd emissaries of the Confederacy, after obtaining, as they did, control of the press, succeeded in turning the tide of public opinion strongly in favor of the South. The English public, in total ignorance of the real question at issue, were industriously taught to believe that slavery had nothing to do with the rebellion; that the North and the South were at variance upon the tariff question, upon the sharing of the public domain, — anything rather than the real point in dispute; and especially that the States were bound together by a Constitution of such peculiar nature, that any one of them could resume independent sovereignty at pleasure. On the other hand, it was impossible for Englishmen to sympathize

with Americans in their devotion to the Union, regarding the Union, as they do, a mere abstraction, and devotion to it, on the part of the North, either infatuation or desire for unlimited empire. Moreover, there was nothing in the character of the first uprising of the loyal North calculated to excite the antislavery sympathies of England; and the assertions put forth by journals in the interest of the rebellion, as to the character of the war, seemed to receive confirmation from the tone of our own journals, as well as from the official declarations of our President and Secretary of State. Now that the situation of affairs is better understood in England, the precise manner in which slavery is involved in the contest begins to be seen, and the progress of the war has already had the effect of enlisting on the side of the North much of the liberal and antislavery sentiment of England.

It is a source of no little satisfaction to observe, of late, indications of a growing public sentiment more friendly to America. Many reviews and public journals have moderated their tone, and the torrent of ridicule and abuse which was poured out upon us at first has been somewhat checked. Our grand uprising has at least inspired them with some respect for us. At the same time our friends have gained a hearing, the justice of our cause begins to be understood, and the diabolical purposes of the slaveholders have excited just alarm. Count Gasparin speaks of "two nations in England," one of which, "Christian and Liberal England," he describes as awakening, and "about to reform, with its generous hand, the policy pursued towards the United States." This we do not doubt, though we cannot look for the immediate consummation of such a happy result. The change in opinion will be slow; but, with such able defenders of our cause as John Bright and John Stuart Mill, it must be sure. Already the noble conduct of Mr. Lincoln's government has received hearty commendation from leading statesmen, while the English government, as if sensible of its mistaken policy during the first part of the war, has pursued a much less of-

fensive course. The government which has steadily refused to listen to the clamorous demands of its manufacturing interests, which has refused to declare the blockade inefficient, when it was far from being otherwise, and which has declined to give the least attention to the agents of the Southern Confederacy, is certainly deserving of our commendation. Who, that has observed the course of English opinion and of the English government, can fail to be encouraged in the hope of a final restoration of amicable relations between England and America?

We are admonished by our limits that we must bring this article to a close. We intended to offer some remarks upon the awakening of the old party distinction between Whigs and Tories in England, occasioned by the contest in America. And here we should have met with the leading motive which has, in our judgment, determined the course of English policy towards America. The Conservatives, so often silenced by their opponents citing the example of a prosperous republic in America, could not fail to exult now that the tables were turned, and they eagerly pointed to what they regarded the collapse of the American republic as a serious warning against growing democratic tendencies among the English people. This consideration we believe to have influenced, and still to influence, many English statesmen, rather than feelings of hatred and jealousy. We have alluded to some of the principal circumstances which go to explain the attitude of England towards America, and which, to some extent, extenuate her conduct; but, nevertheless, she cannot be acquitted of the charge that she has acted very unjustly towards a friendly nation; that in a great struggle between Right and Wrong she has been guilty of moral indifference; that by her action she has indirectly aided a wicked cause; and that she has followed what seemed expedient rather than what was right, and has allowed interests to weigh more with her than principles. This was a grievous wrong, and grievously has England answered for it in the alienated

affections, the wounded pride, and the just indignation of a people ready to place the utmost confidence and reliance in her. But we need not cherish our resentment. We have learned that "every nation distracted by civil war must expect to be treated without consideration by foreign powers." We have been taught self-reliance, and have attained an independence of foreign opinions that enables us to pardon error and disregard malice and envy. For the sake of our friends in England we can lay aside our resentment, and welcome heartily any indications of a better feeling or a more just policy among our Transatlantic brethren.

Comte 63

CASPAR HAUSER.

THIRTY years ago there appeared a little book, written by Anselm von Feuerbach, containing an account of an individual kept in a dungeon, separated from all communication with the world, from early childhood to the age of seventeen. This is the only book on the subject that has come within the reach of American readers. Several German scholars published treatises relative to Caspar, but as those treatises were little better than conjectures and ingenious hypotheses, they were not thought worthy of translation into English. Von Feuerbach, on the contrary, has drawn up his account strictly from legal documents, to which he, as President of the Bavarian Courts of Appeal, had access. He offers no conjectures, indulges in no speculation as to the motives that could have induced the perpetration of this unparalleled crime, a crime so terrible that it is not treated of by any code or legislation whatever; — his unimpeachable character as a distinguished jurist and a philosopher of uncommon learning and acuteness does not permit us to doubt his statement of facts.

All biography is interesting; perhaps no other department of literature is so liberally patronized; — but how much more interesting must be the biography of that strange being who had no childhood and no boyhood; who for seventeen years saw neither the light of heaven nor heard the voice of man; who at the age of manhood came into the world from a living sepulchre as ignorant and as innocent as a new-born babe! Well might such a being excite the attention and the sympathy of all classes; well might he be the subject of literary wars and legal investigation, offering as he did an opportunity for scientific inquiry as rare as the crime which afforded it. The moralist could discover what are the innate feelings of the human heart in matters of religion; the metaphysician could study psychology on a mind as pure and tranquil as the smooth mirror of a lake in the stillness of night. Caspar almost put an end to the discussion of philologists as to the origin and formation of speech, by proving that change of circumstances and the society of other human beings is indispensable; his case threw floods of new light on the study of physiology; to lawyers the impenetrable mystery of the inhuman crime offered a wider field for speculation and the display of legal acumen than had ever before been presented.

The 26th of May, 1828, had been a day of great festivity at Nuremberg. The inhabitants had dispersed themselves in neighboring villages to celebrate the day. Nuremberg, deserted by its inhabitants, reminded one, not of an active manufacturing town, but rather of some enchanted city, such as we read of in the tales of the fair Sultana. Near the unfrequented Haller gate there stood unnoticed an object of greater interest than all the festivities of that festal day could offer, — around whose fate there hung a darker mystery than the Oriental imagination ever attributed to the heroes of song and story. A citizen, taking his evening walk, noticed the stranger standing in a singular attitude, and apparently intoxicated. He held in his hand a letter addressed to the

captain of the horse-guards stationed at Nuremberg. With much difficulty he was conducted to the captain's residence, where, by his strange behavior and uncouth appearance, he nearly frightened the children into convulsions, and excited the superstitious fears of the servants, who looked upon him as a being sent from another world. Weeping and with an expression of intense pain, he pointed to his blistered and tottering feet, and also signified by gestures that he was hungry. A piece of meat was given him, but as soon as it touched his lips he was thrown into violent convulsions. He drank a little beer with the same result; but on receiving a bit of bread and a cup of water, he ate and drank with apparent satisfaction. A gentle smile played on his pale and emaciated countenance, reflecting the joy of his simple and childlike heart. To the many questions that were asked he answered nothing, or murmured, in an unintelligible jargon, the words, "Ae sechtene möcht ih waehn, wie mei Votta waehn is." He heard, but understood not; he saw, but did not perceive. On being conducted to the stable he stretched himself out upon the straw, and a profound sleep soon came to his relief, and removed his thoughts from an unknown and unknowing world. The captain, on his arrival home, proceeded straightway to the stable, to see the being whom the excited imagination of children and servants had magnified into a superhuman monster. Caspar still lay wrapt in profound slumber, from which he could not be roused by all the jogging and thumping that a cruel curiosity could inflict. When he awoke the next morning he was conveyed to the police station. During the journey thither he cried continually, and pointed to his feet. He looked on all around him with a fixed and unmeaning stare; he was unconscious of everything but his own intense suffering. Caspar now became an object of great curiosity to all; to the reflecting few he was a subject for compassion and solicitude. While some considered him an idiot, madman, or savage, many regarded him as a cunning impostor. This

last conjecture was strengthened when it was discovered that he could write his name; this much he could write, but no more. His education consisted in the writing of his name and the remembrance of those few unmeaning words, which he repeated at all times and on all occasions.

In his pockets were found several manuscript prayers, — one entitled, "The Art of regaining lost Time, or Years misspent," seemed to contain a scoffing allusion to his imprisonment, given in mockery of religion. The letter which he carried with him was dated "From a place which shall be nameless, near the Bavarian frontier, 1828," and began ironically thus: "I send you a boy who wishes faithfully to serve his king!" The writer professed to be a poor peasant, and wrote that the child was left with him by his mother in 1812. The letter bears the mark of falsehood in every line, — containing, probably, nothing true but the date of Caspar's birth. This letter was undoubtedly written, not by a peasant in a peasant's humble cot, but by a noble in the cloistered walls of some ancient baronial castle. The internal evidence afforded by the letter, the appearance of the youth himself, conspire to prove him of noble descent. His light brown hair, curling in ringlets, his fair complexion, his limbs delicately built, spoke not of the peasant, but of high lineage.

Let us now notice some of Caspar's peculiarities, wherein he differed from other men. We have already noticed his dislike for meat and beer. For a long time he could eat and drink nothing but bread and water, — which had been his sustenance for seventeen years. Every conceivable experiment was resorted to, and each was attended with the same results. At one time a small quantity of opium was poured into a glass of water and offered to him; he merely tasted it, and refused to drink, saying that it was "dirty water," and tasted like that which was sometimes given to him by "the man with whom he had always been," — for such was the title by which he always designated the keeper

of his cell. It appears that opium was administered when they wished to change his clothes and renovate his room. Caspar always slept upon a straw-bed. Night to him commenced with the setting, and ended with the rising, of the sun. When a candle was for the first time placed before him, like a little child, he put his fingers into it, and, withdrawing his hand, cried bitterly. He seemed to be insensible to fear; passes were made at him with a naked sabre, but he did not move a muscle, did not even wink.

Several clergymen now endeavored to awaken in him religious feelings, but they talked of something he could not understand. There was not a spark of religion in his soul. Sermons and dogmas were to him as unintelligible as the religious tracts that he carried in his pockets.

Professor Daumer, who received Caspar into his family, made trials of his taste in respect to colors, and found that in this he differed in no way from children and untutored savages. The red color pleased him above all others; yellow and green found no favor in his eyes. The appearance of Nature afforded him no delight. Green grass and garden flowers were beautiful only when viewed through a red-colored glass. He expressed great satisfaction at seing a tree full of red apples, but said that the leaves were "ugly."

Meanwhile a gradual change came over him. He complained bitterly of the trouble which his numerous visitors gave him. He felt grieved at the thought that other people knew so much, while he was so ignorant. He now applied himself assiduously to study, writing and drawing claiming a large share of his attention. He began to manifest a dissatisfaction with the new world into which he had been introduced, and expressed a desire to return to "the man with whom he had always been." He said that in his cell he had never been teased by crowds of curious people, who came to see him as they would the kangaroo or tame hyena of M. von Aken's celebrated menagerie. This dissatisfaction with the world may throw some light upon the subsequent tragedy of his death.

Caspar's memory was tenacious to an extraordinary degree. Of this he gave daily proofs. Dr. Ostenhausen, his physician, presented him with a nosegay, and mentioned the names of the different flowers that composed it, names which to Caspar must have been combinations of unmeaning sounds. Several days afterwards he was able to repeat the names of all the flowers. But his memory *diminished* in strength in proportion as it was exercised, a phenomenon which we are not prepared to explain, opposed as it is to all the theories of psychologists and metaphysicians. His sense of smell was very fine. The fragrance of a rose caused him intense pain. The experiments made on his sense of vision established the same facts as in the case of the blind man who recovered his sight. What Voltaire says of the latter is equally applicable to Caspar. "He did not for a long time distinguish either magnitudes, distances, or even figures from each other. An object of an inch in size, which, when placed before his eyes, concealed a house from view, appeared to him as large as that house. All objects were present to his eye, and appeared to him to be applied to that organ, as objects of touch are to the skin. He could not distinguish, by his sight, what by the aid of his hands he had judged to be round from what he had judged to be angular; nor could he, by means of his eyes, discern whether what by his feelings he had perceived to be above or below was in fact above or below. He attained, though not without some difficulty, to a perception that his house was larger than his chamber; but he could never conceive how the eye could give him this information. Many repeated facts of experience were required in order to satisfy him that paintings represented solid bodies; and when, by dint of looking at pictures, he was convinced that what he saw before him were not merely surfaces, he felt them with his hands, and was then much surprised to find only a plain surface, without any projection. He then would ask which of his senses deceived him, his touch or his sight."*

* Voltaire, "Philosophie de Newton."

It was a long time before Caspar learned the difference between animate and inanimate things. Men and inferior animals carved in wood, or cut in stone, were to him as living men and animals, though he could not conceive why they always remained stationary. A tree he supposed manifested its life by moving its branches; its voice was the rustling of its leaves.

As has already been observed, of the beauties of Nature he had no adequate conception. To him the trees of the forest and the streams of the meadows were not beautiful; they only excited his curiosity, and suggested the question, which he frequently asked, "Who made them?" On seeing a rainbow he expressed no satisfaction at the beauty of its apparition, but wished to know who made it. Very different were his feelings when for the first time he gazed upon the starry heavens. We quote from his biographer. "His astonishment and transport surpassed all description. He could not be satiated with its sight, and was ever returning to gaze upon it; at the same time fixing accurately with his eye the different groups that were pointed out to him, remarking the stars most distinguished for their brightness, and observing the differences of their respective colors. 'That,' he exclaimed, 'is indeed the most beautiful sight that I have ever yet seen in the world. But who has placed all these numerous beautiful candles there? Who lights them? Who puts them out?' When he was told that, like the sun, with which he was already acquainted, they always continue to give light, he asked again, Who placed them there above, that they may always continue to give light? At length, standing motionless, with his head bowed down and his eyes staring, he fell into a train of deep and serious meditation. When he again recovered his recollection his transport had been succeeded by deep sadness. He sank trembling upon a chair, and asked why that wicked man had kept him always locked up, and had never shown him any of these beautiful things. He (Caspar) had never done any harm. He then broke out into

a fit of crying, which lasted for a long time, and which could with difficulty be soothed; and said that the man with whom he had always been might now also be locked up for a few days, that he might learn to know how hard it is to be treated so. Before seeing this beautiful celestial display he had never shown anything like indignation against that man, and much less had he ever been willing to hear that he ought to be punished. Only weariness and slumber were able to quiet his sensations." The experience of that night marked an era in his life. He began to realize the value of the treasure of which he had been deprived. The more he reflected on his fate, the more he was dissatisfied with himself and the world. To him the firmament revealed not the glory of God, but made him deeply sensible of the irreparable wrong he had suffered. He could not conceive why the omniscient and all-merciful Author of those beautiful stars and the life-giving light of the sun had permitted his enemies to triumph in their cruelty over him, who was guilty of no crime but that of his birth.

Caspar was an industrious student, and made marked progress in his studies. He made some successful attempts at original composition, which he viewed with all the vanity of a young author's pride. It was rumored that he was engaged in writing his biography, a rumor which wellnigh cost him his life, as we shall presently learn. His persecutors had released him from his dungeon, and had sent him into the world in a beggar's garb, with the expectation that he would be regarded as an idiot or madman, and disposed of accordingly, to die, as he had lived, in a prison. But in this they were disappointed. He elicited universal commiseration; and, from being the adopted child of Nuremberg, he became the child of Europe. His name was in everybody's mouth; the public journals were filled with romantic accounts of his mysterious life; and now he was about to write his biography, and publish to the world an account of his unnatural imprisonment, — which might lead to the detection of the criminals, who now, in self-defence,

attempted to assassinate him. Our space does not permit us to enter into details, but suffice it to say that Caspar, being left alone in Prof. Daumer's house one afternoon, was assaulted by a man veiled in black. Caspar, on receiving a wound in the face, from some sharp instrument, fell prostrate on the floor, — and the murderer escaped, leaving, as he thought, his intended victim dead. For two days after this unsuccessful attempt to assassinate him Caspar was in a delirious state, uttering from time to time broken sentences, such as these: "Not lock up — not kill — not hold the mouth — not die. The man kill me. Away! Don't kill. I all men love; do no one anything; help. Man, I love you, too; dont kill. Why the man kill? I have done you nothing. Don't kill me! I will beg that you may not be locked up. Never have let me out of my prison; you should have killed me before I understood what it is to live!" It was a long time before he recovered from the effects of his wound, which, although slight, caused him intense pain. The murderer, *veiled in black*, was supposed to be "the man with whom he had always been."

Caspar had always been of a mild and gentle disposition, free from all vicious inclinations and violent passions; but after this attempt to take his life he became timid to cowardice, — was afraid to injure any living thing, — would not even tread upon a worm. He was in constant dread of that merciless enemy, who had robbed him of his intellect, and now threatened the miserable remainder of his life by the dagger of an assassin. He lamented his ignorance and helplessness, and wept like a child to think that his youth was forever gone. "I was thinking," said he, in his altered humor, "how many beautiful things there are in the world, and how hard it is for me to have lived so long and to have seen nothing of them; and how happy children are who have been able to see all these things from their earliest infancy, and can still look at them. I am already so old, and am still obliged to learn what children knew long

ago. I wish I had never come out of my cage; he who put me there should have left me there. Then I should never have known or felt the want of anything, and I should never have experienced the misery of never having been a child, and of having come so late into the world."

In 1831 the Earl of Stanhope came over to Germany and took upon himself the education of Caspar, whom he removed to Anspach, with the intention of taking him to England on his return. By the liberal generosity of this noble Earl, Von Feuerbach was provided with the means necessary to the prosecution of the investigation. Caspar was placed in a lawyer's office, but displayed neither zeal nor ability.

On the 14th of December, 1833, the last act of this wonderful drama was enacted. While in the Earl's garden, Caspar was stabbed in the side, and expired a few hours after receiving the wound. Before dying he made a deposition, stating that the murderer pretended to be a friend, and had made an appointment to meet him in the garden, where he would put Caspar in the possession of valuable information; but, on meeting him, he immediately drew a dagger, stabbed him, and fled. A note was found on the spot of the murder, saying that the assassin came from the Bavarian frontier. Thus died Caspar, as he had lived, the innocent victim of inhuman cruelty. A reward of fifteen thousand florins was offered for the apprehension and conviction of the murderer. All was done that the officers of the law and the friends of Caspar could do, but in vain. There are places that the strong arm of the law cannot reach. To drag to light the perpetrators of this most unnatural crime, researches must be made, not in the humble cottage of the lowly peasant, but in baronial palaces, whose golden gates open not at the bidding of justice. But crimes of such a monstrous nature cannot remain secret forever; and, sooner or later, the mystery of this, though veiled in the blackest shades of night, must be solved.

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A VERY OLD TALE.

[N. B. — The following pathetic ballad was restored with great labor from a palimpsest, upon which it was the most ancient of six-and-twenty poems, all of which had, of course, been written over it. This circumstance will account for the irregularity occasionally apparent both in rhyme and in rhythm, which it would be in the highest degree uncharitable to ascribe to a want of poetic taste and genius in the unknown author.]

I 'VE resolved to be a poet,
To scrawl in rhyme, that all may know it;
No more I 'll write in prose again
On subjects fit for baser pen,
But higher far shall be the strain
Which flows enraptured from my brain.
I 'll soar among the silvery clouds,
With my sweet Muse, to whom I 've vowed
Eternal love, praise eloquent, —
If I don't cave in at the first attempt, —
And seize the sun's last lingering ray,
As fittest pen to inscribe my lay.

WHEN Homer, heaven-born son, was young,
When Achilles' deeds were still unsung,
And many a hero had lived and died,
Whose name was lost, undeified,
There flew about a strange report,
That Zeus Olympus, in his sport,
Had hurled a bolt plump into the eye
Of lovely Juno, and made her cry
Her other eye out.
Weeping and wailing, beating her breast,
She stormed about heaven, from east to west,
Shrieking out, in a wild, despairing shout,
"My eye is out! my eye is out!"
Old Jupiter scratched his head in thought,
And considered, as a good husband ought,
How he might undo the evil he 'd done,
Appease his dear spouse, and stop the thun-

Dering noise she made in his palace about,
Which was heard below Hades, without a doubt.

MERCURY was sent to summon the gods,
And goddesses, too, — though it made no odds
Whether *they* came or not, — at least to Zeus,
For he knew how women sympathize in each other's abuse.

WHEN all had assembled, and taken their places,
Both gods and goddesses, nymphs and graces,
Zeus rose from his throne with a stately bow,
And forthwith related the cause of the row.
"Having just now received from Vulcan the limper
Some new patent bolts for the next coming winter,
I thought to try them, to see how they 'd fly;
But the devil a bit did I aim at her eye.
It was all a mistake, — an accident, you know, —
That the thunderbolt popped out the eye of Juno."

HE spoke, and all the gods with one consent
Believed him, that it was an accident.
"But still," said they, "though in your mind
You did n't intend to make Juno blind,
For the loss of her eyes, it is but fair,
That, in exchange, she should have a new pair."

ZEUS nodded; then Mercury, inciting,
Said, "Haste, fly to earth like a streak of greased lightning,
And the first creature you meet, pluck out quickly its eyes,
And bring them up safe to my house in the skies."

DOWN from heaven, with rapid pace,
Mercury flew, like a horse in a race,
When first he starts at crack of whip,
And galloping swiftly, with nary a slip,
All breathless and panting, reaches the goal,
Thus came Mercury, cursing in soul
The scolding old woman for whose sake he had come
This horrible journey, at the speed of the sun.

After he 'd rested his weary limbs
Under the shade of a spreading tree,
And slaked his thirst at a cooling spring
Which ran beside him, light and free,
He rose to his feet with earnest intent
Of obeying the commands of his testy old gent.

BY chance, a cow came to the brook,
To get a drink, and take a look
At the herbage growing around the tree,
Not thinking, alas! what a victim she 'd be.
Mercury seized her as his lawful prize,
With a three-cornered brick knocked out both her eyes,
Stooping, hastily gathered them up,
Into his pocket fetched them a chuck,
Then started home for heaven.

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CONFUSION had reigned both night and day
In the palace of Zeus, the cloud-compeller;
And Juno never once ceased to pray
For the return of Mercury, — right good feller.
But now he arrived, bringing back to the skies,
For her speedy relief, a pair of cow-eyes.

THE storm was quelled;
A calm ensued.
Zeus felt happy and merry;
But Juno was called,
Ever after that day,
Βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη.

ICONOCLASM.

"You are not here. The quaint witch Memory sees
In vacant niche your *broken images*."

SHELLEY.

The word Iconoclasm — image-breaking — has an odd and Greekish look, and its sound seems hardly natural to English ears and upon English lips; yet it is a suggestive term, and covers a few interesting and perhaps useful thoughts which can easily clothe themselves in plain, undoubted English.

Did you ever think how universal the love of statuary — that is to say, the passion for building and preserving images — has been since man was first created, — himself in the image of his Creator? Your ample stock of classical knowledge will of course readily furnish you data enough to convince you of the fact. You will at once easily remember that, when Æneas made his narrow escape from burning Troy, he cared only to take his father on his shoulder, and his household images under his arm, — that the principal aim of all his later journeyings was, by his own confession, to provide a new niche for the "errantes patrios deos," a new chimney corner and mantel for his restless Lares and Penates. And he bequeathed, you remember, this jealous watchfulness, which won him the adjective of "pius," to his Roman posterity. Each high-born Roman and each patrician boasted not of a family-tree neatly and acurately traced back on parchment to the ancestor that "came over with the Conqueror" from Troy, but carried his friends to his family gallery, and there pointed, with all the pride and importance of a Yankee exhibitor of wax statuary, to the long line of ancestral *imagines*, each with its appropriate *titula* about its neck. These, dumb perhaps with grief, were the chief mourners at a Roman's funeral. These, with mute but entire approval, presided at a Roman's feast. These were

the unanswerable arguments that won a Roman his election on the hustings. These lined the entrance-hall of a Roman's house, and at each exit and entering he ran the gantlet of these mute ancestors with a blessing on their fragile heads. We catch another glimpse of the same zeal for acquiring and preserving these images in the old coins "bearing Cæsar's image and superscription," and bidding all "render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." We recognize it, too, in the cry of the old, frightened idol-worshippers, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and, lately again, as the mounds of Nineveh and the Pyramids of Egypt are laid open, the rows of figures and images, preserved with equal care, meet the eyes of our modern curiosity. But this image-history is not to stop here, with this remote antiquity. You cannot pass the Middle Ages in review without remembering that its most noticeable figure, Charles the Fifth, the conqueror of Francis and the ruler of half Europe, abdicated his empire to become a puppet-maker in his most lonely Spanish palace. And, if we pass immediately to our own time and land, are we not, equally with the Romans of old, making capital of our ancestors' forms and features? Here are families raised, educated, and started in the world, as Artemas Ward says, "on a pile of postage-stamps," each of which is a mere colored image of some father of the Republic, whom we have all learnt to honor; and one acquires a high position in society merely by a judicious use of these valuable but fragile *effigies*, just as did the old Romans by a like judicious use of their own patrial images. So in the public squares of our cities, some statue, equestrian or otherwise, is raised amongst us, and immediately the rent of property in the neigborhood is raised with it, and the houses cluster more and more closely about it. In fact, without further multiplying illustrations, society, by a sort of idolatry, raises its images before itself, and regards them as proudly as the ship does its figure-head, which is gilded so brightly, and given the foremost place that it may precede

and guide the vessel over all the seas and into every port. Surely man had need of that commandment in the Decalogue which warned him against "graven images."

Let so much be said for image-raising and image-worship. There is a counter passion, perhaps only stronger, that of Iconoclasm, the overthrow or shattering of images. Aaron raises the golden calf in the wilderness, but Moses, the iconoclast, comes only to stamp it under his feet. So Dagon, the Philistines' god, fell broken before the ark of God. Æneas and the Romans had been at pains to open national and family galleries full of these prized images, — idols which the Goths and Vandals, those rude heathen missionaries, with a sweep of the hand, break to fragments. And so they have gone; the triumph of Iconoclasm being at the time of the earthquake which shook the Colossus from the harbor he had so long guarded, and left him scattered on the shore. So have Diana, Janus, and Minerva gone. So Layard, the Iconoclast, exposed the marble figures of Nineveh to our modern atmosphere, and they crumbled before it. And rapid and constant as has been the work of image-building, still Iconoclasm must ever follow, as a child builds one moment that his handiwork may be thrown down in the next.

I can produce no better illustration, no better specimen of the Iconoclast, however, than that presented to some of us lately in the works of Sir William Hamilton. He, as we have discovered, devotes all his efforts in a large text-book of six hundred pages to the overthrow of the doctrines of certain Scottish philosophers, who have maintained that no one of us can really see the object which is placed before his eyes, but that he sees something in his own mind that is an *image* of the real object. Hamilton offers himself as the champion Iconoclast. "Away with this doctrine of an image!" he cries. "It cannot be so. 'Life is real,' and no image." And so he introduces his system of Iconoclasm.

But, treating the subject rather more seriously, can we help remarking how constant and noticeable are the feats of

Iconoclasm in the course of an individual life? Look back for a moment at the ideals and images raised and loved in those few years which made up what we call Childhood. How many of the pet theories which delighted us and so entirely satisfied us then do we now honor as completely and trust as implicitly? Then we believed in the power of the buttercup, held anxiously under the chin, to show to what extent our love of butter could be trusted. But our more recent botanical acquirements have overthrown it all, and we are now without a test by which to estimate our proclivities for butter with our bread. We then exalted a dandelion in its latest stage to a sort of timepiece, which should tell when our anxious mothers were awaiting us. We firmly believed a mouse to be merely a younger, smaller specimen of rat; but now our belief has been wrested from us, and we cannot satisfy our desires by assigning to the same family the two animals whose likenesses so puzzle us. Our ideal — our image — was then, perhaps, a barefooted figure, who had perfect liberty to venture everywhere, disregarding damage done to person or clothing. But we have since learnt propriety, and a figure "in the dress of that period" would now only seem an image long since broken, and put aside with childish garments.

And so each step has been attended by a new crash, a new set of images broken, another set of beliefs thrown aside. It is constant Iconoclasm. We have to be careful when we thus take an onward step, to beware that the fragments of our old images and beliefs do not hurt us as they lie scattered about our path. Each one of us leaves this long train of ruin behind him, — ideals that we are ashamed of and have thrown hastily down. We would hardly desire, I imagine, to bring our Freshman statuary out into the changed light and air of our Class-Day. Perhaps some Junior images may yet remain unbroken, to which we are still faithful, and which we are not yet disposed to deny; but those beliefs which our remembrance of the earlier half of College life

recalls, do they not for the most part wear the look of prejudices? Does not our early statuary seem antiquated and all wrong? Do we not hope that our literary opinions are become more valuable, and that perhaps the eager quest of a false popularity and worthless honors, with which we started, has given place to quieter yet healthier desires, a stricter sense of duty, a better appreciation of what is and will be required of us as educated men? Certainly, we lost many of those former images with our ground floors, and about the time of our last hazing feat; and now we have a new dynasty on the ruin of the old one. Surely, the experience of even the youngest amongst us will teach us to wish that we may become more perfect Iconoclasts.

But we are not recluses. Let us step for a moment outside of the College life, out from under the College trees into the events political and social which surely have the power to interest our heartiest sympathies, involving as they have done the fortunes and lives of some of our choicest and nearest friends. Can the least experienced of us all believe, that this is a time when we should gather all the old images about us, and, thus hedging ourselves in, refuse to govern ourselves by any other standard in forming our opinions, and deciding on a course of action in the present moment of danger to our government? Our ancestors, that is the fathers, have bequeathed us a set of the images which pleased them, and suited their times, and have given them into our charge, each with a label about its neck, "Please not handle," or, in other words, "Do not remodel, do not break these loved images of ours." But are we to consider, as the North does too much consider in the present crisis, that we should govern, like the Roman officials of old, by referring to our ancestors' statues? Are we to find a complete standard by which to regulate our conduct at the present moment in an "old curiosity shop," full of antiquated images that are now out of date and useless? Of course we are not to be ready to abandon the principles which founded the Re-

public, and which sanctified the Revolution; only let us not be afraid of being original, — afraid of setting up the new images which the times require, even if they ask of us the image of Emancipation and Abolition. And, as young men, we are to expect — are we not? — that our future life at such a period will require a greater originality in us, and will present scenes and questions requiring perhaps an entirely different course of action and thought from any which our fathers have followed before us. Let us be prepared, then, for any extent of Iconoclasm.

But, that this article may conclude after a scholarly fashion, let us, in a few words, consider the action of Iconoclasm in literature. Have not our critics, reviewers, historians, and in fact our whole writing and reading public, assumed of late years a little more of the Iconoclastic spirit than is wholesome and healthy for it? Each generation seems, like the successive Roman censors, to want to revoke the decisions, the stigmas, and the praises, which the preceding has ventured to put forth; and to contradict well-established literary opinions and throw down old images, merely to gratify its abundant self-conceit. For instance, the public, both of readers and of writers, were disposed to believe till very lately that they had a tolerably correct idea of Lord Bacon's character and history. They thought that, while fully appreciating the independent wisdom of his philosophy, the extent of his erudition, and the good of which by his actions and writings he has been the author, they could hardly help admitting, under the weight of testimony and authority, his venality and the treachery which so darkly stained the better portion of his character. But the late appearance of Hepworth Dixon's Life of Bacon, at the distance of two hundred and fifty years from the time of the philosopher, overthrows this carefully prepared opinion. The stigma is lifted from Bacon, and we must forthwith build us a new image, if we would not have the times leave us far behind.

So, too, with our critics and reviewers, who can so completely reverse and so readily disprove old and sacred authorities. They perhaps undertake to review or criticise an old author's reputation, character, or doctrine, and, when their article is closed, the reader finds a complete substitution; they have entirely rubbed out the old doctrines or beliefs, to make as it were a palimpsest on which to enter their own juster ideas and decisions. They have set us all adrift by showing the author and his sentiments to be narrow where they seemed to us liberal, weak where we thought them strong, outrageous where they have hitherto seemed to us entirely proper; or perhaps *vice versa*. They have broken down our old images, and in their stead have presented us with their own. The well-remembered boast of Horace,

"Exegi monumentum aere perennius,"

no author dares now utter, for no such monument, no such image, can resist the persistent assaults of the modern critic. We are not, of course, to give up the exercise of our originality in the formation of our beliefs and judgments. Far from it; for it is that originality alone that can make a man an appreciative reader or listener, and give him authority to claim the place of an author for himself. But a warning against literary Iconoclasm is merely directed against that flippant spirit which forms and overthrows judgments with so much apparent ease and relish, — that wantonness which pushes over and destroys long-reverenced ideals so often and with so little feeling. If we can avoid such a disposition, we shall come with the proper, docile spirit to our studies and our reading, and leave them with a deeper, because a more reverent, originality.

S. S. Haggridon '63

IN MEMORIAM.

TO G. P. S.

WITHIN the dreary hospital I see
A pallet stretched beside the barren wall,
While through the ever-deepening interval
There comes a shivering voice of agony.

O God, what grief is this that I must bear?
What noble form, laid low within this room,
Bids e'en the listening silence to revere
The ebb of this sweet life, — the awful gloom?

I see the manly front, the soft blue eye,
Whose depths bespeak a world of patient love,
Within whose light there gleams a purity
Such as the radiant angels wear above.

And can it be, great God! that this dear life,
Wherein the mirrored heaven reflects thy word,
Must pass, — the broken pitcher yield the strife?
And wilt thou, Father, loose this silver cord?

I never thought to see this head so low,
This fair and stately genius droop and die;
I never thought to see this fevered brow,
And feel the pulse beat long and heavily.

I never thought to see thee meet this death,
In traitor's soil to leave this costly gem;
I never dreamed to see thee yield thy breath
Where Virgin palms would sing thy requiem.

O, chide not Heaven if 'mongst the withered leaves
Fond Memory seeks to wander back again,
And with our joy her sadness interweaves,
As with the sweetest pleasure cometh pain, —

If with our mirth doth blend a thoughtful tear,
When searching in our midst we look in vain
For this dear boy, and find the harvest sear
Has snatched from us one golden head of grain, —

One golden head to virtue known and fame,
Whose high nobility seemed but the rarer growth
Of Heaven's bright angels, whose enwreathed name
Is writ in letters all of shining worth.

Low lies the noble head, the gifted intellect
Deep buried 'neath the scourge of ruthless war;
A pealing "requiescat" trembles from afar,
And listening Nature chimes the sad respect.

O noble mind, O gifted intellect,
Nurtured of God, fed by a rarer growth
Than men are wont to know! O purity
And childlike innocence, farewell, farewell!
For ye must sleep the chilling sleep of death,
Must leave us here all desolate and lone,
That ye may grace a purer life above, —
Move in a loftier sphere, where angels beautiful
Do minister and tend the noble frame,
Watch o'er and foster it, till it increase
And fit itself for higher mansions still,
Approaching ever nearer to the shining Throne
Where robes of gleaming seraphim enclasp it round,
And it doth rest in peace unto eternity.

OCT 64

NEW BOOKS.

Edwin Brothertoft. By THEODORE WINTHROP, Author of "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

EDWIN BROTHERTOFT has had and will have more readers than its merits alone would obtain for it. The fact of its belonging to the posthumous works of one who was among the earliest victims of the Rebellion, and who before his death was but little known as a writer, renders it, like "Cecil Dreeme" and "John Brent," peculiarly interesting. It was while Winthrop's heroic death was meeting with admiration, mingled with regret that our country's safety needed the sacrifice of so noble a character, that "Cecil Dreeme" was published, and afterwards "John Brent." Every one who read them lamented that Winthrop was not alive to enjoy his reputation as an author. At the same time, it was wondered whether these books, along with other papers which appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," were ever written for future publication, or merely for the sake of literary amusement. Whatever idea he may have entertained of giving his other writings to the press, we cannot think that the work before us was written with that purpose. It can add nothing to the reputation of its author, and since it is far inferior to its predecessors, wrong, we think, has been done him in giving it publication. To be sure it has, in common with his other books, the charm of a fresh, lively style; but the story resembles many others which have been told and told again, as stories of Revolutionary times, for the million. Voltaire and Major Skerrett are amusing personages. In the Brothertoft character we imagined we saw a faint reflection of what we fancy Winthrop himself to have been. Lucy Brothertoft derives interest only from being the heroine of the novel. We do not think much of the book, nor do we believe its author ever did.

J. S. Kid. 63

The Patience of Hope. By the Author of "A Present Heaven." With an Introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

THERE are certain books to which we cling with peculiar affection, — which constitute the treasures on our shelves, — full of rich beauty,

whose pages seem all aglow with jewelled splendor, imparting to all around warmth and loveliness. Among these would I place this precious little volume, radiant with consolation and sweet promise. Coming to us in this the hour of our grief, it seems like a ray of light sent to pierce the thick gloom which surrounds us. Replete with all that is most spiritual in religion, it blends the graces of an æsthetic imagination with the philosophy of Fénelon or Pascal. We rejoice at this new friend, which thus comes to cheer us while we rest beneath the awful shadow, revealing to us bright glimpses of a far-off Paradise.

The Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

THIS book is a handsome addition to the "blue and gold" series. Furnished with it, the admirers of Dr. Holmes will find the enjoyment which his poems afford enhanced by the luxuries of beautiful typography and nicely tinted paper. As these poems have all appeared before, and are now only presented in a new dress, we shall offer no remarks upon their merits. Suffice it to say, that among them will be found verses in every vein, grave, gay, comic, and sentimental. Of these are our treasured friends, "The Cambridge Churchyard," "Old Ironsides," "The Voiceless," "The Chambered Nautilus," "The One-Hoss Shay," and many others. These will satisfy the reader that, though the author may not be able — and here we quote his own lines —

> "to embody in a breathing word
> Tones that the spirit trembled when it heard;
> To fix the image all unveiled and warm,
> And carve in language its ethereal form,
> So pure, so perfect, that the lines express
> No meagre shrinking, no unlaced excess," —

he is, nevertheless, a poet.

COLLEGE RECORD.

WAR RECORD.

We are enabled, through the kindness of our friends, to make numerous additions to our War List. We reprint some names which have appeared before, for the purpose of giving rank and regiment in full. It is especially desirable that our friends should be sure of the authenticity of their information, so that we may be guarded from mistakes. We solicit information if mistakes and omissions still escape our notice.

We are indebted to Mr. E. R. Cogswell (Class of 1864) for many items of information; also to Mr. Charles H. Doe (Class of 1860), of the Daily Advertiser office, who has sent to us the lists of Harvard men in the army which have appeared in the Advertiser. Mr. Doe writes with reference to his Class: —

"You say that twelve of '60 are in the Rebel army. By comparing the Triennial with the Term Catalogues, you will see that there are only five — I think five — from the South; and the rest I have reason to believe all good Union men."

We find by the Triennial Catalogue that only five Southerners received degrees in 1860. Our remark in the September number was based on the following note, appended to a list communicated to us by L. Clifford Wade, of Portland: —

"N. B. About a dozen are in the rebel army."

We suppose that some are included in this remark who at some time belonged to the Class of 1860, but were not graduated with it.

1840.

Joseph McKean Churchill, LL.B., Captain Mass. 45th.
Joseph Otis Williams, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 12th.

1851.

Edward Henry Hall, Chaplain Mass. 44th.

1853.

Charles Frederic Livermore, Jr., 2d Lieutenant 1st Unattached Company Mass. Heavy Artillery.

1856.

Charles Brooks Brown, Mass. Reg.
Henry Gassett Wheelock, Sergeant-Major Mass. 45th.

1858.

Charles Fairchild, Commissary Wisconsin Reg.
George Edward Pond, LL.B., Lieutenant Mass. 45th.

Thomas Jefferson Spurr, Lieutenant Mass. 15th. (See list of killed.)
Girard Curtis Tobey, LL.B., Private Mass. Battery.
James Percival Townsend, Private Mass. Reg.
James Edward Vickery, Seaman U. S. N.

1860.

Julius Dexter, 1st Lieutenant 106th Ohio.
Thomas Bayley Fox, 1st Lieutenant 2d Mass.
Arthur May Knapp, Private Mass. 44th.
Joseph Shippin, Assistant Quartermaster at Fortress Monroe.
Henry George Spaulding, U. S. Sanitary Commission.
Oliver Fairfield Wadsworth, U. S. Sanitary Commission.
George Gill Wheelock, U. S. Sanitary Commission.
Calvin Milton Woodward, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 48th.

The following belonged to the Class of 1860 at some time of the college course, but did not graduate with it: —

N. S. Barstow, 2d Lieutenant Mass. 24th.
H. W. Hall, Lieutenant Ill. Inf.
I. H. Hazelton, Assistant Surgeon U. S. N.
George Sterne Osborne, Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. A.
G. B. Perry, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 20th, resigned on account of sickness.
W. D. Russell, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 18th. (See list of killed.)
J. P. Stearns, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 22d.
Robert G. Shaw, Captain Mass. 2d.
Henry Winsor, 1st Lieutenant Penn. Cavalry.
E. W. Whittemore, Boatswain's Mate U. S. N.

1861.

Allen Foster Boone, Private Co. F. Mass. 44th.
Herman Francis Brashear, Lieutenant Home Guard, Ohio.
John Lincoln Bullard, Clerk U. S. Commissary Department.
John Doggett Cobb, Sergeant Mass. 35th.
Henry Jonas Doolittle was Captain in General Hamilton's Staff. (See list of killed for Sept.)
Stephen Goodhue Emerson, Private Co. H. Mass. 1st.
Joseph Emery Fiske, Sergeant Mass. 43d.
Daniel Dudley Gilbert, Medical Cadet.
Ezra Palmer Gould, Corporal Co. E, Mass. 24th.
James Reeve Gould, Aid-de-camp to General Vielé.
Frank Warren Hackett, Assistant Paymaster U. S. N.
Alpheus Holmes Hardy, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 45th.
Charles Duncan Lamb, — Penn. Militia.
Thomas Joseph Leavitt, Sergeant-Major 6th Iowa Cavalry.
David Francis Lincoln, Assistant Surgeon U. S. N.

James Rundlet May, Medical Cadet.
George Hart Mumford, 1st Lieutenant Rifle Battery Co., 108th N. Y.
Samuel Dunn Phillips, Teacher at Port Royal.
William Franklin Snow, Chaplain Mass. 5th.
James Kent Stow, 2d Lieutenant Mass. 2d.
Sidney Warren Thaxter, Captain Co. A, 1st Maine Cavalry.
Edward Wigglesworth, Jr., Assistant Hospital Steward Mass. 45th.

The following belonged to the Class for a portion of the college course: —

George Burroughs, Brevet 2d Lieutenant Engineers, U. S. A.
Arthur Dehon, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 12th.
William Hathaway Forbes, 1st Lieutenant 1st Mass. Cavalry.
Frank Hastings Hamilton, Lieutenant ——.
O. C. Houghton, Adjutant N. Y. 25th. (See list of killed and wounded.)
De Forrest Safford, Private Co. F. Mass. 44th.

1862.

Edward Carson Bowman, Acting Assistant Paymaster U. S. N.
Joseph Perrin Burrage, — Reg.
Clark Carter, at Port Royal.
Augustus Crocker, Adjutant Mass. 4th.
John Richard Dennett, at Port Royal.
George Alfred Fiske, Quartermaster-Sergeant, Mass. 41st.
George Albert Fletcher, 2d Lieutenant, —— Reg.
Charles Follen Folsom, at Port Royal.
Francis Webster Goss, Private Mass. 44th.
James Greene, Sergeant-Major at Camp Wool.
Charles Edward Hickling, —— Mass. 45th.
Arthur Courtland Parker, Private — Reg.
Arthur Reed, Sergeant Mass. 45th.
Joseph Sampson Reed, at Port Royal.
Edward Babcock Sawtell, at Port Royal.
Charles Carroll Soule, Private Mass. 44th.
Charles Brigham Stoddard, Quartermaster Mass. 41st.
William James Temple, Captain U. S. A.
John Harvey Treat, Private Mass. 44th.
John Henry Tucker, Private Mass. 38th.
John Langdon Ward, Captain in 52d Mass.
Charles Pickard Ware, at Port Royal.

1863.

Benjamin Read Wales, Private Mass. 45th.
Moses Dillon Wheeler, Sergeant-Major Ohio 122d.

1864.

Edward Stanley Abbot, Corporal 17th Reg. Regular Infantry.

Edward Richmond Blanchard, Private 44th Mass.
Edward Chapin, Private 15th Mass.
John Loring Eldridge, Private 44th Mass.
Charles William Fox, Private 44th Mass.
Charles Willard Hagar, Private 44th Mass.
Edward Robbins Howe, Corporal 44th Mass.
Franklin Theodore Howe.
Henry Ainsworth Parker, Private 44th Mass.
Henry Robinson Stanfield, Private 44th Mass.
Charles Francis, Private 44th Mass.
Roscoe Livermore, Cadet, West Point Military Academy.

1865.

Frederic Sparrell, Private Mass. Cavalry.
Horace C. Rodgers, Private Mass. 39th.

CORRECTIONS.

1858.

Alfred Stedman Hartwell, Lieutenant Mass. 44th.
James Danforth Thurber, Private Mass. 13th.

1860.

Charles A. Nelson should be omitted. (September number.)
Charles Storrow belonged to the Class of 1861 while in College. (September number.)
Emory Washburn, Jr., Adjutant Mass. 39th, promoted to Aid-de-camp to General Devens. (See September number.)
Hersey G. Palfrey, not Henry. (September number.)
On page 33, line 9, September number, for "Rodgers," read "Rogers."

1861.

William Yates Gholson, Captain Co. A. 106th Ohio.
John P. Hopkinson should be omitted. (September number.)
Charles Storrow, Captain Co. F, Mass. 44th.

1862.

William Hedge, Corporal Co. C, Mass. 44th.
Benjamin Holt Ticknor, 2d Lieutenant Co. F, Mass. 45th. (See list in September number.)

1863.

Walter Whitney Hammond, Orderly Sergeant Mass. 47th.

Changes and Promotions.

1838.

Charles Devens, Colonel Mass. 15th, promoted to Brigadier-General.

1844.

Edward Augustus Wild, M. D., Captain in Mass. 1st, promoted to Colonel Mass. 35th.

1848.

Charles Greely Loring, Division Quartermaster and on General Reno's Staff, with rank of Captain, promoted to Inspector-General and Lieutenant-Colonel on General Burnside's Staff.

1852.

Sidney Willard, Captain in Mass. 35th, promoted to be Major, same Reg.

Paul Joseph Revere, Major Mass. 20th, promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on General Sumner's Staff.

1854.

James Savage, Captain Mass. 2d, promoted to Major in same Reg.

1858.

George Ebenezer Francis, Acting Assistant Surgeon at Fortress Monroe, to Contract-Surgeon at Washington.

Nicholas Longworth Anderson, promoted in September, 1862, to Colonel 6th Ohio V. M.

1860.

Edward Crosby Johnson, Lieutenant Mass. 2d, is now 1st Lieutenant in Mass. 44th.

1861.

John Bigelow, Lieutenant in Nims's Battery, is now Adjutant 1st Battalion Maryland Light Artillery.

Norwood Penrose Hallowell, Lieutenant Mass. 20th, promoted to Captain Co. D, same Reg.

Thomas Rodman Robeson, Lieutenant, promoted to Captain Co. B, Mass. 2d Reg.

1862.

William Francis Bartlett, Captain Mass. 20th, is now Commandant at Camp Briggs, Pittsfield, Mass.

John Hodges is now Major Mass. 50th. (See list in May number.)

Herbert Cowpland Mason is now Captain in Mass. 20th. (See list in May number.)

1863.

Albert Kintzing Post, Sergeant Mass. 45th, promoted to 2d Lieutenant.

1864.

Fitzhugh Birney, now Assistant Adjutant-General on General Birney's Staff, in Heintzelman's Division.

Francis Welch Crowninshield, 2d Lieutenant, promoted to 1st Lieutenant Mass. 2d.

KILLED OR WOUNDED.

1849.

Everett Peabody, killed at Pittsburg Landing.

1858.

Thomas Jefferson Spurr, killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

1860.

W. D. Russell, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 18th, killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

1861.

John Bigelow, Adjutant 1st Battalion Maryland Light Artillery, wounded in the arm at Malvern Hills, July 1st, 1862.

Norwood Penrose Hallowell, Capt. Co. D, Mass. 20th, wounded in the arm at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., Captain Co. G, Mass. 20th, wounded in the neck at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

James Holton Rice, 1st Lieutenant Co. F, Mass. 19th, wounded in the thigh, June 25, 1862, before Richmond.

Thomas Rodman Robeson, wounded in the arm at Cedar Mountain, Va., August 9, 1862.

Wesley Caleb Sawyer, Captain Co. H, 23d Mass., lost his left leg at Newbern, N. C., March 13, 1862.

O. C. Houghton, Adjutant N. Y. 25th, wounded in the leg, May 27, 1862, at Hanover Court House, Va.

C.C.N.C.'65

EDITORS' TABLE.

"HONI soit qui mal y pense," as Verdant Green said when his faithless arrow impaled Mr. Stormer's favorite Skye, — as Charles VIII. exclaimed when he accidentally took a wheel off the Duke of Buckingham's coupé, — with which stirring appeal the Queen of England is supposed to open Parliament. In view of this renowned quotation, your Editor would state that it has no reference to society in general, but only to certain individuals who, unmindful of the request made in our last issue, under the head of "Mr. Editor," still remain heedless of the cries of entreaty which proceed from the inmost recesses of —— Harvard Square. With this introduction, based upon the principle that work comes before play, we present our second number of Volume IX., hoping that Messrs. Sever and Francis will be forthwith compelled to elect a special President of the Exchequer, perhaps some Wandering Jew (Poco No. 1), in order to meet the increasing labor incident to that department.

Can Goodies — that is maids of honor — sing? Surely, this is a consideration of no mean importance in the political economy of the University. Perhaps the reader scouts the idea of one of these radiant creatures aspiring to the divine art; perhaps he suffers a sardonic smile to irrigate his incredulous countenance. Ah, Freshman, you who row on yonder stream (none but Freshmen row now, it is considered green to sport in this way), beware lest in thy voyages thou meet with some fair siren rising from the wave to lure thy peaceful bark aside; beware lest, too confident, thou trustest in thy puny strength, and heedest not the danger until thy overweening pride has been thy ruin. Such thoughts came crowding to our brain a few days since, as we were regaled with a fine chorus from the entry of —— well, never mind. From the similar quality in voices we were led to conclude that the choruses of operas must be composed of discarded good ladies, which would account for the unparalleled excellence of those who accompany the troupes visiting the Boston. But this reminds us, — who heard Carlotta Patti? Was it not fine? We were fortunate enough to get in to Ernani on Friday night, and a richer feast in fine quality of voice and rarer vocalism have never greeted us at the Opera. True, we did not hear Alboni, Grisi, Malebran, or the greatest of singers, who still wakes the echoes of Exeter Hall to do her reverence; yet we are not fastidious, deeming pure tone, good taste, and a becoming demeanor enough to demand our favor and call forth hearty applause. Perhaps it might be equivocal to say that we were not able to judge of the "house," inasmuch as our position forbade it; yet if any there be who imagine for an instant that we did not sit among the most bloated of the aristocracy, we scorn the insinuation,— in the name of German, Frenchman, "colored person," and inevitable Poco, we demand an apology. But the Opera. Our only inconvenience being that we were too painfully aware of the energetic prompter, we were able to enjoy the music to our heart's content. How natural the easy swagger of the tenor, the gorgeous array of "supernumerary gentlemen"; (ah, my friend, was it you who dropped your gun, and lingered upon the stage with fond longing?) the fair face in the "box" smiling gracefully upon some frowning wolf beside it!

Yet on the whole the Opera dragged. The intervals were long, and once or twice we thought we distinguished in an Irishman — bah! in a *gentleman* beside us sounds unmistakably indicative of slumber. From the parquette where we sat the applause was terrific; many a timid one indulging in his first hearty Bravo! Encore! By the by, what a luxury it is on certain occasions to give vent to one's voice! When we feel that the crowd will stand by us, there is an insane pleasure in this unbridled liberty.

But what news? None, save vague rumors about *drilling*, which we understand is to commence with the arrival of new uniforms for the club, which are now unlading from the mackerel fleet near Brighton Bridge. The uniform will consist of loose plush trowsers (somewhat after the pattern of the Chapel tapestry), lined with blue and trimmed with pea-green buckles; the upper garment is to be much more elaborate in material and in style, representing the various departments of art and manufacture, to be trimmed with narrow green ribbons, which are loaned to the club on condition that they be returned by the 1st of June or charged in the term-bill. This necessary precaution against bankruptcy is obvious to all. May the drilling come, and that speedily.

But this leads us to the all-absorbing topic of the day, — the war. It is harder for us who stay than for those who go. We cannot escape the thought, that if their responsibility be great, ours is much greater. Meantime we have a deal to do. The Gymnasium should no longer be suffered to lie idle, the rollocks of our lapstreaks should yield their rust to the lustre of steel, the cricket-bat — but the Editor is convinced that all appeals in this quarter are utterly hopeless. We will refrain from pressing a point so obnoxious; yet we will repeat that the absolute necessity of preparing to meet the call for us within a twelvemonth becomes more imperative with every new defeat. Though it be in our opinion nothing short of murder on the part of our generals, yet the emergency must be met, — men must be sent forward, and the best blood of the North flow like water before the nation will rise in its mightiest effort. With this view, every wound received is a glory, — every death a godlike martyrdom. Through tribulation must come the victory, — through sorrow and bereavement the nerve which like a righteous judgment shall fall upon the enemy, — until through deep affliction and thick night shall dawn the fairest birthday of the nation's prosperity. Meanwhile, stout hearts, pure lives and thoughtful, stand ready to conduct us to the life which we are to sacrifice. It is terrible to think that "the valley" lies so near to us whose shadows within a twelvemonth shall have encompassed — who shall say?

I read upon my page in Hamilton — *death:* Michelet seems to tell me not of the death of Mary, James, or Luther, but of newer martyrs whose lives have been filled with beauty, — whose death has rendered sacred the cause in which they enlisted. With such thoughts as these, what wonder that our life becomes intense, and our demeanor more serious and thoughtful? It is beyond the power of man to remain heartless, nor revere the accents of the nation in her agony. Truly there seems something more divine than "the duality of Consciousness" or the history of empire!

Mock Parts. — Saturday, September 9th, had come and gone, but no bright-colored cushion was seen dangling from the window of Hollis 24. And why was

this? Only the old story of the many suffering for the fault of the few, four hundred kept waiting by a dozen; the fact was, that the Faculty did not have the real parts ready at the appointed time. A week soon passed, another Saturday came round, and with it the parts, mock and real. And a fine day it was too, not one of those rainy, drizzly mornings we often have, where one umbrella makes itself the head-quarters of a cluster of three or more, and, instead of keeping those who seek its protection dry, sends much dripping of rain into their upturned faces. The reading of the mock parts is one of the few good-natured customs now remaining to the College, in which only the students are actors. We cannot now sit round the yard on Class-Day afternoon drinking punch and smoking, as tradition says we once could, nay, we cannot even sit round the yard at all, we cannot play football, or row boats, but we can listen to the mock parts, and with this we will be contented. On this day every one must be in good spirits; good-nature reigns, and even old Hollis seems to grin and allow herself once a year to be made a laughing-stock, and the old rebellion-elm opposite shakes her head, and sends floating down a few of her first leaves to tickle the faces of those beneath.

It is hardly necessary to say anything about the parts themselves. They are and must be always the same, and yet always different. Those of this year were certainly very good, and often extremely witty. The committee had evidently done their work with care, and the reading of them was excellent. Long life to the mock parts.

The New President. — We are happy at length to record the election of a President, Rev. Thomas Hill. We cannot say that anarchy has reigned during the protracted interregnum; on the contrary, the College has never been more free from disturbance of any sort. Yet we think all have felt more or less the unsettled state of affairs, and are pleased to see the final settlement of the Presidential question. Meantime we trust we but speak the sentiment of the College, in attributing our respect and gratitude to him upon whom the arduous duties of this office have so long devolved, whose own sphere is of so vast importance, and finds in him so rare a Professor, that it would only have augmented the difficulty had his recent labors been made permanent.

Of our new President we can only judge by the gossip around us, much of which, like all College gossip of this description, is the elaboration of certain *canards* so prevalent in this institution. The severest objection, we think, lies in the argument in which all others culminate, namely, that he is a *mathematician!* Unhappy man, may his reign be as graceful and enduring as the conic sections of his own "First Lessons in Geometry"!

Exchanges. — We have received, since our last issue, "The Yale Literary Magazine," and "The Beloit College Monthly." We shall be glad to see the others.

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S. S Coll. 53

WALKING.

I KNOW of no sentence in "Tom Brown" which more enchained my interest and admiration, than one which occurs in the "End of Freshman Year," representing Diogenes waiting near the gate, with "knapsack and flannels," for a companion with whom he was to walk to Henley. It is brought in in the most off-hand way, and gives one such an idea of manliness and bodily activity as is, alas! the idiosyncrasy of Englishmen alone.

I was at once curious to ascertain the distance, which I find to be about twenty English miles, a comfortable stretch for a midsummer jaunt. Yet it is not the distance which interests, which any good pedestrian may accomplish in five hours, or thereabouts, but the freedom with which these fellows undertake it, as though it were of no consequence, but rather a pleasant trip. This reveals to us at once the view which Englishmen take of all manly sports, which to us are irksome and tedious, to them full of variety and adventure. Exercise constitutes part of every true Englishman's daily routine. He cannot live without it more than without his proverbial chop. To have traversed England on foot, or

enjoyed a pedestrian tour through the lake districts of Cumberland and Westmoreland, are common experiences with English youth.

It has been urged in explanation of the unusual fondness they have for walking, that the rural scenery of England is peculiarly attractive. True, we linger with special fondness over descriptions of beautiful places which become, as it were, stereotyped in our imagination, until they furnish us with a standard of beauty to which all landscapes must become subservient. There is an indescribable charm for us in Windermere, of which Edward Jesse speaks with almost parental affection; Upton, with the immortal "ivy-mantled tower," recalling peaceful thoughts of that most beautiful elegy and of its elegant and accomplished author; Hampden, with its memories of Cromwell and Elizabeth; Dropmore, with its picturesque villages and churches, retired lanes overhung with beechen splendors and fragrant with hawthorn-blossoms; Stoke, Taplow, Hedsor, all of which present to us those peculiar beauties which render English scenery eminently picturesque and attractive. We imagine the country home, the cottage with its rustic porch, rich with the fragrance of sweetbrier and honeysuckle, the well-cultivated garden filled with the aroma of carnation and lily, the neat and tidy housewife, the good and honest cottager; — these form a picture which memory loves to recall and dwell upon, and to which the heart turns with love and reverence. Yet amid all that is so winning, we cannot but turn to find new beauty in our own land. It is *progress* which forms the chief adornment of America. In place of fair lanes and cottages she exhibits industry and prosperity. The picturesque may come in time. Every year adds to the list some pretty church, some tasteful home. Englishmen may well cling to England as to a kind mother; we have a new mother to revere, a new home to cherish and protect.

But it is of pedestrianism that I would speak, wishing to

show, if possible, that walking may be as profitable and attractive in America as in England; for I am convinced, even from my own limited experience, that the golden opportunities presented to us for enjoyment in this direction are too often ill-appreciated, if not wholly neglected.

We never gain by cheating that good nurse Nature, who for unrequited favors and abuse only greets us with a sunnier smile and a kinder welcome. She is no cruel mistress, imperious, exorbitant, but all her ways are gentle and persuasive. We lament the rainy day; it shines to-morrow. We charge the heavens with the frustration of some cherished plan, and find that the farmers needed rain on that day with which to ripen crops and supply our daily food. Thus Nature obeys the universal law of compensation, maintaining a true and inflexible balance. She is always to be found; we have only to cast our eyes into the street, and she meets us halfway. I think she has a predilection for pedestrians, whom she regards with a peculiar fondness, perhaps an attachment more akin to maternal affection. Nature knows no partiality. What she gives to Englishmen in lane and hedge-row she takes from them in climate; what she withholds from us in pretty cottages and picturesque architecture, she repays in sunshine and varied landscape.

Yet, whatever Englishmen may boast in rural beauty, one thing they lack and covet, — the richness of our autumn scenery. They crowd the St. Lawrence to make the tour of our lakes, enchanted with the infinite variety of shape and color which our forests present. I know of no more touching tribute of our gratitude for this inestimable blessing, than the paper upon "Autumnal Tints" in the October Atlantic, from the gifted pen of one who understood, and in the highest degree appreciated, all that is most beautiful in nature, — nay, who looked within the veil, and saw reflected only the image of an Infinite Creator. Let me recommend these rare teachings to all lovers of true beauty. They are filled with worth, and adorned by a wealth of profound philosophy. But

to return from our digression. We possess, then, not pretty scenes and quiet views alone, but this grand, this flaming landscape, stretching abroad over the land, reflecting its richness in the surface of every brook and stream, making gigantic bouquets of mountains and forests, wherein no hand but that of Nature has perfected the arrangement. It is this which carries sunlight into every village, warmth to every heart. I think there is a dreamy splendor in this mute magnificence resting upon hill and dale, — bathing its golden glories in every pool; so still and solemn is this grand decay, this gorgeous vesture, ere these beauties sink into their quiet rest. Well might that fated Mary so robe herself the morning of her doom!

But remember, this is a plea for walking, without which these splendors must flourish and pass away, and we know nothing more of them, save that a stray leaf fall across the meagre page as we sit by the window, shining like a ray of light amidst surrounding obscurity. Now, how far must we go to reach them? I will tell you, my friend, if you will lay down your interminable pipe and billiard-cue. You call yourself a good walker. You have passed over Cambridge Bridge on foot, and actually been round Fresh Pond. So far, so good; but your system demands more than this, Nature requires more if you are to see what you desire. You think you have done her ample justice if you stroll about the square, remark what a fine day it is, and loaf in town to read the news at "Parker's." Ah, my friend, you cheat yourself and Nature too. Try and conceive a higher appreciation than this, a diviner sensibility, a finer, subtler train of thought, which shall be to your clouded vision as magnifying lenses. Everything in earth and sky invites you to walk. The morning is perfect, the air delicious. You are conscious that the exercise will invigorate your system, and give vigor and acuteness to your senses. Moreover, it cannot fail, provided you are a man of serious mind, to enlarge your range of thought, to give new warmth to imagina-

tion and fancy, in short, to lend a crispness, an elasticity to your whole frame. But this is not all, it is merely the mechanical part, for I suppose you have as yet walked but little, still yearning for the comfortable after-dinner stroll and the *siesta*. As you continue, your perception of beauty becomes more sensitive, your observation is quickened, you are led to study, not only the more distant attractions of the landscape, but gradually, almost imperceptibly to yourself, your attention is drawn to objects hitherto wholly devoid of interest. Whence comes this delicious fragrance? this faint aroma as of a rose-leaf borne along by the wind? You look farther, and find the wild grapes already in blossom, and a single wild-rose by the way-side, perchance sighing, "'T is the last rose of summer." You are aware of something which lends a charm to the bright day, underlying all, yet pervading landscape and grove. You examine attentively and discern the chirrup of grasshopper and cricket, whose drowsy monotony infuses itself into the day and gives it this dreamy fascination. The turf springs lighter under your feet, and you would fain leap and run to show your increasing activity. Suddenly your thought is again arrested by a rich note overhead, which, flung out upon the air, seems to tremble and linger all quivering in the warm sunlight. You turn, and find a bluebird has passed, leaving this divine melody ringing in your ear. You listen again, and hear far off within the wood a strange, liquid note, perhaps of anguish, wavering on the air in gentle undulations full of pathos. Creeping cautiously for some minutes, you suddenly stop to see a dusky bird lifting his head in accents of agony, as though his little heart would pour itself away in plaintive prayer. It is the wood-thrush, who thus sings his sad vesper to the setting sun. The note excites in you at once pity, love, and veneration.

Thus does the study of nature's meanest creatures interest and please, no less than the contemplation of stupendous mountains or gigantic wonders. We come to appreciate

each more fully through its opposite, — its counterpart. The grand is only grand when compared with the insignificant, — the small only thus, contrasted with the overpowering, — they are comparative terms. The smallest may be great if it contain within its tiny existence the elements which are enclosed within the grandest objects of the universe, — the great may be puny if governed by the same immutable laws which restrict the infinitesimal form of life; —

> "The law that moulds the tear,
> And bids it trickle from its source,
> That same preserves the earth a sphere,
> And guides the planets in their course."

In a favorite walk I have often marked how infinite is the variety presented to me, though I pass over the road several times in the course of a fortnight. Each day seems created unto new splendor, — for it is thus in the contemplation of Nature; she never appears to retrograde, but her course is one of continual advancement in proportion as our capacities for receptivity are developed, — to-day some brilliant leaf or new flower appears, which we saw not yesterday. Some wonted bird has flown, and in his stead we have another chorister. Moreover, the skies are different; we remember alternate cloud and sunshine, — to-day the heavens are of the most ethereal blue, deep and cloudless. If we walk now, no two successive days will present the same prospect. Where yesterday the maple was all aglow with brilliant foliage, spreading its leafy splendor like a golden gem upon the landscape, some heedless frost and chilling wind have brushed away its beauty, and left its leafless branches like thin and distant smoke curling up against the darker pines beyond. Each tree has its appointed time, in which to appear to best advantage, — to which we must conform, or the glory will be past. Like a fine lady, it sits robed in silk, and we must call at its own hour, or we shall find the door closed against us. I believe the maple saplings in a neighboring swamp selected one single day for their carnival, in

which they looked their best, turning every ruffle and gaudy ribbon to account. At this time, I remember them flaming deep scarlet, mixed with every variety of color, from red, or even crimson, to yellow and gold, passing through the intermediate shades of orange and brown, the predominating tint being the deep scarlet, as though Nature blushed at her own transcendent beauty. So fair is this infinite variety, yet so soon to pass away. Nor must I fail here to mention another autumn splendor, — the woodbine, or Virginia creeper, as I have seen it, hanging from the cedar like drops of blood. Its glory lasts but a day or two, and then the crimson leaves begin to curl and gradually fall off, to fleck the footpath with these murderous spots.

But were we to enter upon a catalogue of October riches, I fear they would present themselves again before we found the list complete. Every new one has some friend or visitor to introduce, some unknown poet or rising genius to put forward, just as we go to look for the gentian and find it pointing to the Rhexia or Gerardia, or if we stoop to gather Trientalis, it nods and shows us peeping out from the dead leaves the furry petals of the Linnæa. Thus Nature binds her subjects together by some "Mutual-Admiration Society," whose by-laws are sealed by a common friendship, the initiation fee being a human proselyte.

I can imagine nothing more superb than our New-England October. Amidst this glow, this brilliant flush of Nature, spreading like a variegated veil over her face, life seems brighter and happier, and the earth like a foretaste of Paradise. Climb yonder hill with me, and study each separate beauty of the view. Everywhere at your feet you gaze upon this rich carpet, covering the landscape with every hue. There your eye rests upon a grove of maples, half encircling the belt of darker pines beyond, rising slender and graceful amongst the more imposing display which surrounds them. Again you wander off, till your sight is dazzled by a perfect blaze of gold, which seems to radiate from stately walnuts

and hickories resting upon the landscape like princes robed in gorgeous livery. Farther still, a quivering birch-wood skirts the pasture, truly "the ladies of the forest," whose foliage glitters as it trembles in the sunlight, while like a silver scarf let down along the vale, reflecting in its clear depths the richness of the scene, a stream winds far away, betwixt russet and golden splendors, until, like a mere thread gleaming in the distance, it dips into the forest, and is lost to view. Just where it disappears we catch the light of a transparent cloud, hanging in fleecy masses above the horizon, its limits sharply defined against the bluer sky, or melting into the dreamy haze just beneath, while, rising in stately grandeur, the summit of Monadnock lifts itself into the heavens, its fine outline standing clear and blue against the delicate green and amber tints of an autumn sunset. There is an indescribable *distance*, if I may so call it, pervading the landscape, which seems to impart to every object that dreaminess so peculiar to October scenery. It is this, I think, that constitutes the principal charm in every feature of the landscape seen at this season of the year. The very cocks crow as from a distant farm-yard, and the barking of dogs and cries of children sound away off among the woods, borne to us from afar over intervening rocks and hollows. Nay, even the shrill cry of the locust has in it an air of *distance*, — a listless song, the very essence of this dreamy time. This is most certainly the *dolce far niente* of the year, though every leaf on every tree is most busy preparing for decay and death.

Such are the tempting rewards which kind Nature offers her votaries, being no cheat, but always affording pure metal, such as no *aqua-regia* can prove counterfeit. Many more she offers to the pedestrian who, unmindful of highways or even foot-paths, plunges into the heart of the wood to study and reflect. Yet for him who will keep the turnpike, she reaches out a willing hand, leading him on through vistas of soft willows, whose intervals reveal to him rare glimpses of

mead and field bordered by yet statelier splendors beyond. The changing glories of the month, marked by beauties whose delicate tracery no human art can attain, wrought by a subtler pencil than we can conceive; the sweet songsters that linger yet to watch this grand and beautiful decay; the flowers which make the way-side glow with unwonted brilliancy, — the flaming golden-rod and cardinal, with now and then a stray violet — the sweetest of them all — kissing lovingly the foot that would tread it to the earth; the delicious aroma of tokens fast dropping into their graves; — all these doth Nature cast at the feet of the pedestrian, to make his way a rich and splendid ovation. Never did Roman Emperor enjoy a prouder triumph than he who roams through yonder wood, fragrant with lofty pines and birchen charms, — no, not even the haughty Aurelian when he led beside his car the noble and beautiful Queen of Palmyra. Each forest-path is a *Sacra Via* leading to the Capitol, each aisle and leafy corridor a Triumphal Arch above our heads.

Walk then, my friend, and witness this grand reception prepared for you by hidden admirers. Every tree will wave for you its brightest banners, every way-side weed will hail your approach with joy and tumultuous applause. A new life will be opened to you, filled with transcendent loveliness, through whose dreamy vistas you will look far away into the great heart of nature, and beyond, deep, deep into a more spiritual existence.

A. H. Allen '64

JOAN OF ARC.

"Monarch of France!
Send thou the tidings over all the realm,
Great tidings of deliverance and of joy;
The maid is come, the missioned maid, whose hand
Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims
Crown thee anointed king!"

SOUTHEY.

THE heroes of history, the men of different periods of the world who have rendered their names illustrious by noble deeds or by daring exploits, are many in number. But the heroines of history, the noble women whose names still live in the records of the past, to excite our wonder and admiration, are comparatively few. Women possessing the genius to devise and the vigor to execute those works which shall influence nations are seen at rare intervals. A Zenobia, an Elizabeth, a Madame Roland, a Joan of Arc, are but seldom met with as we review the illustrious names of the past. Indeed, woman appears to have been formed for another sphere than that of public life; and, in general, her delicate nature shrinks from the prominence and publicity of a career which a man would enter upon with eagerness. Therefore it is from the very infrequency of its exhibition that we bestow an unusual tribute of admiration upon the display of female greatness.

The history of Joan of Arc is of a most interesting character. In her were exhibited traits so unusual and so brilliant, that the story of her life seems to equal in interest the most glowing pages of romance. She was born in the year 1410, in the little village of Dom Remy, near Vaucouleurs, in France. It was a picturesque and romantic spot. Around her little home Nature seemed determined to be profuse in displaying her bounty. The bright green pasture lands, the waving fields of harvest, the tall mountain-peaks, and the sunny skies of her own loved France arching above them all, combined to form a landscape both beautiful and grand.

In such a spot her childhood passed. There were many fairy tales connected with the history of the place, and many accounts of strange manifestations were no doubt handed down from generation to generation, at each recital receiving some new addition, to awaken fresh interest and wonder in the eager hearers. Amid these scenes Joan grew up. Her mind was constantly filling with the marvellous stories current in the neighborhood,—with old tales of romance and of chivalry, of sprites and fairies, and not in the least degree with those of a more religious cast,— legends of angel visits and saintly communings, enjoyed by pious souls, raising them up from the solitary wilderness of earth to the blooming fields of paradise. Joan possessed an imagination active to the highest degree. And she was so led by its power that, at last, in every breeze that ruffled the tree-tops around her home, in every murmur of the leaping streamlet, and in the roar of the rushing waterfall, she fancied she heard spirit voices. To her ardent imagination, the woodland, vocal with the song of birds, was the abode of the fairy, and nightly on the green before her home she witnessed the revels of elfin bands. Joan was religiously inclined. Religion, indeed, was a principle in her nature, and furnished her with her strongest motives for action. She was assiduous in attendance upon the worship of her church. She was constant in her private devotions, and saints and angels attended upon her lonely hours. Her benevolent disposition prompted her, also, to deeds of charity and love. She administered to the wants of the sick and needy, and by her kindness and gentleness she won the affection of all. By those around her she was regarded as an unusual, if not a really superior being.

But, while life passed quietly with her, a foreign foe had invaded her native land, and those scenes were enacting which were so soon to call her forth to that career of military triumph and glory in which she terminated her brief period of existence. Upon the death of Charles VI., his son, then a young man, of engaging character and popular man-

ners, asserted his claim to the throne, in opposition to that of the English, to whom Charles VI. had made over the succession to the French crown, by the treaty of Troyes. The Duke of Bedford was the protector of the realm, and guardian of the young king of England, Henry VI. This able and accomplished man undertook the conduct of the English forces in the struggle which was now at hand. France was soon plunged in the calamities of war. Scarce a river of that unhappy land but bore on its rapid stream the mingled blood of friend and foe. The little hamlets on the mountain-sides or in the sequestered valleys were startled from their simple occupation, and awakened from their life of contentment and peace, by the fearful tidings of war and desolation. Thus was it with the little village of Dom Remy, the happy abode of Joan of Arc. Tending her father's sheep upon the hillside, her ears were often startled by the intelligence received from passing travellers, and she burned with indignation as she heard of the cruelty and rapacity of the enemy, and the devastation and ruin which followed his track. And at last, when a fierce band of the enemy came rushing along the banks of the Meuse, even to her native village, and when she was compelled, with her aged parents, to flee for safety, all her patriotic ardor was quickly aroused, and those good spirits, whose visits she had so often before received, now constantly appeared to her, hailing her as the "Restorer of France."

And now commenced her singular career. The reports of the successes of the English have penetrated the retirement of her native village; her guardian spirits have bidden her go upon her mission, with the assurance that she shall restore to the king of France his realm. Fired with an almost sacred enthusiasm, she tears herself from the embraces of her parents, and hastens to enter upon her work. She first repairs to Vaucouleurs, and presents herself before Baudricourt, the governor of the place. He at first neglected her. But finally, through her importunity, he listened to her

plans and secured her access to the king. Charles soon recognized her ability, and the vigor and spirit which might be infused into his cause through her heroic example. He placed her in the coveted position, at the head of the French soldiers. The Duke of Bedford had caused Orleans to be invested by the English forces. The siege had already lasted many months, when relief was brought to the town and the siege was raised by Joan of Arc. Victory seemed everywhere to perch on her banners. The English were terrified at the thought of fighting against a heaven-commissioned being, and in every battle they fell back in dismay.

The way now lay open for her to fulfil her promise to Charles, that she would crown him in Rheims. A few weeks before, such an undertaking would have been sheer madness. But now, owing to the *prestige* of her name, Charles marches thither without opposition, and in that ancient city the heroic maid places the crown upon his brow. With this deed Joan felt that her work was done. But not so Charles. He was unwilling to lose her valuable assistance. She finally yields to his earnest entreaties, and again her form is seen upon the battle-field. But her wonted vigor had left her. Victory had fled from her standard, and, in an evil hour, she falls into the hands of the English. Now was seen the display of ingratitude by the French, and an unparalleled exhibition of cruelty by the English. We know the story too well. How the French made no effort to recover her to whom they owed so much; how the English, with wanton cruelty, burned at the stake the heroic woman, whose only fault was that she loved her country and her king too well.

In the character of Joan of Arc there existed a remarkable combination of qualities. She seems to call forth our admiration almost involuntarily.

The sincerity of her character cannot be brought in question. We cannot think that the professions which she made were not genuine. It was her sincerity which enabled her,

woman as she was, to undertake her arduous work. It was this which nerved her arm, and clothed her with that majestic mien in the day of battle. She firmly believed that she was divinely commissioned to bring peace to her troubled country.

Nor can Joan be called an insane fanatic. If she was mad, yet there was "method in her madness." She had formed no wild, impossible schemes. But she had before her, kept ever in sight, a single, grand end, which she was to accomplish. She was an enthusiast, not a fanatic.

Characters like Joan are so rare, that it is difficult to find parallels with which to compare her. Indeed, she seems to stand almost alone in history. From the throng of lesser characters which crowd around, she seems to rise superior, clothed with grandeur, a spectacle for ages to gaze upon with admiration. And truly the spectacle is sublime, — to look at her brilliant career, — to think that she, a woman, in so few short years could live so splendid a life, — a life so fruitful in results, a life which should influence the history of nations.

Joan was one of those children of destiny, who seem to have been born to accomplish only some wonderful work, and then pass away. Like the meteor which flashes across the sky, so she rose upon the world, fulfilled a noble destiny, and then her sun set in the grave. The liberty of her country was her aim. Her motives were sincere. Her cause was just, and she accomplished her work. Her character stands forth to the world a bright example of female energy, heroism, and patriotism.

The trees around her early home still rustle in their leafy tops. The birds still carol their summer songs. The winds still sigh in chorus. But she to whom once these all had a voice, she who once talked with them all, is gone. But in the hearts of the French people she still lives. There her memory yet blooms, green and fresh as the foliage of those trees, sweet as the song of those birds, mournful as the sighing of those summer winds.

Fiske '63

DIATRIBE ON ARCHBISHOP WHATELY

IN GENERAL, AND ON HIS THEORY OF CIVILIZATION IN PARTICULAR.

"It is impossible for mere savages to civilize themselves; consequently, man must at some period have received the rudiments of civilization from a *superhuman* instructor." — *Whately's Elements of Rhetoric*, p. 94.

THAT "the original, primeval civilization was God-given, — a direct revelation from Heaven," — is the theory set up and defended by a writer whose astounding ignorance is equalled only by his childish credulity, his feebleness of logic, and the unheard-of effrontery with which he maintains his wretched sophisms against the conclusions established by modern scientific inquiry. Though he is the author of works both on Logic and on Rhetoric, he has abundantly shown himself to be as incapable of appreciating the "*sequitur*" of an argument, as of writing a respectable, non-barbarous English style. The only circumstance which ingenuity can discover in his favor is, that he has at heart the interests of the Established Church: and, undoubtedly, those persons to whom bigotry is synonymous with merit will find much to approve in that narrow spirit which turns a treatise on Rhetoric into an apology for theologic dogmatism, and a treatise on Political Economy into an attack upon heresy and those scientific conclusions which seem to favor it. Such, however, have little cause for rejoicing, inasmuch as his arguments in behalf of miraculous interposition are very well calculated to predispose their readers to scepticism, on account of the utter inability of any sane mind to avoid seeing their inconclusiveness. His theory of civilization, stated above, is a "great gun" among a certain class of theologians, — an evangelical three-hundred-pounder, one might say. But the charge of intellectual powder with which he fires it off is so small, that it is likely never to ac-

quire the momentum necessary for piercing, or even indenting, the iron armor of historical science. It needs but a small battalion of considerations to march up to his clumsy weapon, spike it, and render it evermore unfit for use.

Like most of the unscientific propositions now current, this theorem takes advantage of great vagueness of thought and expression. "Civilization God-given," "civilization revealed," — let any one attempt to realize these expressions in thought, and he will find it impossible. They are phrases utterly devoid of meaning. Is it that the Deity is a sort of anthropoid Being, who takes civilization out of a strong box, and delivers it into the hands of the naked savage? Or is it that some "superhuman instructor" announces through a speaking-trumpet, for the benefit of primeval man, the means and method of discovering this treasure, or jewel, or entity, called "civilization"; and explains how to extract it from its hiding-place, and entail it upon posterity, that in their hands it may grow like a rolling snowball, till it covers the earth? These are certainly not elevated views of the workings of that Power which sustains the universe. The Archbishop thinks them decidedly irreverent. They are, none the less, the faithful development of his own expressions. Those writers who do not wish to be misunderstood, should use language which is exact, and capable of calling up some well-defined idea.

It is the fault of most metaphysical writers, that they use language with the utmost vagueness. They talk of everything as if it were an entity. They speak of "the Will acting on the Members," and "the Senses acting on the Mind," in such a way that a person of lively fancy might imagine a little contraband errand-boy running along the nerves with a club, and hitting the mind a clip for a sensation, and then running back and banging the muscle for a volition. They allow the razor of Occam to rust in its case, for want of use. They multiply "essences," descant sagely upon "ethers" and "virtues," "occult energies" and "plastic mediums."

Materialists tell us that "Life is the result of organization." Spiritualists cry, "Not so, — it comes from a vital principle." Like Molière's physician, they would say that laudanum induces sleep by virtue of a soporific principle. They picture a little emperor seated in the pineal gland, or thereabouts, and issuing his mandates to every part of the system: and they make even civilization an entity, and talk of it as being "given" or "revealed." But civilization is not an entity. Dr. Whately can hardly be too strongly reminded that civilization cannot be packed in a trunk, nor corked up in a bottle, nor neatly folded in a magic new-currency wallet. In fact, it is not a *thing* at all, — it is a *process*. The meerschaum you are smoking is a thing, an entity, and may be safely spoken of as such; but the heat it gives out is not a thing, but a *force*; and the burning of the tobacco is not a thing, but a *process*, in which matter and force are the co-efficients. Similarly with civilization, which is the continuous process of adaptation of the human race to the conditions in which it lives. Civilization may be rigorously defined as the growth of the social organization. Now, how does it sound to say that "one nation receives its Growth from another," or that "Growth is revealed and God-given"? We might as well say that the growth of the human frame is revealed, because no man is able to "grow himself." Such shallow vagaries evanish into a gas far lighter than hydrogen, when once exposed to the furnace-heat of a definition.

"Not so fast," cries the Archbishop; "if civilization *is* a process, — a growth, as you say, (which I concede,) — nevertheless the Creator had to miraculously interpose, in order to start the growth. He had to set the race a-growing, that it might continue to grow." Perverse though it may appear, we do not feel inclined to assent even to this.

If we consider the serial stages of civilization to be metaphorically represented by the successive steps of a staircase, and man to be standing at the bottom, it is necessary, according to the worthy Archbishop, that the Deity should

pull him, or push him, or hoist him in some way or other on to the first step. After this, he is supposed to travel up quite at his ease, without any further assistance. Consistency would, however, require that the aid at first given should be continued. If mankind cannot rise from the condition of a Bushman to that of an Abyssinian without Divine aid, why should he be able unassisted to rise from the condition of a feudal serf to that of a modern citizen? If man cannot discover how to make an axe and build a wigwam without the intervention of the Deity, pray how is it that the steam-engine and telegraph have managed to dispense with that intervention? If it takes revelation to teach man to count on his fingers, why should unaided reason find out the calculus of variations? We would submit these questions, and such others as they may suggest, to Dr. Whately, to be answered in some one of the Appendices to his next edition.

For the sole and only proof adduced in support of this extraordinary theory, we point to a passage in the Elements of Rhetoric, where Dr. Whately declares that no nation has ever civilized itself, because we have no written record of anything of the kind! This is an excellent specimen of the Archbishop's usual style of reasoning. He jumps at conclusions, as a drowsy dog does at flies. Then he reposes complacently, and calls himself "a Baconian." Others may be less ready to accord to him such a title. It is not very Baconian or very philosophical to ignore the circumstance, that, before a nation can become civilized enough to have any records, it must have existed so long as to have forgotten, or have shrouded in a veil of impenetrable mystery, its origin and early history. The memory of the race, like that of the individual, becomes efficiently retentive only at a certain age; and the infancy of both is lost in the dark realms which lie beyond and out of consciousness.

From another point of view we may remind our reverend friend of the long robes that *all* history, ancient and modern, is the record of man civilizing himself.

But it is needless to dwell upon the refutation of a theory which has already been treated at greater length than it deserves. It is a disgrace to the nineteenth century, to the English nation, and to the Archbishopric of Dublin, that such anile absurdities should be set forth and defended as specimens of Baconian logic, and as contributions to historical science.

TOBACCO.

A GREAT deal has been written as to the effect of tobacco on the human frame, and although medical opinion has frequently been expressed against its use, yet we have seen that, whenever and wherever tobacco has been introduced, it has been consumed with avidity, and its use among whole nations has amounted to a passion. Nor do we find that advancing civilization checks the use of the fragrant weed. On the contrary, the demand for it seems to become greater with the advance of society, as is proved by the increase of revenue derived from its taxation.* There are, doubtless, a few persons to whom tobacco in any form is injurious, but to the greater part its moderate use is as agreeable and refreshing, and at the same time as harmless, as that of tea or coffee. Experience is better than dogmatic rules, especially where we find so many contradictory opinions on the subject among medical men.

Most of the tracts which are written against the use of tobacco depict its evils in exaggerated colors, and to an unprejudiced mind they cannot appear otherwise than ridiculous. A short time since, we read a book entitled "The Beauties and Deformities of Tobacco," † which will afford a

* In England, where tobacco is heavily taxed, the revenue in 1857 was £5,253,431; in 1858, £5,454,214; and in 1859, £5,573,463, from tobacco alone.

† By Dr. Larkin Coles.

good example. We are sure that its readers must be amused rather than convinced by its perusal. The author does not treat the subject from a fair point of view. He appears to think that chewing is the only manner in which tobacco can be used, and accordingly fills his book with remarks upon this habit. He speaks of smoking only two or three times in the course of his work, and then brings up very poor arguments against it. From the following anecdote he deduces the general formula that the use of tobacco is not only deleterious, but wicked. It seems that an old lady of Christian habits and an unblemished character in all respects, save that she cherished a weakness for her pipe, dreamed one night that she was standing at the gates of Paradise, seeking admission. The angel who was guarding the portal to eternal bliss, looked on his book for her name, and not finding it there refused to admit her. She besought him to search more thoroughly, and moved by her earnest entreaties he did so, but with the same result as before. Once more she implored him, and this time, after a long and careful examination, he found it — so covered up and blurred by a cloud of tobacco-smoke as to be barely perceptible! The old lady was so transported with joy at finding herself safe after all, and at the same time so ashamed of her bad habit, that upon waking she swore off from her pipe, and ever afterward led the life of an exemplary and Christian anti-tobacconist. This singular circumstance the author considers in the light of a Divine admonition against the use of tobacco.

By the same clever species of argument he tries to prove that the use of tobacco is unhealthy. He writes that during the prevalence of cholera in Havana a large proportion of the population died. He then remarks, that ten thousand dollars' worth of tobacco is sold daily in that city, (omitting to mention that nine tenths of this is for exportation,) and ends by attributing the deaths to the tobacco sold there.

It is in this way that these slanderous tracts are written, and a multitude of the ignorant, as well as a small propor-

tion of those who know better, are deceived by their shallow arguments.

One of the constituents of tobacco is nicotine, a deadly poison in an isolated form, and from this it has been inferred that tobacco itself is generally injurious. But this has not been confirmed by the experience of mankind. Excess alone is dangerous to the health, causing a tendency to paralysis. To the genus Solanaceæ, or deadly nightshade, belong not only tobacco, but also potatoes and tomatoes, and yet these vegetables are not condemned as unhealthy.

With most nations smoking is an acquired habit, but the Americans seem to imbibe it in their mother's milk. It might not inaptly be called indigenous to the new continent, for before Columbus had discovered the continent the natives had smoked for no one knows how long a time.

Sir Walter Raleigh was the first Anglo-Saxon to adopt the habit, and it is said that his servant, upon seeing him smoke for the first time, dashed a pail of water on him, to extinguish the fire which he thought was consuming him internally. Raleigh's example was followed shortly after in England, and it was not an uncommon thing for the ladies of the court to inhale the fragrant smoke.

In this country the use of tobacco for smoking is universal, and the cigar or pipe is a daily luxury to the poor as well as the rich. The student sitting in his window, and smoking his gold-mounted meerschaum, sees the begrimed vender of carbon puffing a cloud from his short-stemmed clay, in the intervals between his shouts of "Charcoal."

In Holland every one smokes, from the school-boy to the judge. The Spaniards and Italians of both sexes are addicted to pipes or cigarettes. In Greece the tchibouk is used in the house, the cigar in the street, and the water-pipe in the café. The Ottomans inhale smoke into the lungs through their nargiles. In the Orient, we find the hookah, with its coiled tube, from which the smoke, having been cooled by its passage through perfumed water, at last

reaches the lips of the Indiaman. In China, one hundred millions of both sexes are estimated to smoke, and the pipe and tobacco-pouch are carried about by persons of all classes as articles of constant use. The Laplander smokes his pipe in his icy home, while the South American watches the rings of smoke, as they lazily curl from his cigar and shine in the rays of the sun: and the Indians of the Rocky Mountains silently pass the calumet of peace from mouth to mouth around their dusky circle.

Louis Napoleon smokes even in the heat and turmoil of battle, and the lovers of the meerschaum will perhaps hear with pleasure that the poet Tennyson indulges in a pipe of *écume de mer*.

Tobacco has a wonderful agency in promoting good-fellowship. The favor of a light, or a pinch of snuff asked for or offered, or the presentation of the silver-leaf envelope, has often opened the way to conversation, and resulted in establishing friendship. A cigar will be offered and received without either party feeling any weight of obligation; for the knowledge of the sublime gratification it will afford drives the thought of filthy lucre from the mind.

Edwards 63

MONTROSE.

For the lovers of loyalty, in all countries and at all times, there is no period more replete with enchantment, more romantically historic, than the times of Charles the First. To the mere historian, indeed, it is but a revolution involving great issues, both civil and religious, the results of which are apparent even in our own times; yet a more minute investigation of its heroes cannot fail to enlist our sympathies, and lead away our imagination, until, in our enthusiasm, we forget the great question of the conflict in our admiration of

its champions. Amidst the loyal hearts whose generous devotion has shed a romantic lustre around that fated king in his efforts to save his sinking throne, none perhaps stands forth more grandly in its devotion than the chieftain of the Grahams, the Marquis of Montrose. Tracing back his ancestry to the royal house of Scotland, — heir to a name which had ever been noted in the great deeds of Scotch history for its loyalty and courage, — educated in France in that romantic chivalry which still retained in that country much of its early vigor, — an officer of the Scotch guard of Louis XIII., that legion of honor famous in story and in song, with which the French monarchs had surrounded their thrones in token of their love and trust in their Scottish allies, — such was the man who wellnigh retrieved the royal cause in Scotland. We find his early conduct analogous to that of Falkland, a strong supporter of the Covenant while that Covenant professed to be a bond for the support of the true religion and a shield against Catholicism, its most determined adversary when it had become an emanation of faction and the scheme of unprincipled politicians.

The Solemn League and Covenant of Scotland had affected to adopt that confession of faith against Popery at the time when the plots of the Spanish Court made all the Protestant world tremble, together with a bond for the maintenance of the true religion and of the king's person. The last clause had, however, been rendered nugatory by another, in which the Covenanters bound themselves to support one another even against the king himself. The mad zeal with which the Covenant was subscribed to by all classes, ages, and sexes, has perhaps never been equalled by any of the religious tornadoes which have swept over European countries from time to time, uprooting in their course all established religion and law. Among its first signers we find the name of Montrose. The Covenant, becoming strong, determined to spread its *benefits* by force, and, accordingly, an army was raised to enforce the League and Covenant upon those who

had not already received it in Scotland, and then, if possible, to carry it across the borders to their English brethren. The well-known military abilities of Montrose caused him to be chosen as a leader; and his first acts are in accordance with his character. He levies a tax on the landholders of Angus to obtain funds for the Covenant, makes a forced march across the Grampians, compels Huntly, the king's lieutenant in the North, to retire from Aberdeen, defeats Aboyne at the bridge of the Dee, where the Highlanders fly in terror before the "musket's mother," — treats his captive foes with a generousness which causes him to be censured by the Council of the Covenant. On the arrival of the Covenanting army at the Tweed, the dice were thrown to decide who should cross first. The lot fell upon Montrose, who immediately plunged in and crossed under the fire of the English cavalry drawn up on the other side, and then returned to encourage his men in their passage. Thus the man who was after to become the most valiant of the king's supporters was the first to cross in hostile array from his hereditary kingdom. Some poet of the time has immortalized the army which Montrose led across the Tweed.

"March! March!
Why the devil do ye na march?
Stand to your arms, my lads,
Fight in good order;
Front about, ye musketeers all,
Till ye come to the English border.
Stand till 't and fight like men,
True gospel to maintain.
The Parliament 's blythe to see us a' comin';
When to the kirk we come,
We 'll purge it, ilka room,
Frae popish reliques and a' sic innovation,
That a' the warld may see
There 's nane in the right, but we
Of the auld Scottish nation.
Jenny shall wear the hood,
Jockey the sack of God;

And the kist fou of whistles
That mak sic a cleiro, —
Our pipers braw
Shall hae them a',
Whatever come on 't.
Busk up your plaids, my lads!
Cock up your bonnets!"

The crossing of the Tweed was the last act of importance performed by Montrose for the Covenant; his discovery of its ultimate design completely cooled his ardor for its advancement, and the meeting with the king at Berwick fully awoke all the loyalty of his generous nature. The battle of Newbury had spurred the Parliamentarians to still greater efforts, and the king, turning all his attention to the crushing of the rebellion in England, made Montrose his lieutenant in his hereditary kingdom of Scotland, to act under his nephew, the Prince Maurice. His commission was the only thing in the power of the king to confer. A year passed away with much of political intriguing, but little of open warfare. Marston Moor had fallen like a knell on the hearts of the royalists, and took away the last hope which Montrose had indulged of obtaining a portion of Prince Rupert's splendid cavalry, with a thousand of which he had offered to cut his way into the heart of Scotland. In this condition of affairs he determined to attempt to rouse the Highlanders. Selecting but two companions, he made his way, disguised as a groom, through the nests of Covenanters which interposed between himself and the Highlanders; for the loyalty of Scotland seemed to have taken refuge among the mountains. With various adventures, in one of which he was recognized by an old soldier who had served under him while he had led the army of the Covenant, but whose love for his old commander prevented him from betraying him, he reached the Grampians in safety. As he wandered about, passing his days in concealment and his nights around the peat fires of the shepherds, he by good fortune learned of the landing of the band of Irish under the command of Alaster Macdonald,

the Colkitto of Scott's Legend of Montrose. Montrose immediately commanded him to march into Athol and there await the coming of the king's lieutenant. Thither Colkitto marched, stirring up the Highlanders to join his standard, and awaited the coming of Montrose, who soon appeared among them alone, and attired in the garb of a Highland chieftain; and to the Irish, who did not know him, presenting, as they afterwards said, the appearance of a very "pretty man." But the Highlanders, who immediately recognized the hereditary chieftain of the Grahams, received him with a shout which echoed and re-echoed through the wild mountain gorges. Montrose immediately displayed his commission as Lieutenant of the North. Surrounded by this army of mingled Scotch and Irish, under the shadow of the Grampians, Montrose gave the royal standard to the breeze, and commenced his march towards his own earldom. The enthusiasm of his own loyalty was infused into the hearts of his followers, and in ten days after leaving Carlisle in disguise he had reached the Grampians, without the prospect of raising a dozen men, had placed himself at the head of this mingled army of Scotch and Irish, and defeated at Tippermuir a well-appointed army three times as numerous as his own. Montrose fought on foot, at the head of his Highlanders, armed with a targe and claymore. Tippermuir was followed by the surrender of Perth. It was at this time that the assassination of Lord Kilpont took place, which cast a gloom over the victory. Victory followed victory; Aberdeen, the retreat of Argyle from Inverary and Inverlochy, where the note of his bugle from the hitherto impassable mountain gorges told M'Callum More of the approach of Montrose and the Cavaliers. The peal of that bugle was followed by the flashing of claymores, and from one more field did the heart and cause of Charles Stuart take courage. The retreat from Dundee, in which Montrose brought off his army without the loss of a single man, although scattered in plundering and attacked unexpectedly by a much superior

force, himself bringing up the rear and repelling with his own sword the attacks of his pursuing foe, is sufficient alone to establish his character as a soldier. Again and again flashed his claymore in victory, at Aulderne, Alford, Kilsyth, followed by the submission of Edinburgh and Glasgow; and Charles seemed to have recovered the kingdom of his fathers. Such doubtless would have been the result had he been able to make head in England; but Cromwell was there thundering on from victory to victory, and the triumphs in Scotland seemed like the fitful flashes in the dark sky of Charles Stuart, ere it became entirely lost in blackness in the sulphurous smoke of Naseby's field and Marston Moor. After their victories the Highlanders, according to their custom, had gone home to leave their booty; the Gordons had withdrawn from his standard through envy of their chieftain at the appointment of Montrose as civil and military governor of Scotland. Betrayed by one of the faithless barons, and surprised in the midst of a dense fog, which concealed the approach of his foes, himself and his little band fought with such determination that the mailed horse of the foe were twice repulsed. The courage of despair could not save them, and himself and a few of his trusty friends, disdaining to yield, with a fierce charge cut their way through the victorious foe and fled towards the mountains. But the lightning stroke of his claymore fell once again on the foes of the king, when, in their flight, himself and his little band turned at bay, routing their pursuers, and taking their leader and standard-bearer along with them prisoners in their flight. With Philiphaugh ended his military career, but not his devotion to the house of Stuart; for his life-blood, like that of his royal master, was to be poured out upon the scaffold in support of the cause for which he had fought so well.

S. S. Hiv. '63

INDIAN SUMMER.

HERE on this Indian Summer morn I sit and muse
Upon the perfect day. Nor branch nor leaf doth stir,
But all the earth seems hushed in silent reverence.
Hard by, a streamlet takes its peaceful way,
And steals in silence toward the woodland lake,
Begirt with sombre pines and hemlocks, and beyond,
Spreading their russet glories 'neath the hill,
The drooping beeches stoop to kiss the tide.
All Nature welcomes back again this summer time,
And all her mute creation gushes forth once more;
The birds have flown, and few remain to hail
This dreamy splendor flooding hill and plain,
Yet ever and anon the little chickadee
Breathes forth his modest, simple lay,
And all the listening air quivers with the faint voice.
And far across the fields, now seared and brown,
I hear the merry ring of grasshopper, while near
Chirps loud the autumn cricket from his grassy home.
Each tiny insect joins to-day in one grand song
To Him who gavest them this lovely morn.
And now the surface of the stream is stirred
And shaken by the breeze, while the tall rush
Which lines its reedy bank — a stately sentinel —
Shimmers and glistens in the sun-lit air;
Anon it gently stoops to kiss the wave,
Bending its lofty head right lovingly.
And yet again it fondly clasps its sister-reed,
And in its tender arms entwined gracefully
Resteth in its embrace, loving and beautiful.
While on the sparkling surface of the stream,
Bearing his fragile form against the wind
The skilful skater tugs and buffets manfully.
Not so the spider threads his winding way,
Who without heart to baffle with the wave
Skims o'er the marble surface of the pool
Nor ever "beateth up," but "scuds before the wind."

Well may this sacred morn call back again
To life and new-born joy the sleeping earth,
And with its magic spell unlock once more
The portals of majestic Nature's realm,
Recall to youth and beauty e'en the withered leaves,
And recreate the faded wild-flowers of the wood;
Well may the little aster lift its pale blue eye
Above the dead creation all around,
And with its face turned upward to the sky
Drink in the listless air, and from the heaven
Draw down its own bright color once again,
Clothing its wearied petals with a lovelier hue.
The golden-rod, which thro' the summer past
Hath raised its flaming head in mute magnificence,
May well awake once more, and in its dying hour
Bid one long, last farewell to earth,
Breathe o'er the golden-vestured mead its voice,
Which weltering ever on the sun-lit sea
Comes trembling from afar and fills mine ear.
And God doth know I hear thy mute appeal,
Sweet flower, and in my finer nature bless
The Hand that of His will hath given life
To this fair world, this perfect morn, to thee thyself.
And can I fail to read the lesson of thy birth,
Thy life, and thy decay? No, gentle messenger,
I love and I adore thee and thy teaching,
And thou shalt whisper soft and low to me
This tender, tearful, long farewell of thine,
And I will lock it deep within mine heart,
And ever cherish it full lovingly
To bless and purify my life, till in that day
When I must render up my soul to God,
It may be found as pure and beautiful
As thou, thou flower of earth, so bright, so heavenly.

Comte '63.

NEW BOOKS.

Eyes and Ears. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

THE articles contained in this book are, with but few exceptions, reprinted from the New York Ledger, where they appeared under the title of "Thoughts as they occur, by One who keeps his Eyes and Ears open." Although they are unstudied, and lay no claims to literary merit, they are not unworthy of their celebrated author. The vigorous, original style, — the thoughts and sentiments that touch the head and heart, — which characterize Mr. Beecher's writings, are not wanting in these papers. Our space does not allow us to give an extended notice of them, but we can assure our readers that the articles entitled, "A Cannon-ball in the Hat," "Niagara Falls, but not described," "Genius and Industry," "Childhood and Disenchantment," alone are worth the price of the book.

The author does not do himself justice in saying that his "utmost expectations will be answered if these papers serve only to enliven the tedium of sickness, or while away a summer hour with innocent amusement." A careful reading of them will not only serve to inspire a love of Nature, but will also form a kindly habit of judging men and events.

Country Living and Thinking. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.

This book has lain upon our table several weeks unnoticed in our pages, but, in the mean time, not unread. We have enjoyed the book very much, and do not hesitate to commend it to those of our readers who enjoy this kind of light literature. The first glance at the book suggested to us the "Country Parson," though we missed the favorite participle of that genial writer, and likewise his frequent talk about horses. The author of the book before us, in a series of essays which breathe the freshness and fragrance of the country, tells us of the thoughts and feelings inspired by rural surroundings and incidents. Some of these essays are thrown into the form of narrative, and recount, with a pleasing air of exaggeration, incidents of personal experience. Halicarnassus, the provokingly cool and philosophic husband of our sprightly authoress, naturally awakens interest.

The worthy man, as would appear from the account his spouse gives of him, holds a secondary position in the domestic organization, but submits to the rule of his "manager" with the equanimity becoming a sensible husband and a philosopher. Yet he sometimes enjoys the satisfaction of seeing his manager foiled, — as when her want of practical knowledge interferes seriously with the success of her horticultural operations. "Boston and Home Again" is amusing; while the "Lights and Shadows of Our Civil War," the longest essay in the book, is earnest and thoughtful. On the whole, while the book contains nothing strikingly new or original, we meet with many good thoughts happily expressed, and find an irresistible charm in the grace and sprightliness of its style.

The book is published in Ticknor and Fields's best style, and its typographical beauty, like that of several other books recently issued from the University Press, is unsurpassed.

NEW BOOKS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD MAGAZINE.

The Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 410.

Eyes and Ears. By Henry Ward Beecher. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 8vo. pp. 419.

Intuitions and Summaries of Thought. By C. N. Bovee. In two volumes. Boston: William Veazie. New York: Sheldon and Company. 16mo. Vol. I. pp. 241. Vol. II. pp. 245.

COLLEGE RECORD.

ORDER OF PERFORMANCES FOR EXHIBITION, TUESDAY, OCT. 21, 1862.

1. A Latin Oration. "De Vi Militari Civitatium quæ Arbitrio Optimatium reguntur." Francis Alexander Marden, West Windham, N. H.
2. A Greek Version. Albert Thomas Sinclair, Brighton.
3. A Disquisition. "Hannibal, as viewed by Mommsen and by Arnold." William Augustus White, Brooklyn, N. Y.
4. A Disquisition. "The Efficacy of Proverbs." Edmund Souder Wheeler, Roxbury.
5. A Dissertation. "The Religious Opinions of Lord Byron." Edward Bangs Drew, Chelsea.
6. A Latin Dialogue. From "King Lear," Act I., Scene 2. George Winslow Pierce, Boston; Franklin Leonard Bush, Auburn, N. Y.
7. An English Version. "The Enduring Beauties of Jean Jacques Rousseau," from Nisard's History of French Literature. Gardner Whitney Lawrence, Concord.
8. An English Version. "Otho's Address to his Troops," from Tacitus. Edwin Pliny Seaver, Northboro'.
9. A Disquisition. "National Vitality." Samuel Craft Davis, St. Louis, Mo.
10. A Latin Version. From a Lecture of F. W. Robertson. Orlando Marcellus Fernald, Middleton, N. H.
11. A Dissertation. "Icelandic Literature." Roscoe Palmer Owen, Bath, Me.
12. A Disquisition. "Various Modes of interring the Dead." George Lewis Baxter, Quincy.
13. A Latin Version. From Sheridan's "Pizarro." William Hyde Appleton, Providence, R. I.
14. An English Version. From Plato's "Republic." Horace Graves, Marblehead.
15. A Dissertation. "Are Varieties of Human Character increased or diminished by Civilization?" Joseph Anthony Gillet, Lebanon Springs, N. Y.
16. A Greek Version. From Burke's "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol." Henry Harrison Sprague, Athol.
17. An English Version. From Perrens's Life of Savonarola. John Binney, Philadelphia, Pa.
18. A Disquisition. "Admiral Blake." Arthur Lincoln, Hingham.
19. A Dissertation. "The Rev. Frederick William Robertson." William Low Pillsbury, Derry, N. H.
20. A Greek Dialogue. From "Naval Engagements," Act I., Scene 4.

William Adams Munroe, Cambridge; George Callender Brackett, Somerville.

21. A Dissertation. "The Supposed Inequality of Races." William Guptill Hubbard, Somerville.

22. An Oration. "Our National Vanity." Henry Newton Sheldon, Bath, Me.

WAR RECORD.

Class of 1859.

Francis Vergnies Balch, Private in the 20th Reg. Mass. Volunteers.
William Barney, 1st Lieut. Dodge's N. Y. Cavalry.
Henry May Bond, Orderly Sergeant 45th Reg. Mass. Vols.
William Sturgis Bond, 1st Lieut. 45th Reg. Mass. Vols.
John Chipman Gray, 2d Lieut. 41st Reg. Mass. Vols.
Edward William Hooper, Aid to Gen. Saxton.
Francis William Loring, Aid to Acting Brig. Gen. Stevenson.
James Schouler, 2d Lieut. 43d Reg. Mass. Vols.
Albert Stickney, Lieut. Col. 47th Reg. Mass. Vols.

1862.

William Francis Bartlett, Colonel Mass. 49th.
Edward Carson Bowman, Acting Assisting Paymaster U. S. N.
Joseph Perrin Burrage, Sergeant Mass. 33d.
Clark Carter, at Port Royal.
Augustus Crocker, Adjutant Mass. 4th.
John Richard Dennett, at Port Royal.
Charles Trowbridge Dwight, Lieutenant on Gen. Sickles's Staff.
Albert William Edmands, Orderly Sergeant Mass. 44th.
Edward Eli Ensign, Corporal Mass. 49th.
Oswald Herbert Ernst, Cadet, West Point Military Academy.
George Alfred Fiske, Quartermaster Sergeant Mass. 41st.
George Albert Fletcher, 2d Lieutenant Mass. 38th.
Charles Follen Folsom, at Port Royal.
James Ingersoll Grafton, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 2d.
Samuel Cushman Haven, Lieutenant —— New York Reg.
William Hedge, Sergeant Mass. 44th.
Charles Edward Hickling, —— Mass. 45th.
John Hodges, Major Mass. 50th.
Henry Shippen Huidekoper, Lieutenant-Colonel 150th Penn.
Charles Parke Kemp, at Port Royal.
Jerome Henry Kidder, at Port Royal.
Herbert Cowpland Mason, Captain Mass. 20th.
Arthur Courtland Parker, Sergeant Mass. 33d.

George Eaton Priest, Post Quartermaster at Camp at Groton, Mass.
John Read, Paymaster U. S. N.
Arthur Reed, Quartermaster Sergeant Mass. 45th.
Joseph Sampson Reed, at Port Royal.
Henry Munroe Rogers, Assistant Paymaster U. S. N.
Henry Ropes, 2d Lieutenant Mass. 20th.
Charles Sprague Sargent, 1st Lieutenant on Gen. Banks's Staff.
Edward Babcock Sawtell, at Port Royal.
Charles Carroll Soule, 2d Lieutenant Mass. 44th.
Charles Brigham Stoddard, Quartermaster Mass. 41st.
William James Temple, Captain U. S. A.
Benjamin Holt Ticknor, 2d Lieutenant Mass. 45th.
John Henry Tucker, Private Mass. 38th.
John Langdon Ward, Captain Mass. 50th.
Charles Pickard Ware, at Port Royal.

CORRECTIONS.

1845.

—— Savage, Lieutenant-Colonel, died of wounds received at Antietam.

1855.

Frank C. Barlow, Brigadier-General.
Joseph Hayes, Lieutenant-Colonel of Mass. 18th.*

1862.

Treat and Goss not in the army. (October number.)
W. F. Bartlett, Colonel Mass. 49th.

We have received a few items of information, but reserve them for publication next month. Meanwhile, we ask our friends to favor us with any information they may possess.

We learn, on better authority than we had at first, that Col. Fletcher Webster (Class of 1833) was killed at Bull Run, Aug. 30, 1862, and that Lieut. Col. Wilder Dwight (Class of 1853) was mortally wounded at Antietam, Sept. 17, and died on the evening of Sept. 21, 1862.

* Hayes did not graduate with the Class; but has since obtained his degree. His name will appear in the next Triennial Catalogue.

Gilbert 62

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE DRILL CORPS. — In the month of May following the inauguration of President Lincoln and of the Civil War in which we are now engaged, an article appeared in the Magazine, showing the feasibility of giving the students some instruction in military matters; for, it was said, "Men are of little use without arms and drill, and where is a thorough knowledge of arms more needed than among the classes who will eventually rule the people, — viz. educated men..... Drilled and ready, — when the time comes, — Harvard will show she has men of spirit and courage, as well as of mind and intellect. A drill club need not interfere with the duties of the College, but simply take the place — for a time, at least — of boating and the Gymnasium." Accordingly, early in May, 1861, the undergraduates were provided with muskets and instructors, and, owing in a great measure to the energy and interest manifested by the Treasurer of the University, the drill club became a real thing. In the course of a few weeks, the property of the Government was threatened by the "wily and barbarous horde" which would have compassed the overthrow of the Union, by the destruction of the Cambridge Arsenal. How the raw recruits of the Gymnasium became, under such circumstances, the trusty guard of the fortress on Garden Street, was faithfully narrated by the Orator of last Class-Day. With the end of that term, the drilling seemed to end, much to the regret of all who had engaged in it. And of those thus engaged, there are upwards of a hundred now in the different corps of the national forces. Having received their elementary knowledge of military affairs in Cambridge, many have obtained officers' commissions, and, by merit since exhibited, have risen to the highest positions. Viewing the excellent results of the drill in 1861, we heard with pleasure, at the beginning of the present term, that the question of re-establishing it had been brought to the notice of the Faculty. But many weeks passed by, and no movement was made towards the accomplishment of our desires, except that whispers were heard now and then of a committee on the subject being appointed from the body which meets in University on Monday evenings. Finally, at the present time, the latest dates afford no prospect of their arrival at any favorable result, either owing to indifference, to a press of other business, or to an inability to procure arms.

THE

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Conti 63

SULTAN MAHMOUD.

THE Turks of to-day have no longer the valor that distinguished their ancestors, who, four centuries ago, were a terror to the nations of the earth, — who, "with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, went forth conquering and converting eastward to the Bay of Bengal, and westward to the Pillars of Hercules." Theirs is no longer the abode of the rulers and lawgivers of one half the world; their heroism lives only in song and story; and the prophecies of their traditionary legends, which arose in the very hour of conquest, that the standard of the cross should be carried to the Bosphorus, and wave side by side with the Crescent, have been realized. They attained their meridian greatness under Solyman the Magnificent, from which time dates the decline of the empire. In his reign, poetry, science, and art flourished. New privileges were conferred upon the ministers of religion; the Janizaries received increased pay; the coffers of the empire were filled to overflowing; the condition of the rayahs * was ameliorat-

* Turkish subjects who are not Mohammedans.

ed; security to life, honor, and property was given to all, without distinction of creed or race. But even then there were causes at work destined to effect a decline. The sultan in person was ever at the head of his army. The vizier, or prime minister, who remained in the capital, became by degrees a more influential personage than the grand seignior himself. The intrigues of the eunuchs in the imperial harem began to exert their baneful influences on the administration. The seraglio, in which many hundred females were immured, the most beautiful that could be found in the contiguous realms of Europe, from being the most beautiful appendage, became the moving spring of the Ottoman Porte. The inmates formed a faction hostile to the Ulemas.* The administration of the provinces was transferred to Greeks, Jews, and Armenians, who filled the treasury of the sultan and enriched themselves by impoverishing the people, who, since they could no longer enjoy the fruits of their labor, became indolent. The army had become more eager for booty and captives than for glory; slaves were multiplied; the higher classes revelled in wealth and luxury, while the poorer classes with difficulty obtained a livelihood.

It would be surpassingly strange if, in an empire so extensive and populous, we did not find it difficult to introduce reforms, to instruct its people in the arts of more civilized nations, and remove old abuses, guarded as they are by the fanaticism of the clergy. Political reforms can be made only by those in high places of authority; and to be sanctioned by the prejudiced and infatuated Ottoman, they must assume the garb of religion. The sultan himself, uniting in his own person all the powers of the state, wielding his sceptre with almost despotic sway over millions of subjects, claiming to reign by divine commission, and profanely

* The Ulemas, — whose functions do not differ materially from those of the old doctors of the law among the Hebrews, — in their twofold character of priest and jurist, have always claimed and enjoyed both magisterial and ecclesiastical authority.

styling himself the shadow of God, — even he breaks the laws of the Prophet and disregards the teachings of the Koran and Sunnah, only at the peril of losing his throne and life.

Selim III. was the first royal reformer. While Europe was shaken to its very centre, and its monarchs trembled on their thrones, Selim applied himself assiduously to those civil and military reforms which his successors promoted, and without which Turkey could not have maintained her place as a European power. He made a new organization of the army, made innovations in the judicial and administrative branches of the government, changed the system of taxation, and gave a decidedly new constitution to the divan, where reform was most needed. He also deposed the then reigning hospidars of the Moldo-Wallachian provinces, and established others more favorable to his reform movement. Russia and England remonstrated at this measure; war was declared, and the Turkish army was driven across the Danube. The Janizaries, ignorantly attributing their defeat to Selim's reform in military discipline, rose in rebellion; the sultan fell a victim to their violence, and was succeeded by Mustapha, who had instigated the insurgents to revolt. His short reign is signalized only by the vigorous measures which he took to destroy the good works of Selim's innovations. Shortly after his accession to the throne, the defeat of the Turkish fleet by the Russians spread consternation and terror through the capital. It was at this critical juncture that an Asiatic pasha, a friend of Selim's, advanced with a powerful army, and laid siege to Constantinople, which yielded to him after a vigorous resistance of one year. Mahmoud ascended the throne. From his cousin, Selim, he had learned the necessity of reform. He was, however, no sooner established as sultan than the Janizaries began to manifest a feverish anxiety for revolution. No time was to be lost. Mahmoud acted with that energy which was one of the few redeeming traits of his

character. Mustapha, the murderer of Selim, and the destroyer of the work of a lifetime, was put to death, his son and wives sharing his fate. Mahmoud was now firmly established; he was the last scion of the Othman race, and as such was vested with a *sacrosancta* potestas. He resolved, in the deep recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to annihilate the Janizaries and anathematize their name. Having secured the services of their aga, or commander-in-chief, he made known to him his purpose. His next step was to issue an order commanding each regiment to furnish a hundred and fifty men to be drilled after the manner of European soldiers. His friends asked, "Is he mad?" The soldiers exclaimed: "Bismillah! — he wants to make Infidels of us; does he think we are no better than Infidel dogs?" The Janizaries reversed their kettles (the signal of revolt) in the Byzantine hippodrome, and, calling upon their patron saint, proceeded to attack the royal palace. But Mahmoud was prepared to receive them. All other troops, artillery, infantry, and marines were under arms and at his command. The Ulemas pronounced a curse of eternal dissolution upon the insurgents, and Mahmond, unfurling the sacred standard of the Prophet, called on his people for assistance in destroying the unruly corps. A hundred cannon opened fire on their barracks, and in one short hour twenty-five thousand Janizaries were mowed down by grape-shot and cimeter. Their bodies broke the lingering fast of the hungry dogs, or were cast into the Bosphorus, whose rapid current hurried them into the Sea of Marmora, — a fitting sepulchre for those brave but restless men.

It is more than probable that Mahmoud could have effected a salutary reform in the military system without resorting to extreme violence; but he was by nature of a cruel disposition, and was sadly deficient in prudence and moderation. He gave the Janizaries cause to revolt; he made frivolous innovations in their long-cherished customs by com-

manding them to shave their beards, and forbidding them to wear the turban, a beautiful head-dress, — an ornament at once national and religious. These measures excited the displeasure of all true Mussulmans; his enemies called him an Infidel, his warmest supporters and the strongest advocates of reform despaired of success. Innovations are expedient only when they *remove* an evil, and when men are prepared to receive them. Command a Turk to shave his beard, — the idol of his life, — by which he swears! As well bid cut off his right arm, or pluck out an eye. He would obey the one as readily as the other. The impolicy of changing the customs and dress of a half-civilized, warlike people has been made obvious in many instances, — none more impressive than the mutiny of the Anglo-Indian army at Velore, in 1806, twenty years before the annihilation of the Janizaries.

Mahmoud, in destroying this corps, took for his model Peter the Great. Never were two sovereigns more unlike each other. Peter, generous and humane, leaving his throne and travelling in disguise to educate himself, stands in bold contrast with the parsimonious and cruel sultan. Moreover, Mahmoud's was a more difficult undertaking, — a fact which escaped his observation. The Strelitzes, whom the Czar annihilated, were unsupported, — were famous by no illustrious victory, and had not an enthusiastic religious feeling. The Janizaries, on the contrary, had strong family interests; they had decided the fate of the empire at the battle of Varna, where their bravery firmly established the Ottoman power, whose brightest triumphs were clustered around their names; they were the heroes of a hundred battles, and had never turned their backs to the foe; their leader was chosen from their own ranks, and no nobility controlled their ambition, or prevented them from receiving the honor due to enterprise and valor; they held the sultan in check; the Ulemas gave sanction to their laws, and they, in return, sustained the authority of the Ulemas with their swords. As

long as they experienced no change in their discipline and customs, they were invincible. But they, too, had participated in the universal degeneracy, and, like the Prætorian Guards of Rome, had become absolute masters of the empire. They pulled down and set up sultans at will; their valor had departed, but their unconquerable pride remained as part of their heritage. Their ranks were filled with crowds of Greeks, Jews, and Moslems, without order and without discipline. Many who had purchased the privilege of having their names inscribed on the muster-roll of this formidable body lived outside the barracks, and assembled only on pay-day or in times of tumult and rebellion. They despised all laws, both civil and religious, and had become a constant source of annoyance to the people, whose lives and property were at their mercy. Such were the subjects upon which the sultan was to operate. In the destruction of the Strelitzes and the Janizaries, Peter and Mahmoud may well be compared to two physicians: "One practises on a healthy savage, while the other attempts to cut out a malignant cancer, reaching the vitals, from a pampered sensualist." In destroying these troops, as in his other reforms, Mahmoud began where he should have ended his labors; he mistook the end for the means.

Had he rested satisfied with this wanton destruction of the flower of his army, his supporters might defend him on the doubtful ground of expediency; but he did not stop here. For centuries the tyranny of the sultan had been restrained by the dere beys, or lords of the valleys. The possession of their lands had been confirmed to them by Mahomet II., from which time they had continued to pay tribute to the sultan, and furnish him with quotas of troops; but he had no control over their property or lives. The peasants, who tilled the rich, productive lands of the valleys, were suitably rewarded for their labor; the happiest and wealthiest subjects were found among the vassals of the beys, to whom they showed great devotion. These feudal lords, at a

moment's warning, could summon twenty thousand men before their palace gates. They, unlike the pashas, had never raised the standard of rebellion, and had never sanctioned insurrections; and as their property was guaranteed them by inheritance, they had no need of money with which to bribe the Sublime Porte.

Mahmoud was bent on depriving them of their possessions and curtailing their privileges. They held hereditary possessions, were wealthy, but did not make him munificent presents, which were unnpardonable crimes in the sight of this exemplary reformer. The beys, who never dealt in treachery, were unsuspicious of others, and fell an easy prey. The peasants ceased to cultivate the land from which they could no longer profit; and many of the wealthiest possessions became desolate. We need not marvel, then, that the military power of the empire was prostrated, when, after having annihilated the Janizaries, Mahmoud deprived the dere beys of their ancient authority; for the military strength of Turkey rested chiefly in these two bodies. These innovations, too, were made in the midst of a destructive Greek war, and at a time when the Danube and the Balkan were no longer formidable barriers to the Muscovite descendants of Ivan the Terrible, — who brought back memories of the past, and threatened to avenge deeply-treasured wrongs. Even at this critical period, when his army was annihilated, his fleet defeated, the legions of the North within a few days' march of Constantinople, and when the destiny of the nation was hanging on the decision of the hour, Mahmoud, with a threat that savored more of the seraglio than of the throne, boasted, as one of his ancient line had done in the palmy days of the empire, that he would feed his horses at the high altar of St. Peter's, and proclaim the religion of the Prophet in the Moscovite capital!

His next step was to attack the privileges of the great provincial cities, whose inhabitants elected from their own

number ayans, or magistrates, distinguished for their wisdom and virtue. These magistrates had great influence among the people, because they had always resisted exorbitant taxes and unjust decrees; their protection was extended to Turk and Christian without distinction; with a power of veto almost as effective as that of the *tribuni plebis* of Rome, they could point back to Solyman, the Solon of his time, as the author of their protective system. But their power originated with the people, and to this Mahmoud would not submit. All power must emanate from him, — the all-wise and innovating sultan, who raised the low and humbled the great, not as they were honest or corrupt, but as they fawned upon him or refused to yield implicit obedience to his nod.

In their endeavors to institute a new financial system, his predecessors had reduced the standard of money by degrees, in order not to produce a financial crisis; but Mahmoud wished to accomplish in one day the work of years. He accordingly issued a decree ordering his subjects to bring all their coin, gold and silver, to their respective governors, where they would receive in return less than half its value! He threatened the refractory with instant death. The capital resounded with the dreaded cry of rebellion; an exasperated multitude surrounded the royal palace, and was not appeased until it had witnessed the execution of the mint officers, whose only crime was obedience to their master. This impolitic measure in the financial department impoverished the people, and left the treasury empty; for foreign speculators bought up the money, the circulation of which had been made illegal, and resold it to the sultan for sterling value!

Shortly afterwards Mahmoud expelled thirty thousand Christians, aged men and helpless women, from the capital, which they had embellished and enriched by their labor, and whose fidelity had never been doubted. For this act no better reason could be assigned than that it was solely on political grounds! Strange politics this for a sovereign

who professed to have the wisdom and the magnanimity of Christian rulers! On the expulsion of these Christians, Russia commenced hostilities, and a war followed in which the sultan paid dearly for acting thus inconsiderately and "solely on political grounds."

In short, Mahmoud could not have given a more instructive lesson to his people than by reforming himself. He was cruel beyond measure, — if the grand seignior can ever be so called, who is taught that he may lop off a score of heads each day for "divine inspiration"; still, if he had been as thoroughly versed in European politics as he professed to have been, he should have shown himself a humane as well as an innovating sultan. Those who assisted him in his innovations he forgot not to reward — with the bowstring. His character was blackened by ingratitude, an instinctive vice in Oriental rulers; obstinate as he was suspicious, deceitful as he was cunning, he could not rule his own passions, much less was he able to control the corrupt morals of his people. He was, to an extraordinary degree, avaricious, a quality everywhere odious, but especially in a land where generosity is the measure of love and liberality the moving spring, both in politics and society.

In his every attempt at reform he wounded Ottoman pride and prejudice. Unlike his cousin, he did not humor the faults of the people; while making innovations he neither amused them with imposing shows nor flattered them by the pompous spectacle of his appearance in public. In one word, he wanted the *tact* of a reformer. Selim, while he increased the navy and established manufactories, also built gorgeous palaces, and by his magnificence dazzled his subjects, who remained unsuspicious of his real purpose. They even permitted him to set up printing-presses in the large cities, on receiving assurance that the "Koran would not be submitted to the unholy process of squeezing"!

Mahmoud thought, or rather pretended to think, that he could reform the empire by imitating only the vices of

Christianity and manifesting a contempt for Moslem virtues. While he drank wine, and in many other instances violated the teachings of the sacred book, thereby provoking the anger of the faithful, his proclamations and decrees breathed an orthodox, nay, a fanatical spirit. He was a sceptic, neither Mussulman nor Christian, but surprisingly inconsistent and capricious. His were "hangman's hands," and "not ordained to build a temple unto peace!"

Perkins 65

FORWARD.

We are all marching on
Towards the field of the dead,
But the banner of life
Floating over our head
Bears its motto of action
In letters of light,—
Our war-cry by day,
Our watchword by night,—
"Ever forward!"

Though flesh and the tempter
Rise up in our path,
With soft words of pleasure
And weapons of wrath,
Yet the word and the weapon
Must both be put down,
For we *must* bear the cross,
And we *may wear* the crown,
Pressing forward.

One mild, gentle light
Brightens up all the way;
'T is the lustre of Truth
With its heaven-sent ray,

That, like beckoning angels,
Invites us to come,
But leaves us to take
Our own chosen doom,
Whispering, "Forward!"

While the meteors false
On the left and the right
Flash out for a moment
To dazzle the sight,
And to draw the unwary
Away from their trust,
And make them forget
That to conquer they must
Press forward.

The loved ones we cherished
Fall out at our side,
Overcome by the tempest,
O'erwhelmed by the tide
Of misfortune, temptation,
Of sorrow, and sin,—
While their last warning words
With their tears we drink in,
"Ever forward!"

The finger of duty
Points ever ahead,
Though we fall o'er the forms
Of the fainting and dead,
Whose sword from its scabbard,
Unsheathed for the strife,
Tells the tale of the death
That they chose to the life,
Looking forward.

With patience and meekness
Imbued from above,
With a spirit of faithful,
Unfaltering love,

Press on in thy calling,
Whatever it be,
That the hand of a Father
Apportions to thee;
For the heart of the sluggard
Gains rust for its rest,
While the soul of the faithful
Forever is blest,
Pressing forward.

Reflector 84

WRITINGS OF DE QUINCEY.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY belongs to a class of authors whose works have, comparatively speaking, not a very wide circle of readers. These authors do not enjoy a great popularity. The reasons for this may be various. The subjects upon which they write may not be of a popular cast. Their style, perhaps, may not suit the general ear. It may be too abstruse, intricate. Most readers wish their authors to be perfectly plain in all they say, and that, too, upon subjects with regard to which it may be peculiarly difficult to write. Every person will at once call to mind authors of this type, who for various reasons are not widely read. Their pages often require more than a single perusal, to comprehend fully all the hidden meaning which they contain. But their great ideas and richly freighted sentences are found abundantly to repay the careful study expended upon them. But these authors, however limited in extent their sphere may be, do yet, in that sphere, possess influence, and command the admiration of their readers to a remarkable degree. Their influence is decidedly positive. When they are admired, they are admired almost to excess.

Such an author is De Quincey. He is not what we may

call a popular writer. This he never will be. But he has his circle of admirers. To those readers to whom he does speak, he never speaks in vain. With his subtle thoughts, his glowing imagination, his splendid diction, he never speaks save to entrance his hearers and enkindle in them yet higher admiration.

The writings of De Quincey are of a very varied character, consisting chiefly of essays, — biographical, historical, critical, philosophical, theological, and miscellaneous; of narrative papers, and of sketches of his own life and opium experiences. Throughout this wide range of composition, De Quincey's genius is conspicuous. But perhaps no characteristic of his mind is more evident than his great imaginative powers. Indeed, his imagination was of the most brilliant character, and cultivated to the highest degree. We know of no prose-writer in our language who can claim superiority to him in this regard. As by the word of a magician, he calls up before us the most gorgeous creations of fancy. Especially in his descriptions of his "Dreams" is this wonderful faculty displayed in its full power. In some of them he has given us many truly magnificent conceptions. We need only refer to his essay entitled the "Glory of Motion." In this he gives us first an account of a ride on a mail-coach.

In this trip the coach narrowly escaped running down a small vehicle containing a young man and woman. This ride, with all its attendant circumstances, — the still hour of night, the rapid motion, the narrow escape, the fact that they were carrying the tidings of a great battle, the horses crowned with flowers on account of the joyful news they bore, — all combined to form a deep impression upon De Quincey's mind.

And he has given us a series of five dreams, in which all these circumstances are worked up with dramatic effect. In imaginative power, we think they are hardly equalled by anything in our language.

When quite young, De Quincey was deeply affected by the death of a favorite sister, a few years older than himself. While her body lay in waiting for burial, he became filled with a longing to look upon her face once more. His description of his secret visit to the room where lay the corpse is so touching, and will so well illustrate what we have said of our author's imaginative power, that we must quote at length from it.

"I imagine that it was exactly high noon, when I reached the chamber door; entering, I closed the door softly. Then turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned. Nothing met my eyes but one large window wide open, through which the sun of midsummer, at noonday, was showering down torrents of splendor. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold or for heart to conceive any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life.

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"From the gorgeous sunlight I turned round to the corpse. There lay the sweet childish figure, there the angel face; and, as people usually fancy, it was said in the house that the features had suffered no change. Had they not? The forehead indeed, the serene and noble forehead, *that* might be the same; but the frozen eyelids; the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them; the marble lips, the stiffening hands, laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplication of closing anguish, — could these be mistaken for life? Had it been so, wherefore did I not spring to those heavenly lips with tears and never-ending kisses? But so it was *not*. I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and, whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow, the most mournful that ear ever heard. Mournful! that is saying nothing. It was a wind that had swept the fields of mortality for a hundred centuries. Many times since, upon a summer day, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked this same wind arising and uttering the same hollow, solemn, Memnonian, but saintly swell; it is in this world the one sole *audible* symbol of eternity. Instantly when my ear caught this vast Æolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fulness of life, the pomp and glory of the heavens outside, and turning when

it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell upon me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up forever. I in spirit rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft forever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but *that* also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and pursuit seemed to go on for ever and ever. Frost gathering frost, some Sarsar wind of death seemed to repel me; I slept — for how long I cannot say; slowly I recovered my self-possession, and found myself standing, as before, close to my sister's bed. Oh, flight of the solitary child to the solitary God, — flight from the ruined corpse to the throne that could not be ruined! — how rich wert thou in truth for after years! Rupture of grief, that, being too mighty for a child to sustain, foundest a happy oblivion in a heaven-born sleep, and within that sleep didst conceal a dream, whose meaning in after years, when slowly I deciphered, suddenly there flashed upon me new light; and even by the grief of a child were confounded the falsehoods of philosophers.

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"I have reason to believe that a long interval elapsed during this wandering or suspension of my perfect mind. When I returned to myself, there was a foot, or I fancied so, on the stairs. I was alarmed. Hastily therefore I kissed the lips which I should kiss no more, and slunk like a guilty thing with stealthy steps from the room. Thus perished the vision, loveliest among all the shows which earth has revealed to me; thus mutilated was the parting which should have lasted forever; thus tainted with fear was the farewell sacred to love and grief, — to perfect love and perfect grief."

In such beautiful language does De Quincey tell us of the earliest affliction of his childhood. This whole recital is pathetic and touching. Not only does it exhibit his high imaginative power, but it shows also that De Quincey was a man of deep feeling. And it is given in such an interesting style, that we cannot fail to be moved. All the circumstances, too, seem natural. The infantile grief, the stealthy visit, the trance or sort of dreamy state into which he fell while standing by the corpse; and the visions which seemed to open up before him; and all the thick-coming fancies

which would at such a moment come thronging into the mind of a child.

This brings us to notice another peculiar excellence of De Quincey. It is his wonderful power to express in words all the finer feelings of the human heart. He seems to hold in his grasp all the sympathies of the soul. He has first a clear conception of these hidden feelings, and, in the next place, he has a wonderful command of language, so that he can bring them forth in words in the most clear and evident manner.

He can lay out before us all the innermost recesses of the soul, with all the secret processes of thought, and all the various forms which are assumed by the conceptions of the human intellect. No author excels De Quincey in this respect. This remarkable power is particularly manifested in his description of his dreams. Dreams are always difficult to describe. Everything is of a confused nature in dreams. What we see in them is full of inconsistency and incongruity, and is often also so positively unnatural, that it is extremely difficult to form in the mind any clear conception of them. We will quote a description of one of his dreams, which seems to us almost unequalled for the brilliant imagination and wonderful power of language which it displays: —

"The dream commenced with a music, which now I often heard in dreams, — a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day, — a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where, — somehow, I knew not how, — by some beings, I knew not whom, — a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting, — was evolving like a great drama or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams, (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement,) had the power, and yet had

not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded, I lay inactive.' Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurryings to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempests and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed, — and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then — everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated, — Everlasting farewells! and again and yet again reverberated, — Everlasting farewells!

"And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud, 'I will sleep no more!'"

From what we have quoted above, De Quincey's vast power over language is sufficiently evident. But it is seen all through his writings. The style of De Quincey comports well with his lofty imagination. It is rich and majestic. Indeed, the one seems the product of the other. A writer of brilliant imagination must have language of corresponding character. And his thoughts will find language. They will clothe themselves in words of grandeur and sublimity. This is true of De Quincey. There are few writers in our language whose pages contain such grand and eloquent rhetoric. The words of the Roman poet, in speaking of Pindar, we may well apply to him: —

> "Fervet immensusque ruit profundo
> Pindarus ore."

We come now to speak of another of De Quincey's characteristics, — his wit. Some one has said of this trait of his mind, that his wit was all his own. This is true. His wit was peculiar: it was original. It is not of the common

character, mirth-provoking and causing laughter outright. It is of a finer and more delicate type. It is seen often in ingenuity of thought and expression, — sometimes in a sudden burst of extravagance, sometimes in a queer conception, slyly creeping up into notice. Of his papers which display wit and humor, perhaps the best are those on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," on "Dinner Real and Reputed," and on "Orthographic Mutineers."

We should be glad to speak yet further of De Quincey's style of composition; to take up his various works individually; to speak of his philosophical and political theories; of his researches in the wide field of German metaphysics and of his studies of Kant and Fichte. We should be glad to speak of De Quincey himself; of his character; of his religious opinions; of his life, to which there attaches such a mournful and almost tragic interest; but space forbids us to enlarge upon these subjects.

De Quincey's life, indeed, is for several reasons interesting. We are always glad to become acquainted with the life of an author whose writings we admire; and De Quincey has given us the leading events of his career with rare felicity of narration in his "Autobiographical Sketches." But it is from the terrible opium experiences which he passed through that De Quincey's life has acquired its chief interest, and becomes invested with a strange fascination. His wonderful pen has given to this a peculiar power, and has rendered his "Confessions of an Opium-Eater" his most attractive work. We should like to speak of this terrible passion of his, — this fearful appetite for the potent drug. But we must forbear.

De Quincey's position in literature is, perhaps, not yet clearly established. But we feel assured that as time rolls on he will gain new admirers, and will speedily receive the position which his excellence demands, and will take his place as one of the first authors of his age, — an age which can boast such names as Macaulay and Carlyle.

Pearce 63

"CARPE DIEM." — HORACE.

SWIFT are the years that are gliding, —
"Carpe diem" hath the poet well said, —
But our memory listens in sadness
To the knell of years that have fled; —

Years fraught with hopes and intentions,
Which have gone unfulfilled to the past,
Whence they look back reproachfully on us,
And point to the future o'ercast.

Still there dwells in that future of darkness
A phantom of promise and light,
Which allures us away from the Present,
And bids us its honors to slight.

Entranced by the voice of the siren,
We list to the glories she sings,
And expectantly wait for each morrow,
While the morrow such glories ne'er brings.

No more shall I be thus deluded;
Hence, mockeries unreal and vain!
The allurements of Hope are but phantoms,
That shall never deceive me again.

S. S. Mag. '63

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

I CONFESS it is with the deepest reverence that I approach a subject of such significance as that which I am about to enter upon. It is not my intention here to attempt any critical sketch of Handel's mind, his art, or of his works generally; it would be the height of presumption in me so to do. I only propose, in view of the approaching Christmas festival, to consider a single one of the works of this master, but one which, composed in the full vigor of manhood, was most cherished by its composer, and stands to-day, as it has stood for over a century, among the grandest emanations of his genius. Let us consider the Messiah.

Handel, though indisputably one of the "irritabile genus," possessed a character strongly imbued with religious faith and holy convictions. Though of a violent temper, he was, in respect to religion, earnest and zealous. His careful study of the Scriptures led him to look deeper into the character of our Saviour than many of the professed theologians of his day, contemplating not merely his suffering and death, but meditating upon their vast significance and immense importance. To glorify this truth before his fellow-men, to elevate their minds and refine their hearts, was the cherished purpose of his life. But to effect this result, his reflection brought him to one idea, — the key-stone to his success, — the word of man, however beautiful, must not be his text, but rather the Divine revelations of the living word presented to him in ancient Hebrew history. Simple and grand must it be, as we find it in the Holy Scriptures. How like an inspiration from Heaven does this glorious conception appear! How sublime, how beautiful his choice!

The Messiah was finished; it was performed. After the first excitement was over, it was found heavy, too serious. He performed it again; this time with worse success than

before.* "Never mind," said he, and still performed his Messiah. Finally the excellence of the work prevailed, but meanwhile its noble author had grown old and blind; he went quietly to his long sleep.

It is singular enough, that in his own country Handel was for a long while least appreciated. For many years the Messiah was known only to a few connoisseurs. It was only after its repeated brilliant successes in London that it began to be appreciated in Germany. Yet to-day Handel is far dearer to the English than to his own countrymen, who continue to demand the more popular music of Haydn and Mozart. Handel thus became wedded to England, and it was from the old church music of its cathedrals that he derived many ideas which turned him from the *opera* to the inestimably grander *oratorio*.

It is to me a subject of intense interest to study the early career of this composer, — to watch the steps by which he was led, through almost overwhelming vicissitudes of fortune, from the simple pieces of his youth, cantatas and operas, up to the grandest of all, the sublimest choral composition. The early struggle, the patient will, the genius toiling amid surrounding discouragement, and, later, the sorrow occasioned by years of injustice, the long and ruinous war with the nobility of England, and the final resort to the noblest dictates of conscience and his genius, — all render the *oratorio* most interesting, — the *Messiah* most of all. Neglect and continued opposition conspired to rob him at once of health, fame, and fortune; yet, above trial, above ruin and despair, the simple voice of *genius* called to him, and at her bidding injustice cowered away, and left him once more free.

* A *bon-mot* of Lord Chesterfield is related, upon the authority of a nobleman, who, going one night to the oratorio at Covent Garden, met his lordship coming out of the theatre. "What! my lord, are you dismissed? Is there no oratorio to-night?" "Yes," says his lordship, "they are now performing. I had only to present myself before the king; further, I did not want to encroach upon his solitude."

I know of no grander assertion of true greatness than this silent whisper, speaking to the wearied heart of Handel, revealing to his already despondent spirit this glimpse of a nobler field yet unexplored.

The sublimity of the Messiah is best understood when we enter into its whole as a unity. It is in this wonderful expression of an exalted *idea* that the genius of the work seems most apparent. Beyond all like compositions, it stands alone as a complete drama, in which each individual element is made subordinate to every other, all combining to form this grand and complete whole. It is in itself a history, a vast poem, whose every line is essential to the perfect symmetry and beauty of the work. We are accustomed to listen to it and praise it, rather for its more brilliant pieces, its more powerful combinations; yet in doing this we fail to realize it in its grandest significance, losing the finest quality of the work. Even these pieces themselves lose part of their effect by being broken out of their proper place and connection. The celebrated "For unto us a child is born" only fills the mind of the hearer with any just conception of its grandeur, when succeeding the sombre, "The people that walked in darkness," etc. So the simple recitative, "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped," followed by the tenor air, "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, and he shall gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young," prepare us for the inexpressibly tender "Come unto me all ye that labor," etc. Any one who has listened to this oratorio will, I think, bear witness to the miraculous effect which these have upon the mind, when led gradually to them by the preceding context.

It is thus in viewing this work as a whole that we arrive at any true appreciation of its excellence. From the very beginning to the end, every part is introduced in relation to every other part, the succession being most natural and judicious. Indeed, this vast oratorio seems to me, more than

all others, rather a Divine inspiration than the result of labor and study. Gladly would I stop to enumerate the beauties which combine to render it so wonderful, sublime. Yet a somewhat hasty analysis, or rather description, will not, I hope, be devoid of interest, and may assist us in attaining unto a higher appreciation of all that is most beautiful in it.

In the overture and the following airs, from "Comfort ye, my people," to "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," we have, as it were, a preface to the work itself: Misery, Comfort, Encouragement, Joy, Praise.

In the beginning, how admirably are the fears of a suffering people portrayed in the timid, "But who may abide the day of his coming," etc., and again, "Who can stand," etc., until we arrive at the more joyful, "He shall purify them." In this way are we first acquainted with the true import of the work, — the passage of the soul through sin and suffering to the final triumph.

The idea is more fully developed in the following recitative, with the solemn bass solo leading on to the grand chorus, "For unto us," etc., which is taken up successively by each part, until all, as by some sudden inspiration, burst forth with those most impressive words: "His name shall be called Wonderful! Counsellor! the Mighty God! the Everlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!" And with this *Wonderful*, all the pent-up energy of the hitherto restrained orchestra breaks forth in a sublime ecstacy. We may well bow in silent adoration before the majesty of this conception, so grand and overpowering in its impressiveness! Then follows a beautiful passage, the Pastoral Symphony, soft and soothing, the fittest prelude to "There were shepherds abiding in the field," etc., sung by tenor and soprano alternately, which, with the chorus, "Glory to God in the Highest," and the low and tender, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," close one act of the drama. The work of redemption has commenced. The main idea is still preserved, gradually leading on to the recitative before mentioned: "Then shall the eyes

of the blind," etc., followed by the soprano, "Come unto him," etc. I know of nothing in music which moves the soul more gently and timidly than does this passage, so full of pathos, so tenderly beautiful. Each tone seems to breathe love and childlike confidence. What wonder that this simple song has moved hundreds of aching hearts, rendered bereavement a sweet chastening from Heaven, and with its tearful pity soothed the very death-bed! How mild, how considerate, is the following, "His yoke is easy, and his burden is light," just deepened with a tinge of melancholy sadness, as of a heart weeping for joy!

Thus closes the first part of the oratorio, the solemn tenor of the last pieces agitating the soul of the hearer with care for the Saviour who is to meet sufferings and death.

The very first chorus in the second part leads us at once to the new theme. The sad and solemn, "Behold the Lamb of God," etc., full of deep sorrow and dejection, is perfect in its heart-touching simplicity; sorrowful, yet highly dignified, it prepares the hearer for the greater suffering to follow. Thus our feelings receive with emotion the touching air, "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," sung by a low alto breaking off in short sentences, at times a faint echo. To me this is the tenderest passage in music. How can I acquaint him who has not listened to it with the deep love, the affectionate compassion, expressed in this most beautiful air? It seems as if the heart would pour itself away with tenderness at these plaintive words, so full of the gentlest commiseration! Even the passionate outburst which follows sinks back again into the calm sadness of this passage.

The chorus which follows, "All we like sheep have gone astray," has given rise to much discussion. I confess it always appears to me strange and ill-placed, yet I will not say that it is not from an entire misunderstanding of it. Nothing could be more presumptuous than a hasty decision in regard to a passage like this. Once more the subject wanders back

to the Saviour's suffering. How well are scorn and shameless scoffing portrayed in, "All they that see him laugh him to scorn," etc. The recitative, "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart; he looked for some to have pity on him, but there was no man, neither found he any to comfort him," with its simple accompaniment, the air, "Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto his sorrow," so overflowing with soul and feeling, as though the words rather sigh than ask the question; and, "He was cut off from the land of the living," ending in gentle resignation; these scenes, so touchingly simple and heartfelt, so perfect in expressing the tone of the passage, — of all these I leave it to the listener to judge; too wonderfully beautiful are they for expression of mine.

Next follows, as it were a resting-place for the hearer's mind, a livelier passage, "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," after which the Resurrection, in a complicated chorus, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in," etc., till with reverential wonder the whole chorus repeats, "The Lord of Hosts," "He is the King of Glory," etc.

The theme now turns upon the life of the Saviour after Resurrection, and the establishment of his Church upon the earth. The part which follows is the most involved in the oratorio, and discourages all explanation from me. The passage interests, and will well reward study. "*Handel* wrote it." I need only mention the Hallelujah Chorus, celebrated throughout the world, to acquaint the reader with what follows. Wherever music is worshipped, Handel will be revered; where Handel is revered, the Hallelujah will be imperishable. It was of this chorus that Handel confessed, in after years, that he had been, while composing it, in a state of mind which he never experienced either before or after, but of which he was unable to give any account, quoting, in relating this, the words of St. Paul: "Whether I was in my body or out of my body, I know not; God knows it!"

It seems, then, that the master himself looked upon this as an inspiration. Hardly more need I say of the splendid subject of the words, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," of which it is related, that, "When the piece was first performed, the audience were exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when the chorus struck up, 'For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth,' they were so transported, that they all, with the king, who happened to be present, started up and remained standing till the chorus was ended; and hence it became the custom in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing."

There is something to me very beautiful in this little anecdote, — the instinctive homage of the audience thus rising in quiet adoration at these awe-inspiring words. That old King George little thought, when he stood up with tears in eyes to listen to the passage, that he would thereby give utterance to a sentiment whose expression would continue to be perpetuated in after years. Yet I believe the good custom still exists in England, where Handel first found an asylum from the chilling indifference of his countrymen, and where his praise is still the pride of every lover of music. Would that such as this might be instituted in America! It is sometimes discouraging to see the toleration of real musical people, — those who are capable of entertaining the most exalted appreciation of the grandeur of this work. They patiently suffer the education of the poorer classes to become neglected from year to year, refusing to admit that it is, after all, with the *people* that we are to look for the elevation of the musical taste of the community, just as nature has implanted in their breasts the fire, the sentiment, and enthusiasm which are instrumental in all great changes in society or the national character. Witness the history of the Reformation and the French Revolution. Nor is this all; these same persons, whose province it is to instruct, are content to listen quietly to an oratorio poorly conducted, hear-

ing, as we may hear at every performance of the Messiah, choruses hurried, or passages full of the deepest feeling and expression treated in a manner entirely at variance with the dignity and grandeur of the composition. But to return from my digression.

The conclusion of the theme comprehends Resurrection, Judgment, and Eternal Life. How beautiful and appropriate the introduction, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," etc. How cheering the calm confidence and firm faith included in these exquisitely simple strains! and how very lovely the repetition of each new phrase by the instruments!

It always seems to me enough to have lived for, to have heard this divine melody from the lips of her who still enriches music with it. How fit a sentiment for "the world's singer," — "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth"! as if some angel whispered this Divine assurance.

Slow and solemn, like some old choral, is the chorus which follows, — a deep tone pronouncing the impressive words, "Since by man came death," etc. This is most admirably suited to prepare the mind for the closing passage of the work. The imposing bass recitative, "Behold, I tell you a mystery," etc., followed by the trumpet solo, lead us on to the very striking and beautiful duet, "Death is swallowed up in victory," etc., taken up again by the orchestra at the words, "But thanks be to God," etc., forming one of the rarest combinations, imbued with all the warmth of feeling which the noble master possessed. Then follows another simpler piece, yet how full of the very soul of harmony!

Who shall describe the wonderful close of this great drama? The more complicated choruses, winding through intricate combinations, until all join in one rapturous outburst, every voice taking up the triumphant song in the wonderful "Amen" which follows, — a grand vocal fugue, teeming with richness and astonishing beauty; these speak with their deepest significance only to him who has listened to the whole work. I know of nothing so impres-

sive and soul-stirring as the trumpet tones of this vast *finale*, the crowning point of the whole oratorio. Before it the mind seems bewildered and lost in a transport of joy and adoration, grasping at a diviner conception, a higher spirituality. Great indeed was the genius that could so reach the most exalted feelings of our nature!

Such is *Handel's Messiah*, — a work which, if not the greatest musical composition, stands among the grandest productions of human art. Within the realm of music it stands majestic and alone, of gigantic proportions and vast import. Above all similar works it towers, transcending every limit hitherto attained by the greatest composers of the age. Beside it the works of Mozart and Haydn seem but as lesser lights eclipsed by the superior brilliancy of a grander luminary. It is this wonderful composition which, heard with increasing reverence and delight throughout every land, has fed the hungry, cheered the hearts of the sick and destitute, clothed the naked, and fostered the homeless orphan. Appealing directly to the hearts of men, it has found its way into many a wretched hovel through the beneficence of those whom it has ever served for the cause of humanity and philanthropy. It is a work which we instinctively grow to love and revere as our experience of life becomes deeper and more serious. It speaks to us in a language clear, intelligible, acquainting us with all that is most beautiful in the life of our sweet Saviour, leading us with him through his suffering and death, portraying sentiments seemingly too tender for utterance in colors of warmth and loveliness. The power with which it moves us is not of violence or force; the feelings excited by it, and the emotions kindled in us, no mere idle enthusiasm, but a sacred fire, fed by the purest affections and the holiest aspirations of our nature. It is the voice of God, speaking in these grand old choruses, these mystic harmonies, which enchains the soul, and leads it far away within a happier existence.

If the world's praise be the prerogative of excellence, then

must we award to this colossal genius the grateful tribute of the nations' homage. Wherever Music has her votaries, in the crowded emporium or in the poor man's cottage, there the magnetic influence of the *Messiah* is known and appreciated. Wherever the love of truth and sublimity has reigned, there has this wonderful composition succeeded in reaching the hearts of those who listened to it. It is for all times, all nations, — vast, majestic, imperishable. Kings have listened to it in silent wonder, and the blind have received joy and consolation from it.

It is in contemplating the character of Handel that we arrive at the truest conception of the excellence of this the crowning labor of his life. He stands, in the whole history of music, colossal, alone. He is the "Michael Angelo" of his art, wielding his stupendous power with all the terrible strength of his exalted genius. At the same time much of the characteristic beauty of the *Messiah* lies in its wonderful simplicity. We are continually astonished, in the study of this composition, at the richness of invention, combined with the utmost simplicity of design imaginable. This is admirably exhibited in the chorus ending with, "That the mouth of the Lord has spoken it," and yet more strikingly in the chorus, "For unto us a child is born," etc.

But the grandeur of this oratorio, as I have before said, lies in its unity as a whole. It is complete, symmetrical. Not only has the music been chosen with astonishing fitness to the words, impressing the hearer as an inspiration, but musicians tell us the *keys* are throughout admirably adapted to give warmth and expression to the sentiment of the work. Thus they trace many of its principal beauties to the appropriate succession of keys, each constituting, as it were, a modulation in the great voice of the whole oratorio. This has enabled the master to appeal with such significant earnestness to the most delicate sensibilities of our emotional nature, exciting in us pity, love, joy, ecstasy, according to the sentiment expressed. Who, while listening to the ex-

quisitely tender passage, "He was despised," etc., can fail to be moved to the gentlest commiseration, till the heart would weep itself away for sympathy? Who, listening to the "Hallelujah" or to the "Amen" understandingly, can but feel his whole being expand and himself lifted away within a higher range of thought, a diviner, holier existence? We pause in mute wonder before the genius that can so move men's souls, and elevate them above their ordinary mood, — speaking to them as with the voice of a prophet. This was Handel's power, — this his gifted conception.

We have a vague idea of *inspiration*, meaning thereby a revelation, a sudden conception; yet when we learn that this vast work was produced in *twenty-one days*, we feel that naught but whispers of angel choirs could have filled the master's mind with all this beauty and sublimity. "It came to me," is ever the voice of inspiration. Thus answered Homer and Milton; thus the immortal Handel.

Nor can we account it strange, when we read the early history of the wondrous *boy*, and trace his musical career from the notes stolen at midnight from the old harpsichord hidden away in the attic, — the raptured ecstasy of the child whose fingers drew forth from the king of instruments sounds too deep for his own mind to comprehend, — we cease to wonder, I say, when we contemplate these astonishing exhibitions of youthful precocity, that he who, at the age of nine, equalled his master at the organ, and for three years from this time was able to produce a *cantata* for voices and instruments each week of the year, — that this boy should have given to the world, in the final triumph of his genius, this inimitable composition. Of such a one did his greatest contemporary, John Sebastian Bach, affirm, "He is the only one whom I should like to see before my death, and who I should like to be, were I not Bach!" Upon hearing which, Mozart replied, "Truly I would say the same, if I could have a voice where they are heard." To him, upon the peace of Utrecht, all faces were turned to compose a hymn of gratitude and tri-

umph; the result we find in the celebrated *Dettingen Te Deum.* Wherever he moved, in Rome, Germany, or London, the same gratitude and reverence awaited him; wherever he lifted his voice, all others were silent.

I have endeavored, I am aware how feebly, yet with sincerity, to show the import of this remarkable allegory. In this I cannot feel that I have more than partially succeeded; for what but the most exalted nature, and the highest appreciation of its worth, can give any adequate conception of the excellence of the *Messiah?* It is the privilege of ignorance to *listen.* We can study and reflect, hoping to attain unto the knowledge we emulate. We hear with quiet astonishment a fugue or sonata of Sebastian Bach. We cannot understand it; it overpowers us. Yet something tells us it is fine; we long to hear it again, and listen to each repetition of it with new wonder and a better understanding of its worth. So with the Messiah. The mind is so constituted that it refuses to grasp the highest appreciation without effort. We can but listen to what appears meaningless, and with every new trial comes an increasing receptivity.

Upon the Sunday evening succeeding Christmas will be performed, in accordance with the usual custom, the glorious Messiah. To me this cherished festival would seem hardly complete without this performance, for Handel has embodied all its significance in tones of a kindred inspiration, which year by year becomes more intimately associated with them. There is something in the oratorio which always suggests the fall of snow, lying so pure and spotless upon the earth, like a veil to hide its wickedness, before this sublime and beautiful purification. How tender the memory of the Birth thus commemorated, recalling peaceful thoughts of the lowly manger, before which the little farmer's boy declares the cattle in the stalls upon a certain midnight kneel in mute adoration!

Time forbids me to enter into any criticism upon the annual performance of this work. Whatever fault there be in

it lies mainly in the conducting, the choruses being invariably excellent. Yet, however imperfectly given, the composition remains the same wonderful conception, outliving all injustice and unwarrantable murder. It is encouraging to see that the audience which gathers to listen to it is composed mainly of those whose appreciation and enjoyment rise beyond the considerations of absolute perfection in the rendering, or in the hollow conventionalities of the concert-room. It is this class, occupying an indifferent position in society, which, after all, represents the popular sentiment, and elevates the general standard of music in the community. To such as these the Messiah appeals with warmest utterance and most stirring import. For me, I honor the mechanics, the seamstresses, the poor and the blind who listen with fervor to the sublime beauty of this composition, before which that heavenly countenance of Beethoven seems more speakingly majestic, as he stands with head bowed in listening adoration.

Hasten, then, to listen to this grand utterance of prayer; but, my friend, learn to listen for yourself. There is nothing so essential to an impartial judgment as *individuality*, in music as in everything else. Do not allow your neighbor to persuade you that the "For unto us," etc., or the "Hallelujah" is tedious and devoid of sense. Pay no heed to him; let him leave the hall, if he like; yet stay yourself, and listen attentively, striving to understand, and, above all, seeking to comprehend, the *sentiment of the whole;* for in this, I repeat, lies the grandeur of the *Messiah*. Nor be discouraged if, upon the first, second, or even third hearing, you go away half satisfied. If you must take this oratorio upon faith, recall the history of the *child*, the youth exalted by success, and the homage of the richest and most refined nation, and, again, the powerful genius, whose fame is firmly established, yielding to his despairing antagonists. Think of the early struggle, when his Majesty, King George II., composed the entire audience! And while you ponder these

things, recall the gradual progress of the man through years of study, including compositions which were received only with chilling indifference, through *forty-two* operas and minor compositions, up to this the final triumph. Watch the increasing celebrity of this oratorio, and remember that to-day, while many a once famed composer holds but a place in history, the name of George Frederick Handel has become a household word, with all who have loved music, no less than the cause of philanthropy. Listen, then, and reflect upon this wonderful drama, carrying us, in the words of Holy Writ itself, through the life of our Saviour, from the ancient prophecies, from the announcement of the angels, through the night of his suffering and death, to his glorification; and know that Handel was only restored to his father-land when the French levity and the sickening Italian fashion had brought church music so low that but a feeble ray of Bach's songs remained in the cathedrals. Listen, and you will be astonished to find how your cherished idols will fall, how even the strange beauty of your loved Beethoven, the melody of Schubert, and all the fascinating witchery of Mendelssohn, will vanish from your memory, and the flimsy *opera* melt away and sink into endless oblivion before the quiet grandeur of the *Messiah*.

Cuyler 84

NEW BOOKS.

Intuitions and Summaries of Thought. By C. N. Bovee. In two volumes. Boston: William Veazie. New York: Sheldon & Company. 1862.

We can best give our readers an idea of the contents of this book by quoting from the Preface. It was "the result of a habit, early adopted, and long adhered to, of jotting down from time to time, as occasion served and convenience permitted, such impressions, deemed worthy to be noted, as occurred to him in the intervals of active professional business." It is a common experience, that often better thoughts come unbidden than are yielded by careful and earnest reflection. Such thoughts generally escape our remembrance, if we do not make immediate record of them. Hence it will appear plain to every one that such a habit must abundantly repay him for the little time and labor which it exacts.

This book will not, from its nature, be read, like any other book, from beginning to end continuously. It is adapted rather to employing the many unoccupied intervals of time which occur to all of us, when its sententious, suggestive remarks will prove attractive reading. The subjects of the thoughts are arranged alphabetically. Some of the sayings are Baconian, others are quite ordinary; many have a great deal of point, a few very little. We select by chance a spicy specimen: "There are even some ardent devotees of trade who would almost go to hell itself, if they could get good bargains there. Their first salutation, perhaps, on meeting the Devil there, would be, 'Well, old boy, how's sulphur?'"

We think the author overrates some of our country's great men, when he asks whether it may not be said, that, within the last hundred years, "there have not been any more original painters than Stuart, Allston, and Cole; any more accomplished sculptors than Greenough and Crawford; any finer writers of fiction than Cooper and Hawthorne." We commend the book to our readers. It is issued in beautiful style; but it is needless to say a word of praise for a publisher whose books always possess the attractions of exquisite execution.

COLLEGE RECORD.

WAR RECORD.

1843.

John W. Kingman, Colonel 15th N. H. Reg.

1854.

Charles Lowell, Colonel 2d Mass. Cavalry.

1859.

Ellis Loring Motte, 1st Lieutenant 13th Mass. Battery.

1860.

Caspar Crowninshield, Major 2d Mass. Cavalry.

1861.

Lewis Stackpole Dabney, 2d Lieutenant 2d Mass. Cavalry.
William Forbes, Captain 2d Mass. Cavalry.

1862.

Goodwin Atkins Stone, 2d Lieutenant 2d Mass. Cavalry.

1863.

Charles Emerson, 2d Lieutenant 174th Reg. N. Y. V. M.

Class '63

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE town-clock, with twelve long and doleful strokes, woke us from a reverie. We thought we had heard the first notes of "Fair Harvard," as played by the Cambridge chimes, and were about to repeat, —

> "O the bells, the bells, the bells!
> How they clang, and clash, and roar!
> What a *horror* they outpour
> On the bosom of the palpitating air!"

when our chum, in an accommodating spirit, kindly informed us that it was the "bewitching hour of twelve," and that the Editor's Table must be written, as it had already been called for by the Devil, — not, gentle reader, in the guise of his namesake, — but the well-known printer's devil, than whom — the President's Freshman excepted — there is none we take more pains to avoid.

As we sit in a cosey retreat of our sanctum, curls the dim shadowy clouds from our old brier-wood pipe, — one of the few Sophomore relics we possess. What changes has that old pipe seen! It was our tried and faithful friend in the days of analytic, — the cause of much tribulation and sorrow to all, but to us in particular, as is testified by our box of sacred ashes, which we preserve with all the religious scruples of the famous queen of old. What a significant commentary on the mutability of all things earthly is presented by our indented brier-wood, and the broken fragments of its brother "chips"! Dear were the friends who smoked them a couple of years ago, as, wrapt in the "hazy" clouds by the social blaze of a cheerful winter fire, we talked Sophomore talk. Still, dear and dearer those friends, — some of whom nevermore shall smoke and talk! Happy days of the past, — sad to remember!

Another Thanksgiving — for some the last, for some the *first* — has been enjoyed. We have all met together again to study, — few to "squirt," and many, alas! to "dead." Mighty Freshmen, has it been well with you? As you carved the Thanksgiving turkey, did you not wish it were a Sophomore? and as your *loves* questioned the story of your short college life, did you not tell them of the "moving accidents," of "hair-breadth 'scapes," and the imminent dangers you had passed? Ah, — let not those fair cheeks, guiltless of the softest down, blush crimson, as you read, — did not those sweet lips whisper,

> "'T was strange, 't was passing strange;
> 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful"?

and did you not love them that they did pity you? For, in truth, you are most deserving of pity; you are now only undisciplined soldiers in the infantry corps; but if you are brave, may yet be numbered in the cavalry that boasts of smart ponies and right good riders. "Discretion is the better part of valor." Come back, and do as you *have* done, — barricade your doors and windows, make a fortress of your rooms, and when an editor of the Magazine knocks at your door after twilight to ask your subscription, refuse him admittance; or do as one of

your "braves" did, open the door with your left hand, holding a murderous "poker" in your right; and when asked to subscribe, sternly answer, "*I'll ask my mother*"!

"O COME let us sing unto the Lord a new song." Such is the exhortation which frequently greets our ears from the choir of Appleton Chapel. To us it seems to bear a profounder significance than the chanters appear to conceive. We know not whether it be the general opinion of the choir, that the talent and appreciation of the College is confined within the limit of their own number, or whether they labor under the fond delusion that their audience is afflicted with total privation of *memory*, but true it is, that we are too often compelled to listen to music which "beareth y^e^ stamp of y^e^ *olden time*," — as some facetious individual has repeatedly suggested, concerning a *tedious* Te Deum. Under the somewhat original manner in which the Chapel singing is conducted, we have become *tolerably* familiar with Concone and Van Bree, and may even lay claim to a somewhat limited acquaintance with Lowell Mason's "green book," whose rare melodies and touching hymns have more than once waked the echoes of the Chapel, and caused the crimson tapestry to turn pale with ecstacy.

We have also found frequent consolation in "Jackson's Te Deum," with its brilliant operatic excellence. True, we cannot deny that we are occasionally greeted with a new production; yet the general order of music is confined within a range, alas how limited!

We are far from suggesting any measure which may appear harsh and unwarrantable, yet we cannot but regard the choir as an old garment sadly in need of re-making. And from a long experience with its capacity and excellence, we would honestly assert that, in our opinion, a "double quartette" would be far superior to the present arrangement. We are confident, from attentive listening, that there are voices in the choir whose presence is a constant drawback to its fair performance. These should be weeded out, that the more valuable shoots may grow with more vigor and luxuriance.

We sympathize with a music-master to whom it falls to create a choir out of the indifferent material to be found in the University, yet we are confident there is room for improvement in a judicious selection of voices, and a limited number, suited to the demands of good harmony.

READER, do you not know among your friends some one who always has a story to tell or a pun to make? We do not mean one who makes a really good pun, now and then, but whose every thought is of puns, and jokes, which to be appreciated, should be followed by, "N. B. This is a goak."

We met our friend F——, who had just returned from enjoying his Thanksgiving recess. "Glad to see you, old fel—! had a good time?" said we. "Yes, a fine time," he replied, as he played with the buttons of our great-coat. "By the way, that reminds me of a conundrum: 'Why is a mouse like a hay-stack?'" Much we marvelled as to the possible relation betwen a mouse and a hay-stack, and, though knowing the infirmity of our friend for poor stories and worse puns, we began to entertain doubts as to his sanity, — doubts that were strengthened by

the suddenness of his question, and the air of importance which he gave it. At length we muttered, "Don't know"; whereupon he said, "Because the cat 'ill (cattle) eat it!"

We were informed that he perpetrated a worse pun than this while on the Sound, on his way from New York to Cambridge. A classmate, who was sitting by him on the deck of the boat, was startled by F—— suddenly exclaiming, "I fear I am getting deaf, — very deaf." "What makes you think so?" asked his friend. "What makes me think so? — why, I'm *on the Sound, and can't hear it!*"

"CHIPS." — Set a good estimate on yourself. If you do not, the chances are against your success. If you have any merit, and *claim* it, you *will* be respected. If you are worth never so much, and pretend to be worth nothing, the world is apt to take you at your word. A proper self-respect is a great virtue.

Energy generally accomplishes more than genius. Genius is too frequently accompanied by moral worthlessness. Plodding labor, like the slow but persevering tortoise, catches the fox, Genius, napping.

Men who inherit importance are always the most insolent. They are strangers to the nobility of labor, and that which makes men brothers, — their being fellow-laborers, — which was known to their progenitors, and was the cause of their importance, estranges them, degenerate sons, from the race of toilers. Truly, "every man is the maker of his own fortune," and he who lives wholly on what others earned, is a miserable dependent, and unworthy the respect of honest men.

We often use words as we do coin, without thinking of their value. For instance, it is common to speak of the *remains* of the dead, implying that the better part has departed and *left* only the mere wreck, — *remains*.

WE always like to get back in good season after Vacation, to have leisure to make a fire "and set things to rights." Accordingly, we arrived at our room Monday forenoon after the Recess, built a rousing fire, and were rather pleased at hearing a "footstep on the stair"; still more pleased when we became aware that our door had come in contact with the knuckles of the proprietor of the foot whose step we had heard. Upon our uttering the customary "Open sesame!" the door opened, when a scrap of paper entered, to which was attached a boy, who demanded from us the sum of seventy-five cents, in return for which he was to bind himself, his heirs, &c., to furnish us with the Boston Journal for the remainder of the year of grace 1862. Assuming a proper attitude, we immediately proceeded to lose ourself in deep thought for the space of thirty seconds. In that short time the contents of something like seventy-five Boston Journals ran through our mind, and we seemed to read again the important sentences, — "All quiet along the Potomac"; "The Government has at last become fully awake to the magnitude of the crisis, and hereafter the war will be prosecuted with vigor"; with other important information equally fresh. With the far-sighted Henry, we exclaimed, "We know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, we wish to know what there has been in the contents of the

Boston Journal (or any other paper) for the last ten months to justify the hope that there will be any *new* news for months to come ? "

With becoming gravity we informed the emissary of " that sacred palladium " that we could not " see it," and, as he departed, slamming the door indignantly behind him, we resumed the perusal of the essay on " Quicksilver as a circulating medium."

Mrs. E—— once took her little boy Sam with her to St. Louis. Sam, while standing on the steamer's deck, saw the boatmen removing freight, — among other things flour-barrels. Many years afterwards Sam went to spend a college vacation with his uncle, — a choleric old gentleman, who, like the French doctor in the play, took offence at trivial causes. Being an old bachelor, he had but two rooms furnished in the house, — one a parlor, and the other a bed-room, honored with one bed, — into which the uncle and nephew retired at a late hour. Sleep soon came to their relief. But the sleep of young Sam was a troubled one. His body was at rest, but his mind was actively engaged in distorting facts, and misrepresenting time and place. Sam was dreaming of steamboats, and flour-barrels which boatmen were rolling from the deck to the wharf. Sam thought he would help them in their work, but had no sooner pushed the first flour-barrel than he was awakened — or, in the language of metaphysicians, was suddenly snatched from the twilight of his sleeping imaginations, and placed in the meridian lustre of his waking perceptions — by the loud report of some heavy body falling. The maledictions pronounced by his irritable uncle, who was lying on the floor in the attitude of the Dying Gladiator, informed Sam of his mistake. The truth at once flashed before his mind. He *had mistaken his uncle for a flour-barrel!*

Very Accurate. — In a catalogue which we received from a New England college, which shall be nameless, we noticed the following sentence, which struck us as being somewhat accurate: " There are in the library *about* three hundred and *one* books."

What does it mean ? — After the singing by the choir of a chapel, not a thousand miles from Cambridge, the next hymn announced was, " *May our discords cease!* "

A Wilt Joke : — Noitol Enirecylg Syeliw.

A Word to Subscribers, — being, of course, a request to pay for the Magazine. On this point we must be explicit. *The money must be paid immediately, or the publication of the Magazine will be suspended!* The Editors are willing to do all that can be reasonably expected, but cannot take upon themselves the responsibility of a debt, which can be so easily avoided by those for whom, and for whom exclusively, the Magazine is published. The publication of each number is paid for *in advance*, and therefore, when the funds fail, the publication of

the Magazine will cease. There is not one among all our subscribers who is *unwilling* to pay, but every one reasons thus: "There is time enough; they can wait a little while for *my* two dollars!" and so your Editors are left without money. This is not the time to consider the expediency of publishing the Magazine at all. Now is the time to *pay honest debts*. It is not a part of our duty to "dun" each man, though we have "done" it! We most sincerely trust — for the honor of old Harvard, and for their *own honor* — that subscribers will call at the University Bookstore and pay their bills without delay.

EXCHANGES. — We have received "The Yale Literary Magazine" for November; "The Nassau Literary Magazine" for September and October, and "The Williams Quarterly" for August and November.

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THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

IT has already become a trite remark, that never within the history of America has the nation reached a moment of such importance as the present. We cannot look around us for an instant but our eye is arrested by signs of the terrible convulsion which now agitates the country, involving in its struggles the very life and heart of a great people. In the midst of this tremendous crisis, whose magnitude many of us yet fail to comprehend, we may well pause to reflect upon the state of the country and the issues involved in this contest. Still more does it become members of this University to think deeply upon the vast importance of the war.

The new year opens with a profounder significance than any which has preceded it since the days of 1776. Who will estimate the rapidity with which each day, each hour, writes the nation's history? Scarcely dare we presage good or evil lest to-night's despatch tells us we should have spoken yesterday. We predict in the evening, and the morning brings tidings of the event. In view of this rapid march of history, how intense does life become, how profoundly interesting each event which marks the progress of the hour in

which we live! To us who yet linger, as it were, by the threshold of a nobler existence than we have hitherto conceived, upon whose foreheads our distracted country would inscribe "Hope," the solemnity of the hour appeals with peculiar earnestness. The scenes through which we are now passing, laden with the result of years' bitter experience, thunder in our ears a warning too terrible for utterance. We cannot but heed the admonition. However silent we have thus far been content to remain, we have at length reached a period in our history when it behooves every good citizen, still more those who are entering upon manhood, to weigh and consider with faithfulness and sincerity the present crisis, and to decide concerning his fair opinion. Never within our lives has the call to think and judge for ourselves been more imperative than now. We cannot avoid this call if we would, nor would we shrink from a duty thus sternly imposed upon us, which every impulse of our nature prompts us to accept and perform with fidelity.

Such, then, is the immediate bearing of the war upon us who yet remain with our *Alma Mater:* we must reflect. Removed as we are from the more immediate call to the service of the country, every sentiment of national honor, every dictate of conscience, compels us to act this part, no less arduous than that of the soldier, involving at once the purest love of nationality and the loftiest aspirations for justice and humanity. This lies deeper within us: a less important claim, too often neglected, is thrust upon us by study. I know of none to whom we should point for a knowledge of our history, or a worthy appreciation of the characteristics which mark this Republic, if not to those who, like us, live to learn and examine. Yet who of us will name the Presidents of the United States, describe the battle of Ticonderoga, or even say for what we honor and revere the name of Washington? I am aware that I stand in my own light in asserting that it is the duty of every man to acquaint himself with the history of our country in times like these, yes, more than

this, — he should know something of the history of our Congress, and, above all, of our Constitutional law. Who wishes to bear the taunt of some obtuse Englishman, when he attempts to descant upon the virtues of a monarchical government, and the impossibility of a republic, contenting himself in reply with the vague generalities about liberty and freedom, which his earliest efforts in oratory have left dangling from his memory? We need to be well informed to discuss even with the cockney who has learned "the succession of kings" with his alphabet, who talks affectedly of law and order, and sneers at a Constitution which may be bought for a sixpence. Nor can we fully comprehend the feelings with which foreign nations regard us in this crisis, save we be somewhat familiar with their own histories. The attitude of France may be greatly influenced by a remembrance of her own bloody annals and the fate of her republic. Such being the importance of *history* at this time, before all other study it must take precedence, nay, we are actually compelled to its consideration by conscious ignorance no less than by daily experience. With this in view, one by one, from the daily papers and from the pamphlets of the day, we accumulate facts which render the war more interesting and intelligible, and serve to stimulate effort, so that we may confidently look forward to a time when all will know whether Jefferson was a Whig or a Tory, and who gained the battle of Bunker Hill! In this connection, too, might we name another department of special interest, — the *press* of the country. This calls upon us to decide for what we respect the freedom of an instrument so important in its influence upon national character. Political economy, too, how vast its importance at this time! We cannot read an item of the newspaper, nay, purchase the paper itself, or set foot in a horse-car, but it meets us with a host of queries which baffle all attempt to reply. Accompanying it are the momentous considerations in points of International Law, directly affecting the welfare of the nation. Ask your friend

to explain to you the "Trent affair," or the meaning of the term "belligerent." Moreover, innumerable questions of finance and taxation arise, together with a hundred collateral branches of trade and commerce, to answer which would seem to require a lifetime, yet of paramount importance to him who would keep pace with the rapid march of our history. What an agreeable surprise it was to some of us to learn lately that our lack of credit with France and England, eighteen months ago, only saved us from an enormous national debt abroad, far more pernicious to our government than that likely to be contracted in this country! What a relish there is in such an announcement, when we reflect upon the conduct of England toward us, and the ominous indecision of the court of France!

I have adduced a few examples to show, if possible, what constitutes the principal demand upon us as reading and thinking men. The list might easily be swelled to an endless variety of considerations hardly less important in their bearing upon our appreciation of the times in which we live. It becomes us to consider, then, in what way we can best answer these demands upon us, seeing that in their fulfilment lies the noblest service we can for the present render our country. The means are too apparent to require suggestion. They are everywhere at our disposal, and await only our inclination to be made available. They present themselves in our text-books or in that living political economy, — a Boston merchant "on 'change." Practical difficulties I grant you fill the way, and at times seem almost discouraging, yet the first element to all success is determination to succeed. I honestly aver that I look forward with patient longing to the day when I shall at length comprehend the "goose sum" in the little arithmetic, and the "elimination phenomenon" in algebra; when interest shall acquire interest till it be compound, and all the mysteries of discount and exchange shall be emblems of transparency!

Thus far I have touched only upon those points demanding

attention, whose mastery depends upon mental effort and continued perseverance. There is another consideration to which every other becomes of necessity subordinate, whose full comprehension lies deeper than all, yet simplest of any we may name. This is not of books, — save one, the greatest: we find it not in the newspaper or the Political Economy: it is of the mind, the heart, the soul. It is, in every history from the beginning of the world, the sting, the salvation. We cannot analyze it by study: it is born in us, — it is of High Heaven.

No one who reflects seriously can for an instant remain in doubt as to the one bitter drop in the cup of this great nation's prosperity, — the drop which, infusing itself almost imperceptibly throughout the whole, has turned the draught to bitterest gall, — need I say it is *human slavery?* Wearied of its habitation in Turkey, Russia, and England, this fearful demon, creeping ever westward, hid itself within the ribs of the Mayflower, and sought shelter in our New World. Our courtesy it now bitterly repays in the fratricidal struggle into which we have at length been plunged. Let not any man, in Heaven's name, wilfully remain blind to every principle of truth and justice, nor fail in this dark hour to look deep and soberly into the *causes* of this war! From the dreary battle-fields of the Peninsula, whose soil has been purified by their blood, from the listless waters of the Potomac, once mingled with the sweet lives lost in so God-like a sacrifice, from the barren hospitals whose silent walls, endeared to us forever by their sickness and death, still weep the ebb of those dear lives, the voices of those we loved, whose departure has left us desolate and alone, cry to us in tender accents, yet of how terrible significance, to pause and reflect upon the sin which has thus sundered the nation and enveloped the welfare of a mighty republic in its folds. It is beyond the power of any human being to remain insensible to this tremendous question, — contrary to every impulse implanted in the breast of man to regard with indiffer-

ence the picture of four millions of people in slavery. Thus does the *Proclamation* mark a new era in our history, and the New Year come to us radiant with this single garland; not that its practical effects may be immediate or successful, but because it is the expression of an exalted *idea*, which in the length of years must carry with it conviction. Viewed in this sense, it is beautiful, sublime. Like a faint echo of Justice bleeding and torn, it whispers in our ear with the breath of angels this Divine encouragement. God grant it may swell into an exulting shout, which shall ring with inspiration through the land! It sometimes seems as though the heart must sink in utter despair; yet who can doubt that out of the thick night through which we now struggle blindly, as has been so finely said, "even with a bridge of gold for the flying fiend," shall break in distant years a fairer, purer dawn, which shall flood this new-born world with golden glory? So gentle is this sweet counsellor, Hope.

As I write, my thoughts wander back to a community of young men, hundreds in number, among whom such aspirations as these appear ambitious, violent; who, living in hopeless apathy, loathe *discussion* as they would the *plague*, and sacrifice all to raise aloft one demigod, — *Conservatism!* Time alone will show which is in the right. Vain is it for us to attempt to decide, yet true is it that none other feelings than those of love and sorrow move our hearts.

It seems mockery to speak of the *advantages* of the war; yet certain it is that, were the conflict to cease to-morrow, we should estimate the profit to the country in the advance in the moral sentiment of the people, and in the test of national character and identity. So is it in private life. Deepened by tribulation and bereavement, full of melancholy resignation, the soul strives to attain unto a purer existence, a higher spirituality. Before the gentler and more benign influences of religion and beauty, kindlier feelings take possession of us, and the baser impulses of our nature cower away, leaving us free to breathe a clearer, rarer atmosphere.

As the terrible mysteries of death are brought home to us, our lives become calmer and more thoughtful, while the idea of a wise and loving Father pervades our minds, rendering our very desolation patient and hopeful. The hearts that within these walls have throbbed side by side with ours still seem to beat within our memory, the faces that were wont to greet us from the cherished window-seat still seem to smile and welcome us; the same voices, once soft and tender, now become music in our ears, still call to us from homes within whose everlasting peace we cannot enter, bidding us lead purer, nobler lives, and intensifying all the wonderful beauty of our earthly pilgrimage. With these distant admonitions, so full of tenderness and encouragement, we cannot but lay to heart "the duty of the hour."

SEASIDE MUSINGS.

I MUSED, one day, as I sat alone
By the ocean-side, on an old gray stone,
While the wind howled loud, and the waves beat on,
What is this life?
The clouds hung darkly overhead,
The ocean seemed angry in its bed,
And the wind shrieked fiercely, while on it sped,
As if in strife.

The cry of the sea-bird was hushed; he had stole
From the wind's loud roar and the water's roll;
And a wave of doubt swept over my soul,
As thoughts came fast.
"Life is a scene with trouble rife;
This world is a world of conflict and strife:
It is like this scene, — e'en such is life,
From first to last."

And I said: "O thou wind, swift hurrying on,
What dost thou say in thy troubled moan?
What is life to thee, thou restless one?
Tell me, I pray.
Is it of sorrow, or is it of joy?
Doth its influence last, or may aught destroy
The effect it hath? Doth it employ
More than its day?"

And the wind murmured low, as it answered me:
"O man, thy life is like yonder sea,
Full of trials and troubles; so 't will be
Even to the grave;
And like yonder sea, with the ceaseless flow
Of its billows, thy years shall come and go,
And shall leave no more of their mark than doth show
This sand the wave."

"O, if this is life, what is it to live?
If this is all that the world can give,
'Twere better to die.
'Twere better to die than to live in sorrow,—
What we suffered to-day to suffer to-morrow."
This thought caused the wind's reply.

A year passed on, ere I sat alone
Again by the sea, on the old gray stone,
While the wind murmured low, and the waves beat on,
But a change had passed;
For the clouds were gone, and the sun shone bright,
And the waters were crossed with a line of light,
And my heart beat high at the beautiful sight
From heaven cast.

And my heart went back a year agone,
When I sat before on that same old stone,
And heard the waves' dash, and the wind's low moan,
To my question then;
And I thought what now would its answer be,
Should I ask of it now to tell to me,
As it softly came o'er the rippling sea,
What is life again?

And I spoke: "O thou wind, swift hurrying on,
What dost thou say in thy peaceful tone?
What is life to thee now, thou restless one?
Tell me, I pray,
Hath it more of gladness, or more of grief?
Doth it bring to man trouble or relief,
In the wearying cares of this world so brief,
Ere its quick decay?"

"O man, again, as in years gone past,
With a gleam of light o'er its surface cast,
Peaceful and calm as is yonder sea,
Again, like the ocean, is life to thee."

Then a feeling of joy upon me stole,
And I thought that if life took its hues from the soul
Of man himself, if we look upon life
As a world of peace instead of strife, —
As a world o'er which joy and love preside, —
Instead of a world in which guilt may hide,
That then our life shall not only seem,
But shall be as a peaceful and quiet dream,
And we always shall live in a happy mood,
If we look upon life on its side of good.

THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

THE present condition of this country has afforded to the monarchists of Europe an opportunity, long sought, of proving to their own satisfaction the downfall of a democratic system of government, and of exulting in their notions of the stability of kingdoms. They charge this war of unauthorized revolt against constituted authority on the institutions of popular government, while they covertly exult at the apparent success of rebels, forgetting their own insecurity. To

none of the elements of our government do they more frequently refer than to the system of universal suffrage, which is considered the basis of all our troubles. In the late events which have resulted from our political constitution they see only one cause, the right of universal suffrage; and as this is the only real distinction between democracy and aristocracy, it may be well to consider the subject. The important question arises, Can we not free our system of suffrage from its inherent faults?

The Constitution of the United States does not define the persons who may exercise this right. It was left to individual States to be defined in accordance with local laws; hence we have in some States as a qualification for the exercise of this right a property standard, which, although usually very small, has still its influence. In almost all the States the laws are very nearly alike: the person must be a male white of twenty-one years or upwards, and able to read and write. Paupers and persons under guardianship are of course excepted. These general laws have in the main proved successful; but in some States the elections can hardly be called the will of the majority, but must be wholly in the hands of the aristocracy. In South Carolina, of the male whites over twenty years of age who can neither read nor write, the number was, in 1850, 15,580, or 1 in 7 of the population; in Virginia, 1 in 5; in North Carolina, 1 in 3. Can it be possible that these are citizens of our democracy? In Massachusetts, the proportion was 1 in 517; truly we have work before us.

We ought especially to educate the people, if we would free the elective franchise from many of its faults. It should be constantly remembered that this is an honorable thing, that no mean nor degraded man should be allowed to exercise this right. There is properly a qualification, but ought it not to be more sharply defined? Any person who comes to our shores calls himself an American citizen, and in a certain appointed time is allowed the privilege of voting,

whether he has learned anything of the political history of the country or has been occupied the whole time in making money. The mass of immigrants care little for the parties of their new home; they come for a living, and would be content with that; but when they find political demagogues ready to help them in their material interests, if they will only take the trouble to vote, they are citizens at once, and very ready to uphold the cry of their party. An American-born citizen is allowed to vote when he has attained the age of twenty-one years, although before that time he may have been graduated at a university and commenced his professional studies. The law makes any one above eighteen subject to military duty, and surely a man who will suffer and bleed for his country might well ask the right of representation in the government. Is this age a fit one for the limit, or in fact is any age? Surely a young lad of fifteen, who has been at school for ten years, and is of observant habits, must be as well qualified for voting as his father's laborer, who has not been in the country long enough to know what the word democrat means. Yet the man is affectionately addressed as a constituent, — the boy snubbed for his impertinence.

The remedy lies in making education a standard for the right of franchise. If an intelligent boy is able to pass an examination before a regularly constituted board, on the first principles of equity and the importance of the relations existing between government and the people, by all means let him vote. What a field of generous rivalry and earnest enthusiasm this would present. *Per contra*, if a man of forty could not, either from ignorance or imbecility endure successfully the same ordeal, remand him to the next examination. Adopt any plan you please, but at least let the educated and reflecting adopt some means of putting a stigma on this common street ignorance, which is so much the hope of the demagogue. Our democracy calls upon us not to abridge the rights of the people, but to elevate the masses to the ideal of the republic, to a sense of justice and equity.

A man should approach the ballot-box with clean hands and a pure heart; yet how many there are who make it the instrument of the vilest crimes. Who would dare propose that no man who had ever been convicted of bribery or corruption should enjoy the franchise? Yet some weaker soul might at least attempt a change, so that no debauchee or confirmed drunkard should be allowed to vote. A criminal might be put on probation when his service due society had been rendered, and if he lived uprightly and honestly, again assume his right to the franchise.

There is one subject in connection with the electoral franchise which it would be well to ponder. Ought not the laws relating to voting to be exactly alike throughout the nation? Have not even the slight differences been a source of trouble? Five blacks are equivalent to three whites in computing the census of the Slave States, but our democratic fathers forgot to make ten or a dozen cattle equal to three whites at the North, and yet both were equally property in their far-seeing eyes. Representation to be effective must be based on some sort of equality; and if property of one kind is a basis in one part of the country, property of another kind may as justly ask to be represented.

But we trust that the day is coming when property qualification, and especially that based upon property in man, shall be done away with, and the Republic educate all the people to a proper understanding of their duties in this important function of a citizen.

Longwith 63

THE SIREN ROCKS.

THE fitful gale has ceased its stormy roar,
And the wild breakers dash in frantic glee;
Along the coast of distant Capri's shore
I hear the siren music of the sea.

The storm recedes down the clear azure sky,
And lowers backward like a beaten foe;
Through the white foam I hear the sea-birds' cry,
As they wheel o'er the boiling surf below.

But sweeter when the storm has ceased its roar,
And from the glassy bosom of the sea
The long swell ripples up the sandy shore,
And the blue wavelets sparkle bright and free.

Long could I listen to their magic swell,
But in my dreams I hear a sound more dear, —
The wind among the woods I know so well,
The plashing of my native river clear.

Then to the Siren song I 'll not relax, —
I leave the cliffs and the long yellow strand, —
My ears not, like Ulysses', filled with wax,
But with the music of my native land.

Edward 63

SOMETHING ON DREAMS.

THE soul of man is a mystery, breathed out of that grand mystery, the "Creator," the essence of which we know nothing. Long centuries ago the sagest oracle of the Grecian world gave as the precept of perfect happiness, the study of the soul; for centuries has that oracle been reverberating through the halls of learning, for centuries has the human mind been delving in the paths of education, and yet, after all our toilsome efforts, knowledge of the soul is the "Ultima Thule" which we have not reached.

Of the various phenomena which are interwoven, and have their influence upon the soul, there are perhaps none so little comprehended as these phantasms of our sleep, which we term dreams; from remotest time they have had a significance which seems almost fabulous; they have been used to influence the wise and to dupe the ignorant, to serve the purposes of religion and of politics. What then is this which we term a dream?

It is the recurrence of ideas. An incorporeal sight of the soul, seen during the period of sleep, which we must understand as the natural cessation of the external senses, and the period of recuperation for both the body and the mind; it is the picture of the imagination which, in this general repose of the mind and body, still performs its functions, for the imagination is sleepless. Among ignorant and superstitious people dreams still form a part of the national creed. No portion of the religion of the ancient Gauls and Romans was treated with greater reverence than that which included divination, and the interpretation of dreams; their frequent fulfilment gave to them an air of truth, and made them the more easily to be considered as divine commands. Yet with the experience of our times we can in almost every instance prove the dream to have been the cause of its fulfilment. Augustus rebuilt the city of Carthage in consequence of a

dream of his Uncle Julius. A dream made Paris the seducer of Helen. Cromwell dreamed that he was to be the greatest man in England, and these ambitious dreams haunting his waking moments urged him on to the overthrow of the house of Stuart and to his own aggrandizement. Joan of Arc, before her proposition for the coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims, saw in her dreams an angel, who commanded her to go, and promised to assist her. She obeyed the dream, and the history of the result forms one of the brightest pages in the annals of France. When superstition held a more potent sway than at present, dreams were referred directly to some divinity; but, unfortunately for this dogma, modern investigations do not support it, and our matter-of-fact age has divested them of much of their ancient mystery. Coincidences will often happen so strange and startling as to almost stagger the strongest sensibilities. Yet, after all, they are nothing more than mere coincidences, and in this light they become stripped of that mystery with which a superstitious age had surrounded them. Intense application in the pursuit of any particular object is likely to flash upon the imagination, while the other faculties are in a state of repose, pictures of that object, and of that alone. The dreams of sick persons foretelling death are often induced by the disease, which terminates in death. Such dreams always precede the epidemic fevers of the Roman campagna, and in such case must be considered as the result of the inherent seeds of the disease which has not as yet become manifest.

Madness has been termed a waking dream, for in this state the external senses are perfectly free and capable of use. It is the mind or soul alone which wanders.

In the palmy days of Greece and Rome, when the heathen mythology had reached its wondrous height, and had acquired over the minds of men a power almost beyond belief, certainly more extensive than the Christian Church of to-day, persons afflicted with madness were considered to be under the especial protection of the deity, and were looked upon

with reverence by the people. Modern science has, however, toppled down this dogma of the mythological world, (as it has toppled down many another,) and from being considered an inspiration, it has come to be considered one of the most terrible of the maladies incident to the human race. It is very evident that from a matter-of-fact investigation we shall be led to strip phantasms of the divine origin which has been ascribed to them, and to consider them, after all speculation has been laid aside, as but the sensations of the imagination, induced, in the great majority of cases, by an overworked brain, a careless diet, a thrilling impression, or a longing expectation. While education was confined to the very few, and those mostly of the religious orders, for whose interest and emolument it was to keep the masses in a state of ignorance and superstition, it is very natural that they should have shaped for their own use those strange coincidences which have so often happened, and which must continue to happen while time itself shall last.

They would have been stupid indeed to have neglected that most powerful of all levers on the human mind, superstition, which has ever proved the most absolute and terrible agent, and this superstition which has moved mighty people to mighty acts, which has held myriads of minds in its iron fetters, this blind belief owns, as its strongest ally, as its most potent adjunct, the dream, the offspring of some abuse of the faculties.

The civilization of our modern times has dispelled one by one the clouds of superstition which could so beguile the human mind, and education in its mighty advance has seized with an iron grasp the musty and fallacious dogmas of mythology and the dark ages, and has either turned them into her own allies or has destroyed them forever, and the *débris* of these gigantic impositions alone remain, the unsightly skeleton of the superstitious ignorance of a superstitious age.

As sleep is a temporary cessation of the external faculties, or a temporary death, so may we assert that there must be a resemblance of that which happens in this temporary death

to that which will happen in our eternal death. As our souls and our dreams are incorporeal, so also must be the state of our future existence; every sense of the corporeal must have its corresponding incorporeal, only far more intense in its power. For who in his waking moments has ever been transferred to that pitch of agony or of joy which he has often reached in his dreams?

The fertile genius and the bright imagination of the poet and the novelist have worked into many a pleasing shape, and decked with many a glistening gem, these weird phantasms of the brain; they have interwoven them into their pleasing fictions, and more pleasing poems, where their very weirdness has given a vivacity and liveliness to the pictures which they have drawn for our instruction and amusement. The most brilliant and entrancing of our modern writers have been dreamers, and their works have been but the embodiment of their dreams; and when the mind has not of itself flown readily to the land of mystery, the stimuli have not been wanting.

Scott mused in his halls of Abbotsford, surrounded by the antique armor and rude relics of the Highlanders of the past age, and pored over the wild legends of the northern hills until the phantasms of his brain took unto themselves distinctive shapes, and came forth at the bidding of the Wizard of the North to adorn his pages, and to entrance the modern world. Shelley was the living personification of a dream; indifferent to and unconscious of the world around him, he lived only in his own imagination. The brightest gems of Coleridge are but the narration of his opium dreams. The gloomy erraticisms of Poe are but the pictures of his delirious imagination, the hauntings of his own soul, the children of his wild debauchery. So are we all dreamers; lost in the great chaos of uncertainty which enshrouds us, we dream from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, — dreaming ever until death, the end of our living, which is but a transformation from a periodical to an eternal dream.

Edgwick '63

THE CHIMES.

I.

HEAR the wrangling of the chimes, —
Played-out chimes!
Oh! the yowling and the howling at the customary times,
How they jangle, jangle, jangle
Wretched airs on palsied Night;
Our feelings how they mangle
In their heathenish delight;
Out of time, out of time,
Not the faintest kind of rhyme —
Oh! the horrid Pandemonium that execrably comes
as from tombs, tombs, tombs, tombs,
tombs, tombs, tombs,
Oh! the clashing and the crashing of the chimes, — how it booms!

II.

Hear the dislocated chimes, —
Broken chimes!
The perpetual high-shrieking of unexpiated crimes, —
Far and near, loud and drear,
With what fear do we hear
The absurdity of clanging at those chimes!
Don't be thinking
We can drink in
All this melody at once,
Charming banger at the chimes;
Ringer, ranger, runger, ronger,
Binger, banger, bunger, bonger,
Don't smash at them any longer.

Have they stopped?
Yes, he's popped
Or has dropped
From out the tower of the bells —
How he swells!

Hartburn '64

A SQUIB AT THE SPIRITUALISTS.

ONE evening, several years ago, in the parlor of a certain house of a certain city, four persons were seated around a table on which were spread four pairs of hands. One of those four persons was a Spiritualist medium. Another was myself. The whole group were gazing intently at the table, and from time to time questions were asked, seemingly of the empty air, or of the table. "Are there any spirits present?" A pause. Then two or three feeble raps (I forget the exact number of raps by which these spirit telegraphists have agreed with the mediums to represent the word Yes) answered the question in the affirmative. The attendant spirit, who did us the favor to rap, was, however, too lazy or tired that evening to tip the table, and so we lost that part of the common Spiritualist entertainment. However, he, she, or it was kind enough to interpret our thoughts for us, thus: — We took a book containing an alphabet, and placing a finger upon the letters successively, we heard a responsive rap-rap, as we touched, one after another, the letters which composed the word we had thought of. I was more astonished at this than at the simple rapping, which some sceptics have referred to causes remote from any spirit agency. I could not then explain the phenomenon, and I have not yet seen it satisfactorily explained. However, many a ghost before now has turned out simply a superannuated broomstick, encased in ghostly garb, or a boozy butcher-boy, clad in the light garments of the night, wandering untimely from his bed, and so it is best not to be afraid of them.

The next time that concrete Spiritualism obtruded itself upon my attention was several years later. One Sunday morning, while in a country church, I heard a noise, as if some one was driving nails in the cellar beneath the church. The noise continued at intervals. Considerable curiosity

was excited by this curious sound. The sexton ran down cellar to stop the noise. The deacons left their seats, and held a council of war in the entry. By putting their heads and ears together, they discovered that the noise proceeded from a female Spiritualist lecturer, who was visiting the town. The preacher, it seems, had made some remarks which might be construed into an attack on Spiritualism, and whenever he touched upon what this touchy spirit chose to consider Spiritualism, volley on volley of defiant raps answered him back. The wrath of the deacons was roused. The woman was told that if she interrupted the service in the afternoon, the constable would put her in jail. Whether in such a case the indignant spirit would have rapped the constable's head, or whether these spirits are simply invisible tongues, with no powers except to utter words (like some men) might have been proved, if that woman had come to church that afternoon. But, unfortunately for science, she stayed away, and the Spirit being either unable or afraid to appear unless protected by some corporeal frame, followed her example. Such has been my acquaintance with "spirits" in the peculiar and *unique* sense in which that term is used by modern Spiritualists.

There seem to be so many well-authenticated accounts of apparitions, seen just after death, that we must believe that such sights have been seen. But that the spirits of the departed good should descend to earth, and mingle in the low mummery of tipping tables and rappings is a thing contrary to the dictates of reason and common sense. These senseless wonders belong more to Mr. Anderson, "the arch illusionist of the nineteenth century," than to immortal spirits clothed in light. Is it reasonable to suppose that the spirits of the illustrious dead, of the great and good men who have lived in time gone by, should so change their character, and throw away their dignity and decency, as to be ready at the call of any "medium" to utter words of which any living man would be ashamed, and which would bring down ridi-

cule upon him? Can any one conceive, that men who upon earth acted wise and good parts, when they left their mortal frames, left also so much of their character as to descend to such low jugglery as the tipping of tables, and the other tricks upon the Spiritualist programme?

We can all of us see the use, the beauty, and the dignity of such miracles as healing the sick and restoring the dead to life. Are there no sick among us, that these vaunted spirits can heal without wasting their miraculous powers upon tables?

But how can these things be explained? you ask. For one, I don't know. But perhaps, even in this nineteenth century, there are a few things which we do not understand, which future times will easily explain. Perhaps "there are more things in heaven and earth than even our philosophy e'er dreamed of." There may be physical laws yet undiscovered, which will explain these mysterious rappings, and all the rest of the mummery by which spiritualists, and even some "mediums," are now deceived. May the day soon come!

COLLEGE LIFE.

I REMEMBER a picture of Addison's walk at Oxford, which I came across, years ago, when I was making my first acquaintance with schools and book-learning. At that time, the mention of a college suggested very ill-defined ideas in my mind. It was a place, I indistinctly fancied, where the amount of learning accumulated was amazing, in fact, past all comprehension, and where men attained to the very acme of human wisdom, but only by undergoing, as a preliminary, the severest mental labor. And for this reason, a feeling of awe had always associated itself with these early notions of a college. But the picture I met with gave me new and

pleasanter impressions. In it the future essayist was depicted taking a walk by moonlight, down a favorite path, which lay along the margin of a romantic looking stream, — perhaps the Cherwell. In the background, Christ Church rose up majestic and sombre; the moon's image was reflected undisturbed in the smooth waters of the stream, while her light peeped through the plentiful foliage. Here seemed something pleasurable, and it appeared to me that one might be willing to submit to superhuman studies, if they were to be prosecuted in such a charming place as the picture represented.

In imagining how delightful it would be to dwell in such a fairly-like place, I forgot the odious ideas I had previously entertained of the fearful intellectual tasks which a collegian's life was inflicted with. The romantic air that the picture gave to this particular locality was, in my belief, peculiar to all colleges, and worked a complete transformation in my notions of them.

Its impression has proved ineffaceable. The pictured moonlit view imparted a pleasing tinge to all thoughts of college life, making it seem a period when it took no effort to drink plentiful and luxurious drafts from the Pierian spring. But no one finds the poetry and romance of such highly wrought imaginings fully realized by experience. No doubt the venerable piles of Oxford and Cambridge, — their architecture, their ancient memories, and the refined atmosphere which surrounds them, — may make a long stay among them a rare pleasure; and even the more unpretending universities of our own country may serve as places for careless recreation; yet a student who would look to passing at college a life of easy enjoyment, would greatly mistake the purpose which colleges should subserve.

I do not mean to say by this that a collegian's career is one more of labor than of pleasure. There are too many to give a counter experience, and they among those who have faithfully done their part as students. We are all well

aware how many enjoyments enliven every day of a student's life, — the genial fellowship of one's classmates, the healthful exercise, the cheerful conversation, or the favorite author enjoyed in an easy-chair. Still an earnest effort is due from him, without the self-delusion that in college he has found a refuge where less is demanded of him than were he out in the world. Idleness has no more excuses with him than it has elsewhere.

It belongs to him, as it does to all men, soberly and conscientiously to discharge his allotted duties. He may think it justifiable to "frolic while 't is May," and pretend that he means to devote himself with more energy and application when he has thrown his text-books aside and entered upon his life work. But let him feel that this work has already begun even in college; let him feel that then and there the time has arrived to "lay aside childish things," if that means to put away the heedlessness of boyhood, and live as though animated with a desire for substantial mental improvement. There is not one of the most indifferent of students anywhere, but will maintain his determination of adopting a new rule of life when he enters upon the sterner duties of whatever avocation he may take up. It is only for the few years that his *Alma Mater* has him under her immediate supervision, that he means to grant himself an easy, unagitated life and exemption from everything toilsome. Did he feel convinced that, even as he would fill his future calling with credit, he ought to be at least decently fitted for it, we would find him not only seeking to profit from his studies, but striving at all times to acquire those industrious habits which are best formed in early life.

It is a patent fact, that those students are many, and to be found everywhere, who look to a university as a delightful Lotos land, where one may live in a half dream, rather than a place for serious attention to books. In their thoughts, it seems a refined happiness to be living in a more or less literary atmosphere, to have there hosts of companions of the

right sort, to study as far as it is agreeable to do so, to have plenty of time to read and indulge in pleasant fancies, and, in short, to "lap their souls in Elysium." They reason in this wise: The world has produced many men of mark who spent their time leisurely when at college; it is not the midnight oil and the day consumed over pages of perplexing wisdom, that make a man either great or a genius; and therefore they are as likely to be as useful and as eminent in after-life as the more diligent of their classmates. True, genius and inborn abilities are generally sure to show themselves, even when they do not receive their proper cultivation; but it is equally true that, with that cultivation, they are sure to become more conspicuous and yield more valuable results. Had Goldsmith employed his talents with more assiduity when, at Dublin University, he lived a collegian's life, in all likelihood there had never been occasion to deplore his want of that regularity and purpose which would have saved him from being the shiftless fellow that he always was, and enabled him, perhaps, to delight the world with more of such works as "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Deserted Village," and "The Traveller."

This may seem like preaching a stupid sermon; but in thus urging upon the student's attention the necessity of a faithful use of his time, I would have him imagine other incentives than mere ambition for rank and other honors which superior scholarship confers. These are rewards for which every effort is commendable. Yet a student who would strive for them alone, would be wanting indeed in that noble, elevated aim which should characterize the true student. His chief consideration in mastering his books, is the immense benefits accruing to him from his daily increase in knowledge. But the young man who would look upon the committal to memory of a lesson only as the means of insuring a perfect recitation, and securing a full mark in consequence thereof, merits all the odium which attaches to the epithet of a "dig." And it may safely be asserted, that

many who are hard-working scholars, as long as their application brings them the distinction of standing high in the scale of merit, would lose all their interest in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, were the mere acquisition of knowledge held out to animate them in their labors. I can imagine those youths who, in conning their lessons, regard them merely as tasks, and who are students more of words than of ideas, to be fine scholars as far as standing in class is an indication, but very ignorant outside of their prescribed studies. Such as these have no sympathy with books as vehicles of valuable information, as the receptacles of scientific truths and ennobling thoughts, or as the means of attaining to a higher intellectual being; and for this reason, are deserving of all contempt. No; apart from any desire to maintain a high rank, the student will find that his books have in themselves attractions sufficient to engage a large proportion of his time, and prevent him from spending it to no purpose. Four years is a very short period, considering the list of studies which, during that time, invite an undergraduate's attention at any of our colleges. Can he expect to become respectably versed in them, pursuing at the same time a course of polite reading, paying due regard to the preservation of health, and even not ignoring the claims of sociability, without he makes an economical disposition of his time?

To be sure, there are many things to draw away a student's attention from his work, and make him forget the many worthy resolutions with which, perhaps, he entered college. He finds it no child's play to postpone all enticing pleasures till every duty is discharged. And these enticements, stronger, as they for the time seem, to any which study holds out, prevail too frequently, as many a collegian can testify. He has heard his elders warn him, and the warning has been as a "thrice-told tale," to make a profitable use of his advantages. He has, likely, heard many of them express regrets for their not being sensible, when young and at college, of the exceeding value of diligent and regular application. But is

the admonition of any avail? The old warn, and the young hear, but often never mend their ways until the right time and the best opportunities are lost; and then, reforming as far as possible, they, in their turn, give to the next generation the same warning which has been handed down from time immemorial.

Yet, on the other hand, that student would be guilty of an equally lamentable error who, too conscientious in his attention to his books, would lead the unsocial life of a recluse, and immure himself in his study, merely for the sake of securing himself against all outside allurements. Unneighborly retirement can never develop the large and generous impulses of human nature, and in a student is decidedly reprehensible. Removed as he is from the ordinary surroundings of home, with no father, mother, brother, or sister about him with their happy influences, there must be something to supply a wholesome relief, after laboriously poring over pages of a dead language and pondering intricate problems. To this end sociability is admirably adapted. It is, in fact, one of the essential charms of college life. What a horrid time we would have of it, if every day brought only a tedious round of studies and recitations, — tedious because the rest of the day were never enlivened by the companionship of one's classmates! Why, we would all be put in a fair way of being changed into lifeless book-worms, ignorant of the world, wanting in manliness, and devoid of all human sympathies. But it is impossible for a number of young men who come into such constant, daily contact as do the members of a university to be insensible to any fellow-feeling binding them together. They cannot, if they would, feel that they stand to one another only in the ordinary relation of man to man. Comparatively inexperienced, and with no familiar faces about them, they enter together, as strangers, upon a new life, with all its embarrassments. It is, therefore, but natural for them to feel irresistibly attracted the one to the other. The years which keep them united, cement more

strongly friendships which were happily begun. Their mode of life, with its traditional observances, — its own especial aims and ambitions, — not only links them closely as classmates, but its influence transcends the bounds of class and college, and seems to establish an inexplicable bond between them and all other collegians; so that when a Harvard man comes across one from Yale, it is, no doubt, with mutual feelings somewhat akin to those which a mason experiences on meeting a brother-mason of another lodge.

Your collegian takes a deep and lively interest in all matters that concern colleges and universities everywhere. He has the heartiest appreciation of the adventures of a Verdant Green. Fascinated with the story of a Tom Brown's collegiate experiences, he has read it and read it again. He has heard a great deal about Eton, and Rugby, and Harrow. He has found himself delighted with the way in which German students lead a wild, adventurous life, rendered highly enjoyable by their pipes, their beer, and their spirited songs of Körner. He wishes that some of the singular institutions of their universities could be transplanted to our shores; for a Bursch, in his imagination, is one of the happiest creatures alive. When he compares the respective attainments of European and American scholars, beholding the great advance of the former beyond the latter in point of classical and other knowledge, he longs for the day when scholarship will be as profound here as it is in Europe; when we shall have universities to turn out as good writers of Latin verse as Gray, Vincent Bourne, or Landor, and produce Senior Wranglers who will not be inferior to those of Cambridge or Oxford. That day, I trust, is coming; and I see a promise of it in the sure progress which the cause of education has ever made in this country.

It will be a great wonder, if the collegian does not discover that the society in which he is placed exerts a powerful influence upon his character, modifying his habits and opinions, and conforming them, in a great measure, to those which

prevail among his fellows. This influence is to be guarded against. Imperceptibly, he will be accustoming himself to students' ways; and when his time comes to be graduated, he is likely to leave college, not the same man, as far as habits are concerned, as when he entered. In the same way, he will frequently adopt the predominant ideas that he encounters, without any real conviction of their truth. Perhaps a desire to be popular, or to belong to the stronger side, will conduce largely to this result. Any how, that collegian is greatly to be pitied who would sacrifice his individuality to any weak ambition, or lose it for no reason at all. All possible scholarly accomplishments would form a poor exchange for the decided cast of character which every man should possess. Let every collegian, from the very start, resolve not to abate one jot from any opinion where reason does not dictate such a course. Such a determination will give him true manliness. Combined with a purpose to actuate him in his studies, and a proper estimate and use of the enjoyments which surround him, it will enable him to gather the richest blessings of college life.

ARION.

FROM THE "FASTI" OF OVID.

ARION! Him does earth or sea not know,
Whose song bewitching checked the water's flow?
Charmed by his voice, the wolf forsook its prey,
While lamb in flight would stop to list the lay.
E'en hares and hounds in the same shade reclined;
Nor did fierce lioness affright the timid hind.
The solemn, silent owl and chattering crow
The same tree-top would share, nor quarrel know.
The hawk no more gave terror to the dove,
Fear vanished, and 'tween them came peace and love.
Diana, when his music caught her ear,
With rapture seemed her brother's song to hear.
His name a household word through Sicily;
His lyre, his song, led captive Italy.
Now with his hoarded gains, 't was homeward bound
He sailed, with sea and sky far, far around.
Arion! if thou fear'dst the waters dark,
To thee the waves were safer than thy bark.
For lo! the steersman comes with sword in hand,
And men to serve his murderous command.
"What means thy sword? Be to the helm attent;
For mariners these arms were never meant!"
But in dismay he adds, "I fear not death,
Still let me give to song my dying breath."
The knaves consent, but jeer at his delay;
The minstrel decks himself in proud array
Of Tyrian purple robe, and wreath fit e'en
Apollo's glossy locks to bind, I ween.
His fingers strike the lyre; it gives a sound
As when a swan, weak from an arrow's wound,
Spends its last breath in plaintive melody.
Apparelled thus he leaped into the sea;
The ship was sprinkled with the up-dashed spray.
A dolphin with his curving back straightway
Upbore him as he sank into the wave.
Thus did Arion ride. A song he gave,
'T was all the dolphin claimed, — his sole reward.
Then wind and wave grew still with one accord;
The gods behold the deed; their sovereign Jove
Translates the dolphin to the world above;
And there, a constellation in nocturnal skies,
It meets the gaze of reverential eyes.

NEW BOOKS.

Conte 63

Diary from March 4, 1861, *to November* 12, 1862. By ADAM GUROWSKI. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1862.

THE author professes to record in this Diary what he heard and saw himself, and *heard* from *others* on whose veracity he could implicitly rely. He also professes to record his impressions as immediately felt; he takes especial care to tell us that they are *first impressions. For his own sake, and the honor of his adopted country, we hope they are.*

The Diary commences with the inauguration of President Lincoln and ends with the removal of General McClellan, which was, according to Mr. Gurowski, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." His book seems to be a tirade on Democracy, its principles and its champions, in the field and in the cabinet. If Democracy suffers from his misrepresentations and illogical inferences, it does not deserve to live. This modern Procrustes, clumsily handling his victims, cuts and adds until they have reached the Gurowskian political standard, — anti-McClellan and anti-Slavery; all other sentiments are heresy and disloyalty! Such statements contain within themselves their own refutation. His little book — and it would be *better* were it *less* — abounds in denials, in negations. He destroys, but does not reconstruct; he speaks of malversation in office, but does not propose a remedy.

Here are a few quotations, gems after his own liking: —

"I met McClellan, had with him a protracted conversation, and could look well into him. I do not attach any value to physiognomies, and consider phrenology, craniology, and their kindred to be rather humbugs; but, nevertheless, I was struck with the soft, insignificant inexpressiveness of his eyes and features. All that he said to me, and to others present, was altogether unmilitary and inexperienced. He *has no real confidence* in the troops; *has scarcely any ideas how battles are fought;* has no confidence in, and no notion of, the use of the bayonet. I told him that, notwithstanding his opinion, I would take his *worst* brigade of infantry, and, after a fortnight's drill, *challenge* and *whip* any of the *best* rebel brigades."

He speaks disparagingly of the Irish, — who compose one third of our army, and with whose willing blood every battle-field is dyed, — nor does he compliment Mr. Lincoln. He speaks of his "helplessness," &c., &c.

Thus closes the book: "*Dictatorship with Mc Clellan seems to dawn upon the horizon;* the smallest disaster — Burnside, ah! — will precipitate the catastrophe. I *pray* to God [*and for the first time?*] that I may be mistaken."

What does such stuff mean, — "Burnside, ah!"?

The book is worth reading, not for its ingenuity in endeavoring to make the worse appear the better side, but because it shows to what a pass misguided philanthropy and a perverted unity of purpose may bring a man. The book is full of quotations from foreign languages, — full of exclamations, of egotism, and nonsense!

The Poet's Journal. By BAYARD TAYLOR, Author of "Poems of the Orient," "Poems of Home and Travel." Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

ANOTHER valuable contribution to poetical literature has recently appeared before the public under the title of *The Poet's Journal.* It is a true and touching heart-history from the gifted pen of our famous American traveller, Bayard Taylor; and, in addition to its merits as a story, it abounds in such rare beauties and varieties of style and verse as must effectually secure for the author a reputation as a poet equal to that which he enjoys as a prose-writer. The title of the book might mislead us to expect a mere prosaic narration of commonplace events in the daily life of a tourist, but an examination of its contents unfolds to the reader incidents of experience in no way connected with the author's foreign travel. We cheerfully recommend the book to the readers of the Harvard Magazine.

Hellas; her Monuments and Scenery. By THOMAS CHASE, M. A. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1863.

Is there a man whom an acquaintance with Greek history and literature has not made a fond admirer of Hellas and her memories? It is not long before a faithful use of lexicon and grammar enables the scholar sufficiently to master the difficulties that at the outset attend his reading Greek; and then it becomes an indescribable pleasure to explore the vast field of Greek literature. Then he looks back with adoration to the ancient days of "blind Melesigenes," in his imagination "the olive-grove of academe, Plato's retirement," becomes a witching spot, and with the deepest reverence he cherishes

the sainted memory of Socrates. Hymettus, Marathon, Ilissus, ay, the name of every mountain, plain, stream, and valley seems fraught with inspiration and the richest melody. He cannot, if he would, be indifferent to the story of a land so fair and with a past so proud. Exclaim he must, that

> "Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
> Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved."

And he finds that he is not alone in these sensations, for by her irresistible attractions, Greece has invited the historian's pen and won from many a poet the noblest and the sweetest tributes. It was in Greece that Byron "sighed o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine"; it was Greece that awoke some of the loftiest strains of Milton, and drew forth sweet music from Shelley. It was the Greek language that Coleridge styled "the shrine of the genius of the Old World."

All this is introductory to saying that the book whose title heads this notice is by one who has studied Greek to some purpose. The author's name will be familiar to many as that of one who, ten years ago, was tutor in our University. His book contains a record of his observations during a tour in Greece, and the manner of it shows how delightful that tour was to him, as it must be to every scholar who makes it. It is easy to see that Greece is, in his estimation, a Mecca, demanding and well repaying a pilgrimage thither. He saw there a land "which, in arts, in letters, in all that exalts and dignifies man as an intellectual being, was the mistress and teacher of Rome herself, and still sways her sceptre over the whole civilized world." His style is beautiful. With eloquence and the choicest words, he describes Lycabettus, the Parthenon, Pentelicon, Ægaleus, and the like, so that they rise before the reader's eye in a charming landscape that seems almost real. Of course the book can have little that is new. It is only one tribute among many to a land that was once greatest among nations, to a land whose past was so splendid that one may well long for the time when

> "Another Athens shall arise,
> And to remoter time
> Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
> The splendor of its prime."

COLLEGE RECORD.

WAR RECORD.

(Continued.)

1849.

Charles Russell Codman, Colonel Mass. 45th.

1850.

James Morss Chase, Captain N. H. 7th.

1853.

Edwin Miller Wheelock, Chaplain N. H. 15th.

1856.

Jonathan Chapman, Acting Assistant Paymaster U. S. N.
Edward Francis Daland, Captain Mass. 45th.
Rowland Minturn Hill, —— 3d N. Y. Cavalry.

1857.

Aron Estey Fisher, Private Mass. 45th.

1861.

Daniel Dudley Gilbert, Assistant Surgeon U. S. N.

1862.

George Albert Fletcher, 2d Lieutenant Mass. 33d. (See Oct. No.)
Charles Edward Hickling, Sergeant Mass. 45th. (See Oct. No.)
Benjamin Crowninshield Mifflin, Adjutant Mass. 49th.

1863.

Charles William Heaton, Private Maine 24th. (See Sept. No.)

1864.

Franklin Theodore Howe, Private Mass. 39th. (See Oct. No.)

CHANGES AND PROMOTIONS.

1840.

Samuel Kneeland, Surgeon U. S. V. N., is now Surgeon Mass. 45th.

1841.

Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Captain Mass. Reg., is now Colonel S. C. 2d (negroes).

1852.

Samuel Miller Quincy, Captain Mass. 2d, promoted to be Colonel.

1856.

Charles Francis Adams, 1st Lieutenant 1st Mass. Cavalry, promoted to be Captain.

1860.

Charles Redington Mudge, Captain Mass. 2d, promoted to be Major.

Edgar Marshall Newcomb, 2d Lieutenant Mass. 19th, promoted to be 1st Lieutenant.

Lewis William Tappan, Lieutenant Mass. 45th, promoted to be Captain.

1861.

Arthur Dehon, Lieutenant Mass. 12th, promoted to be Adjutant.

Edward Wigglesworth, Jr., is now Hospital Steward Mass. 45th, formerly Assistant.

1862.

George Alfred Fiske, Quartermaster-Sergeant Mass. 41st, is now Captain on Gen. Andrew's Staff.

James Ingersoll Grafton, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 2d, promoted to be Captain.

Arthur Sibley, Sutler Cadet Reg., is now Assistant Paymaster U. S. N.

Corrections.

1861.

James Kent Stone, not Stow. (See Oct. No.)

Arthur Courtland Parker is Orderly-Sergeant Mass. 33d. (See Oct. No.)

1865.

Cleveland Foote is Corporal Mass. 46th. (See Sept. No.)

Killed and Wounded.

1843.

Arthur Buckminster Fuller, Chaplain Mass. 16th, killed at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

1851.

William Dwight Sedgwick, Captain (Gen. Sedgwick's Staff), died of wounds received at Antietam.

1852.

Samuel Foster Haven, Jr., Surgeon Mass. 15th, killed at Fredericksburg.

Sidney Willard, Major Mass. 35th, killed at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

1854.

James Savage, Lieutenant-Colonel Mass. 2d, died at Hospital in Charlottesville, of wounds received at Cedar Mountain, Aug. 9, 1862.

1860.

Henry Livermore Abbott, Lieutenant Mass. 20th, wounded at Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862.

Edgar Marshall Newcomb, 1st Lieutenant Mass. 19th, died Dec. 19, 1862, of wounds received at Fredericksburg.

1861.

Arthur Dehon, Adjutant Mass. 12th, and Aide to Gen. Meade, of Penn. Reserves, killed at Fredericksburg, Dec. 12, 1862.

William Gates Gholson, Jr., Captain Ohio 106th, killed Dec. 13, 1861, at Hartsville, Tenn.

Died while in U. S. Service.

1861.

Samuel Dunn Phillips, died of fever, at Port Royal, Dec. 5, 1862.

In the Rebel Army.

1849.

John Pegram May, Captain.

1851.

Stanford Emerson Chaillé, Medical Director of Gen. Bragg's Staff.

1857.

Samuel Breck Parkman, Lieutenant in Reed's Georgia Battery, killed Sept. 17, 1862, near Sharpsburg.

EDITORS' TABLE.

The holidays have gone by, and with them two of the happiest days of the old and the new year. It matters not how fast we recede from boyhood and its jollities, or what different sources of interest and amusement our advance in life keeps opening to us, the yearly return of the merry carnival of Christmas-time always brings us renewed and increasing pleasures. If we have not preserved the simple, blessed juvenile faith of our early days in the existence of a real, corporeal Santa Claus, if we no longer go to bed on "the night before Christmas" with the unqualified belief that he, merry and generous elf, will descend the chimney, with more ease and despatch than any chimney-sweeper, and cram to overflowing with bountiful hands as many long hose as we may carefully suspend as receptacles for expected toys and sugar-plums, we at least enjoy the delight of looking fondly and longingly back to the times when we had plenty of that implicit faith. Then it was passing strange to us that his precious heart could divine the very gifts we wanted. Perhaps we admired and coveted a certain dashing, careering hobby-horse that a toy-shop had displayed to our adoring eyes; perhaps our martial taste craved for a military outfit in the way of a knapsack, sword, gun, plumed-hat, and drum. Whatever we wished for, it was all the same, for no sooner did that blissful morn find us up with the lark, — if there are any larks about in cold weather, — or awake at cockcrow, than what was sure to meet our eyes, as they sought the important fire-place, but that very rocking-horse, sleek and spirited, with long tail and flowing mane, or the identical equipments and arms that we longed for! Then our philosophy never imagined all this as else than miraculous; but our simultaneous growth in years and wisdom performed the task, disagreeable to us, of revealing the Kriss Kringle of our infantile imaginations as no more substantial than the "baseless fabric of a dream." It was a shock to our credulous but firm belief, to find out that there were no such creatures as Prancer, Donner, Blixen, and the rest of those mysterious coursers who conveyed their lavish, jolly master over the snow-covered house-tops. We had to renounce such absurd yet happy ideas; still every return of Christmas-day found it as merry as before While we had to forego our fantastic and romantic notions of a Kriss Kringle, we were recompensed in finding in our Christmas presents so many kind remembrances from our parents and friends.

We are glad to see that year after year finds Christmas more of a holiday in New England. To us students here at College, Thanksgiving, coming as it does right in the midst of a very acceptable recess, with all its dear associations, seems like the all-important holiday of the year, and we are much mistaken if all New England does not treat it as such. While Thanksgiving-day loses none of its importance, how much more ought we to commemorate the birthday of our Saviour! No time is so eminently fitted for religious and social observances, for innocent festivities, and merry-making. We look to England, France, and Germany, and there we see that, along with their ancient and hallowed customs, has descended the observance of Christmas, with many graceful ways of celebrating it. May it always be as great a holiday in this country.

And we may well pray that every return of the day may find us enjoying as peaceful times as marked the advent of our Lord, when

"No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by."

Now the times are angry, bloody times. Christmas, the close of the old and the beginning of the new year, have found us distracted with war, wishing for peace, but no dishonorable peace; still turning our pruning-hooks into swords, mourning for the numberless who have fallen in battle, and yet determined, without one sacrifice of principle, to prosecute the war to a successful issue. Let us hope that the old year has closed the list to all defeats and reverses, and that the new year will inaugurate an uninterrupted succession of victories, until every inch of rebellious territory is again under the flag. Such an event alone can be a solace to every household which now mourns the loss of some member who has died a soldier's death. Let us hope now, as we do with every new year, when our hope is that it will

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

One thing we are sure of, — that if the new year does not bring all the good things that the lines quoted ask for, it has been opened with many commendable resolutions, which if fulfilled will make this world a paradise of sobriety, of noble deeds, and all manners of virtue. We are not of those who would take a disparaging view of human nature, but we are afraid that by this time the greater part of those good resolution are forgotten or abandoned in despair. At least it has always been so with past new years, and it will likely be so with all coming new years, until the advent of the millennium.

It is rather late in the day to be wishing our readers the compliments of the season. But we think it just to ourselves to state, that we wished them a "Happy New Year," and many another one; that we hoped it brought them as much pleasure as it did to Trotty Veck, poor as he was, and that we recommended them to look forward with sanguine expectations of a "good time a coming."

So much for the new year.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE. — The eventful, glorious day came at last. Thousands deprecated it, and many thousands more hoped and prayed for it. The President, in spite of solicitations and intimidations, stood firm, and in consequence we have to rejoice that the government is pursuing a policy which must greatly contribute to our ultimate success. Now we are to see whether the South

can withstand the mighty and determined purpose of the North, whether the governments of Europe will give their undisguised sympathies to rebellious states fighting for slavery, or will applaud the action of the North, now undeniably fighting for the cause of Liberty and Law. Truly the year of jubilee has come. Slaves have become freemen, a new and better civilization is to spread itself over the South. The country is in a fair way of being completely rid of a great curse, and the momentous problem is to be solved, whether Freedom is not better than Slavery for any clime, however warm; whether rice, cotton, and sugar cannot be produced as well by free labor as before. For this reason the New Year, which introduced this new order of things, deserved all the hallelujahs which welcomed it. One might fancy that, with the President's Proclamation, the year was "ringing in redress to all mankind." We rejoice in this consummation, not because any partisan feelings are satisfied, or because we labor under what is popularly called "nigger on the brain," but because we think the time has past for us to be affectionately attached to an institution, peculiar not to ourselves, but to our enemies, because that institution is condemned by the sentiments of right and humanity, and because its removal is going to prove eminently effectual in bringing this monstrous rebellion to a close.

THE WAR LIST. — Every son of Harvard must feel proud as he notices from month to month the swelling list of the Harvard men who have gone to the war. Filling all ranks, high and low, they a goodly number, in their devotion to their country are an honor to their college. Their unexampled patriotism is a strong indication how the whole country is in earnest. The founders of our college dedicated it to "Christ and the Church," but one might think it was also dedicated to the "Country," so numerous is the host of those who have gone forth from Harvard to fight for the flag.

At the same time it is painful to notice the never-failing additions to the lists of those who have been killed in battle, and of those who have died of wounds or from lingering and painful fevers. Among these are many whose loss is nigh irreparable, and may well occasion lasting grief. Harvard may well be proud of them. She has produced statesmen of the loftiest kind, the noblest and sweetest of poets; she has educated divines, who by word and deed have most eloquently taught religion undefiled; she has sent forth scholars and historians of the highest order; now in counting over her dead, dead in their country's cause, she can boast her heroes.

We again request of our readers to send us any names which they know to have not been as yet recorded. We are confident that, long as the array is at present, there are many additions which might be made to it.

A BIOGRAPHY FOR THE TIMES. — Among the first of the noble volunteers who crossed the Rappahannock was a gallant lad of some twelve summers, — a youth who was artist on the martial drum for the 7th Michigan Regiment. We

copy the following interesting biographical sketch from the columns of the "New York Kerux."

"Patriotic ardor was in their eyes, Fredericksburgh and glory were in their front; the majority of the army was in their rear. 'Ha! ha! 't is well — to the Van.' This interesting youth was the son of disreputable and intelligent parents, and was ushered into the busy world about the time of his birth amid the rocky cliffs of his natal State. His infant years were blessed with the genial intoxication of his father, and the home-o'er-spreading influences of a mother's smile. A word as to his lineage. His father, whose name we have as yet been unable to learn, was descended from one of the first Oregon families, and emigrated at an early age to the verdant banks of our Northern lakes, where he espoused the early day-dream of his hope, the blooming Rose ———. [Delicacy forbids us to reveal the lady's name; she was directly descended from a distinguished Indian squaw.] While still quite young he had committed to memory the larger part of Dr. Watts's infant hymns, and distinguished himself among his rustic fellow-townsmen, at the time of his reaching his second birthday, by reproving his father when under the influence of intoxicating drink, by repeating, in childlike but impressive tones, the favorite lines, —

> 'The inebriate drunkard, his time to beguile,
> First crooks his elbow, and then takes a smile;
> Poor man, beware of Satan's wiles,
> And sign the pledge before you smiles.'

His father did not see it, however, and kicked the only pledge he had about him down stairs, fracturing his fondling's collar-bone, and breaking the heart-strings of the mother of his child! Sobered on the instant by these casualties, he resolved to lead a better life, and hurried away, supported by his offspring, to the nearest retail-liquor-dealer's, where the pledge was kept in large numbers. But, alas! the habits of matured life were too strong for the poor bereaved, and staggering silently into a gin-shop, he consumed what remained of his postage-stamps and sands of life in the disgusting employment of intoxication. His child stood by! Alas, what moments of heart-felt grief! Our hero, thus freed from the trammels of his early life, purchased a timbrel with his inheritance; and soon after the fall of Fort Sumter received a call for 1 drum from the 7th Michigan Regiment. Always alive to the highest interests of his country, and feeling certain that the anaconda of Loyalty was tightening its coils round the backbone of Treason to such a degree that a fracture must soon ensue, this noble boy gallantly responded to his sovereign's call. He took the tamborine department of his regiment in charge at the early age of fourteen, but, owing to the retrograde movements of our armies, it is calculated that his age must now be about twelve. His upper arm measures about eighteen inches, and he neither drinks nor smokes. He has come off victor in several races, most of which have taken place since the war began. He also crossed the Rappahannock as drummer-boy to the 7th Michigan Regiment. We are happy to be able to state, from inspection of the official records, kindly placed in the hands of our intelligent fellow-citizen, Mr. J–n–s, by General Hitchcock, that our patriot has always been strongly anti-McClellan, and did all in his power to retard the movements of the army of the Potomac. Glory to the brave! We cannot close this short and necessarily im-

perfect sketch without making some mention of the particulars of his participation in the late battle. Strict as the censorship of the press is, difficult as it is to keep within the limits prescribed for as by the stern necessities of the war, we cannot refrain from giving to the public news which will be as balm to the open war-wounds, — news which we have had some difficulty in obtaining, and which are, that he was drummer-boy to the 7th Michigan Regiment, and crossed the Rappahannock first of our men."

EXCHANGES. — We have received since our last issue "The Yale Literary Magazine," for December; "The Beloit College Monthly," for November and December; "The Wabash Magazine," for December; "Hall's Journal of Health," for December; "The Anti-Tobacco Journal," for November and December; and "The Printer," for November.

NEW BOOKS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD MAGAZINE.

The Poet's Journal. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. 16mo. pp. 204. (See p. 187.)

Diary from March 4th, 1861, to November 12th, 1862. By ADAM GUROWSKI. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 1862. 16mo. pp. 315. (See p. 186.)

The Canoe and the Saddle; Adventures among the Northwestern Rivers and Forests; and Isthmiana. By THEODORE WINTHROP, Author of "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," and "Edwin Brothertoft." Fifth Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. 16mo. pp. 375.

The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," and "Leisure Hours in Town." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. 16mo. pp. 307.

A Present Heaven, addressed to a Friend. By the Author of "The Patience of Hope." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. 16mo. pp. 172.

The Poems of Adelaide A. Procter. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863. 16mo. pp. 416.

Hellas; her Monuments and Scenery. By THOMAS CHASE, M.A. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1863. (See p, 187.)

THE

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ON SOME OF THE CONDITIONS ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESSFUL SELF-GOVERNMENT.

How to secure the blessings of a free republican government to ourselves and our posterity? This is the question forced upon every American, with all the sharp emphasis of civil strife and bloodshed. It shall be my purpose in the pages devoted to the consideration of this topic to set forth some of the conditions on which successful self-government depends, and to show how a failure to recognize their essential importance has had much to do in producing the present unhappy state of affairs in this country.

The problem which is brought before the American people to-day is akin to that which was presented to the Fathers of the Republic. Theirs was a work of foundation, ours one of preservation; but both are to be conducted upon the same principles, and we shall do well if we can approach our task with the same unambitious and patriotic spirit, and the same comprehensive wisdom, which inspired and guided them.

Who can look without admiration on the result of their Heaven-directed efforts? A government was to be estab-

lished which should unite into one harmonious and efficient whole the weak and jealous members of a loose confederacy, which should secure respect abroad, peace and prosperity at home; and which, most of all, should vouchsafe to the people the dearly-bought blessings of liberty and equality. They appreciated the transcendent importance of the task. They shirked no responsibility; they manifested no timid or time-serving spirit. Profoundly versed in the principles of social science, — for they had been trained in a most excellent school, — they sought to establish a form of government which should be stable and enduring, yet not oppressive; strong enough to secure its proper objects, yet flexible, so as to admit of necessary changes without violent commotion.

How well they succeeded time only shall show. We know the result of their labors. We know with what bold originality and consummate wisdom they framed a form of government unlike, in many of its features, any that had ever before existed; and we know, too, how that government has stood, an example and an encouragement to all nations striving for successful self-rule. We know, too, how we have grown and prospered under its benign influence; how well it has resisted the attacks of open enemies, and defeated the machinations of secret conspirators, in years past; and we have the faith to believe that an adherence to the principles which guided in its foundation will now not fail to secure its complete triumph over the most shameless conspiracy that ever threatened its existence, and to transmit it perhaps, with added stability and excellence, to bless future generations.

It may be well, therefore, to consider some of the facts which lie at the foundation of our social system, and to deduce from them some of the essential conditions of successful self-government.

And, first, I would speak of *obedience to the law.*

We should be ready to recognize the Divine authority of government. I say *Divine authority;* for governments,

though in outward form the works of men, yet derive an authority higher than any that man can give them from the *moral law* which necessitates their existence. This law requires that, when men are united into a community, they shall make suitable provision for the discharge of those duties which are required of them as social beings. Men must be protected from foreign violence and interference, and they must be prevented from injuring one another. There must also be means of insuring progress in virtue and intelligence. In a word, public provision must be made for securing obedience to the laws of Right and Justice. This is the proper object of all government, the necessity which requires its establishment, the source of its Divine authority.

True loyalty is the recognition of this authority. That semblance of loyalty which springs from a calculation of the commercial advantages, or the personal ease and comfort, secured by a good government, is wholly undeserving the name. It is a mere selfish prudence or shrewdness, which looks more to individual profit than to social good. It is a sentiment unworthy freemen. It may be remarked, that this recognition of the Divine authority of government is entirely opposed to that superstitious belief in the "Divine right of kings" which characterizes the upholders of monarchy. They assert a direct and absolute delegation of authority to the monarch from Heaven, which makes sacrilegious any attempts on the part of the people to abridge or overthrow his authority. This is an absurdity, which, persisted in, destroys civil liberty, or else brings ruin upon the obstinate monarch, as it did upon the Stuarts of England and Louis XVI. of France.

When a form of government, either from its own defects or from changes in the society over which it is established, becomes unfitted to secure its proper objects, changes must be made; and no government can plead its Divine authority against such changes. For the same moral law which gives

this authority to a government also requires that abuses shall be corrected, and this necessity of reform produces the right of revolution, or forcible resistance to the constituted authority, when abuses can be corrected in no other way.

Such is a hint at the foundation of civil authority; and it follows, as I have endeavored to show, that loyalty, or obedience to and active support of the law, is a sacred duty, resulting from obligations divinely imposed upon man as a member of civil society. This is a truth which we as a people need to bear in mind more than we have. We should be more ready to recognize the supremacy of the law; for without this there is no safety. Obedience to the law is the prime condition of success in the experiment of self-government. It is not so much particular transgressions and evasions of enacted statutes that we have cause to fear, though these are far too common, as it is that lawlessness which manifests itself in the occasional violence of mobs, in the summary proceedings of lynch-law, and especially in the prevalence of doctrines opposed to the very fundamental principles of our Constitution, and subversive of all civil society. For instance, there is an ultra-democratic and partly materialistic view of government too common among us, which has been, and always will be, productive of evil to the nation. Government is looked upon as a human agency only, a mere joint-stock concern, entered into by members of the body politic for the purpose of promoting certain objects of public utility, but possessed of no authority against individual repudiation of lawful obligation.

Thus, when certain States of the Union assumed to throw off their allegiance to the Constitution, because their insolent demands were not complied with, an imbecile public functionary, forgetting his sacred oath of office, encouraged them in their treasonable designs, by declaring that the general government possessed no authority to exact obedience from its citizens, or, in the language of that day, "had no power

to coerce a State into subjection to the laws of the United States."

This mistaken idea of the nature of our government has been fruitful in political heresies, — not least among which is the pestilent doctrine of State sovereignty. This doctrine, which would have been legitimate to a certain extent under the old Articles of Confederation, arose naturally enough from the opposition with which the new Constitution was received. The feeling was that too much power had been given to the central government; and this feeling becoming father of the thought, a doctrine was soon established entirely opposed to the national, and founded upon a mistaken inference from the federal, element in the Constitution. Yielding for a time to the necessities of the new government and to the influence of Washington, it proved too strong for the old Federal party in 1801. Again seized upon by Southern politicians, and supported by the subtle sophistry of Calhoun, it did not yield to the irresistible logic of Webster, and it has since continued to be accepted by a large party, until, in the exigencies of the present crisis, loyalty compelled the abandonment of the fatal doctrine. It is now working out its legitimate results, — secession and rebellion; and it is no unimportant evidence of its nature, that it has most generally prevailed where disregard of the law and contempt of our government have been most common.

But I pass on to notice the peculiar obligation under which we are placed as citizens of a free government. It is a maxim almost too trite to be repeated, but still expressing a most important truth, that the success of self-government depends upon the virtue and intelligence of the people. But, common as the maxim is, its truth has been too little heeded by us as a nation. The working of free institutions thus far in America has displayed a violence of base passions, an intensity of selfish motives, which may well awaken the most serious apprehensions among the friends of our Republic. It would be easy to show that our present troubles

result in a great measure from shameless immorality on the part of political leaders, and gross ignorance and prejudice in constituencies.

To such an alarming extent were these evils prevalent before the war, that many wise men were led to look with distrust upon our republican system when they saw the inevitable result of all these political errors and vices. We were rapidly drifting on to that civil dissolution and anarchy which precedes despotism in the usual course of history. The present crisis, so suddenly precipitated upon us, is only an anticipation of greater calamities which must have been incurred sooner or later, and, with all its evils and miseries, will prove an immeasurable blessing if it shall serve to arrest the nation in its downward tendency, and set it in the way of thorough reform.

We have always boasted much of our liberty. The praises of freedom have been the burden of popular eloquence and song on national anniversaries. We have taken it to be an unmixed blessing, and attributed to it all that unexampled growth, all that material prosperity, success in trade and the mechanic arts, which are owing partly to the action of natural laws and partly to the rare opportunities of our situation. Orators have set forth all these grand results in glowing colors, and thence inferred, as from sufficient grounds, the complete success of our attempt at self-government. But we have thus been led to forget the important fact, that the enjoyment of freedom brings with it a corresponding responsibility. The truth is, that liberty, so far from being the absolute good we have been too apt to suppose, is a conditional and an uncertain blessing.

To nations as well as to individuals, freedom is a severe trial of character, and, if virtue be wanting, a dangerous, sometimes even a fatal exposure. It is a trial from which the noblest character may arise; but still it is a trial, and, in the case of nations, a failure to meet its requirements is productive of the most serious consequences. If a community

possess not an amount of virtue and intelligence that promises success to the experiment, free institutions should not be intrusted to it. As it is only the perfect mind that is fit to be trusted with perfect freedom, so pure democracy, or the absolute rule of the people, is adapted only to a perfect condition of society, that is, where Divine laws have superseded the necessity of human laws. The nearer a community approaches such a condition the better is it fitted for freedom; but ordinarily the enjoyment of a great degree of freedom subjects a nation to a severe test, — a test which, thus far in the history of the world, no nation has been able to bear. We know what destroyed the liberties of Greece and Rome. We know what has made republics short-lived in modern Europe, and we need not add Mexico and the South American republics to the portentous catalogue of examples, in order to show that liberty is no blessing to a people unfitted to fulfil its requirements.

I would not seem insensible to the blessings of liberty; but when I see the conditions upon which those blessings depend, I would urge the importance of that other element, that it is a sacred trust, involving a solemn responsibility.

But it is not enough that the saving qualities of virtue and intelligence *exist* in a nation, — they must be manifest in public action. Intimate as is the connection between private and public virtue, it is yet possible that government shall not succeed in securing virtuous men for its administration. It is possible, as we have had too much reason to feel, that a decline of public spirit, and the consequent degeneration of politics into a trade and a trick, create a deep-seated disgust for them among men of the better sort. The consequence of this state of things is what we have witnessed in American politics.

I am not sure that we are free from that feeling which is said to have led the Athenians, in the time of their democracy, to suspect the motives and the character of all their public men, so infrequent has become the occurrence of spotless integrity in public life among us.

This lamentable result is not to be traced to a want of virtue in the walks of private life. It is rather owing partly to an overweening confidence in the stability of our institutions, which has led men of superior abilities and character to desert politics, and partly to a certain moral indifference to acts of turpitude in public life, which regards the gross violation of the plainest moral precepts as no very heinous crime, but merely as commendable sharp practice. There are persons who can look upon the stealing, the lying, and the betrayal of sacred trusts which marked the conduct of the rebel leaders before the war broke out, as indications of shrewdness and political sagacity; and it would not much trouble these same persons to see Mr. Jefferson Davis (as they respectfully speak of him) again enjoying offices of trust and emolument under the restored authority of the government.

I shall not stop now to inquire how far this deplorable state of political morality has been produced by our miserable system of party tactics, which degrades what might and ought to be a generous emulation of worth and ability for high honors into a disgraceful scrub-race for party success or emolument, which places men in nomination, not because fit for the office, but because available for party purposes.

I only suggest the remedy, that men of virtue, wisdom, and prudence, appreciating their responsibility in this matter, come forward from their wonted retirement into the political arena, and exercise a controlling influence in affairs. Under their guidance shall be formed a public opinion ready to throw itself on the side of the right, and eager to reward with intelligent approbation manifestations of superior worth and excellence.

I have spoken briefly of two most important conditions of true national prosperity, — 1. a pervading, active sentiment of loyalty, — 2. a virtuous and intelligent public opinion; and I have sought to urge the duties which arise from these conditions by some of the more general considerations suggested

by passing events. I have purposely left aside the special topics which now interest and agitate us, and among them that all-important question which we are glad to believe is upon its final decision, — the question of *African Slavery*. Nothing that has not already been said could be said now upon the nature and tendencies of that great evil. No words of mine could add to the emphasis with which events are declaring to us the utter incompatibility of freedom and slavery, — the absolute impossibility of uniting permanently under one government the two opposite systems of society, — the despotic and the democratic, — engendered respectively by slave labor and by free labor.

I shall dismiss the subject with the single remark, that the question how to rid the nation of this unspeakable evil demands a most earnest and candid consideration from every good citizen; more especially when we see movements which but too plainly indicate a desire on the part of some to turn what shall be left of the slave-power to political account.

We hear a great deal said about preserving the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is. And so may the Constitution be preserved as it is, — every letter of it. And may we not only live up to the letter, but may we be filled with the spirit of it. But the Union as it was! Who desires that? Who is it that sighs for the golden age of Pierce's or Buchanan's administration? Who calls this the iron age? The Union as it was is dead. No human power can again rouse it to animation. No human skill can send the blood again coursing through its veins, or even galvanize its corpse into a grinning mockery of life. And so let it rest. We do not regret its departure. We look rather to the Union that is to be, — a Union founded upon a loyal public sentiment, — an intensified feeling of nationality; a Union where freedom, justice, and equality of rights shall be secured to every man; a Union under the Constitution as the fathers *intended it to be*, not as modern demagogues would have it become.

This is the reconstruction we look for. This is the reconstruction which is to make us a truly great and prosperous nation. After the war of the Revolution, Washington, addressing his country with that moderation of language so characteristic of him, said, "You now have the opportunity of becoming a respectable nation." We fondly believed that we had realized his most sanguine expectations, and our conceit of national merit made us blind to the influences that were hurrying us to certain ruin, until the sharp calamities of civil war taught us how far we had failed to embrace that opportunity. Nevertheless, the opportunity again offers itself. Again the sibyl of the parable offers the precious volumes of wisdom, though at an enhanced price. Can we refuse her proffered treasure? Can we again neglect the rare opportunity? Made wise by experience, and urged by the strongest motives of honor, duty, interest even, we surely cannot fail to *improve* it. The stern lessons of this civil strife, the sacrifice of life and health, the pangs of mortal suffering, the desolating bereavement of many homes, — all urge us to be faithful to our opportunities, and to guard well the sacred cause now consecrated anew by the blood of friends and kindred. The physical advantages of our situation are such as were never before afforded any nation, the Constitution of our government combines excellences never before so fully realized, and all the circumstances of our condition unite to make it in our power, if we are faithful, to become a free, noble, prosperous nation.

May it never be said that the present generation, placed as it is in the forefront of the battle for freedom, failed of its duty, and by its incapacity or neglect forever ruined the hopes of men for successful self-government.

NOTE. — It may be well to state with reference to the foregoing article, that it was written some months ago, and hence some expressions contained in it (especially in the last two pages) take their coloring from the condition of affairs at that time.

Marburn '64

EXERCISE AND RECREATION.

THERE are few things more important to the student, or indeed to anybody else, than exercise and recreation. Contrary to many theories, both ancient and modern, it is a fact coming under every one's observation, that men have bodies. The preservation of the body is a matter of some importance to us, and it becomes us to bestow some attention to our earthy casings. When we consider, too, what an effect the body has upon the mind, how the body, gnawed by pain or overcome by exhaustion, refuses to be the willing servant of the mind, and makes it so difficult for us to work our wills, we ought to see how we can keep it in its best condition, so that by caring for it, it shall give us no trouble. How much misery might be prevented, if all men had healthy bodies; pains not merely of the body, but of the mind also. To minister to a mind diseased it is often necessary only to minister to the body's wants. And see how Nature has guarded health. Unhealthy air and all uncleanliness she turns us from by making them repugnant to our senses. She gives the light heart, the elastic step, strength, power, and grace to those who obey health's laws. Paleness, weakness, pains, and sufferings warn us not to disobey them. And then she has even made her laws pleasant for us. She has made it sport for us to obey them. She demands no irksome drudgery as the price of health, but invites us by pleasant paths to gain it. She makes the means as pleasant as the end.

It seems strange that so little attention is paid to sports among us. Here is a body of four hundred young men, with all the ground they need, and yet there is not a cricket or base-ball club among them, or if there are any they are dead, lifeless sticks. Was an annual free fight necessary to keep up a little interest in football, that simple and exciting game? Some, I find, fear their dignity may suffer if they engage in such a school-boy sport. This mock dignity is a

curious thing. Like a starched collar it grows limp at the slightest touch. How different from that native, true, organic dignity which, like the oak, is strengthened by rude winds and opposing storms. How mortifying it is to find that a little learning has sometimes the effect of making a man snobbish. Goldsmith speaks of people poor enough to be merry, and it is pleasant in these days of antiquated sucklings to meet some one young enough to be merry. By the way, this *pseudo* dignity is very infantile itself, and is one of the most distinctive traits of the traditional Freshman, who, having no solid ground to stand upon, makes a platform for himself out of this wooden deportment.

The first physical essential to health is pure air. Pure air is necessary for pure blood, and pure blood is the foundation of a healthy frame; for the blood is the material from which the muscles and the various tissues are formed; and if the material be bad, what can the product be? Pure air is best found out-doors, and, other things being equal, out-door exercises should have the preference.

The body is not a mere machine, and should not be treated as such. It is closely connected with the mind, and should not be rashly sundered from it. Mere mechanical exercise is comparatively useless. Exercise should be joined with recreation, or it is drudgery, and brings dulness and weariness to the mind and head as well as to the body. The art of exercise, like all other arts, should be the fulfilment of nature, not opposed to it. Our nature demands recreation. We have wants which are satisfied by it, and which it is not safe to crush, but which should be fed by healthy food. Who would persist in eating nauseous food? and is it not as bad to continue in exercises which are nauseating to the mind, which instead of lightening make it dull and heavy? An exercise to be most beneficial should be interesting. The interest we take in it often depends, of course, upon our own wills; but the more mechanical an exercise is, the less it occupies the mind, and the harder it is to become interested

in it. Let us take a familiar illustration. Suppose you ask a boy to throw a lot of stones over a fence, and suppose he does it. He finds it hard work. He feels tired, and his head is heavy after it. And why? Because it is purely mechanical. No faculty or feeling of his mind has been exercised, and if this kind of exercise be his only sport, he will get sickly soon. But suppose he has a companion. The work is irksome now, it is true, but not so much so as before. His social feelings have been called into action. He has something to divert his mind. But suppose that the two boys, instead of simply throwing the stones, fire them at some object. Their work is no longer wearisome. It is changed to play. And why? Because the mind has been interested as well as the body exercised. The will has found opposing matter to subdue. The boy finds that he cannot hit the mark, and so he tries again and again. His emulation, too, is called into play. The physical exercise may have been the same in both cases, but how different the result in the latter case from that in the former. In the one case it is health, in the other, sickness.

There is another way in which manly sports may be made useful. By means of them you may cultivate courage, endurance, nerve, quickness, activity, and an even temper, and correct laziness, nervousness, awkwardness, and effeminacy.

It seems to me that the common out-door sports, such as football, base-ball, and cricket best fulfil the requirements of recreation. They are pre-eminently social and unselfish games. They have an immediate object, which keeps the mind interested. They excite emulation, and that not a selfish emulation. They are truly manly sports, crushing out effeminacy and laziness. Cricket especially offers a large field for ingenuity, practice, and skill, though its elements are easily learned. Bowling and batting are sciences hard to exhaust. These sports are not specific exercises to develop particular muscles. They treat the body and the

mind as one united whole. They bring all parts of the body into working order and into obedience to the will.

Let there be a reform in this matter. Let the thud of the football and the click of the cricket-bat again make music on the Delta, —

> " And long may live the sports that give
> Strong hand and steady eye."

S. S. Mic. '83

THE MARTYR.

I SEE him stand beneath the flame,
His visage dark with Afric's mystic seal,
While on his lips a glorious, mute appeal
Rests peacefully, and a low prayer
Breaks soft unto the torturers,
And none of all mankind will dare
To speak his name.

On either hand the fires with lambent surge
Creep up to taste the martyr's life; and lo!
With Judas lips they kiss the darkened brow,
And wrap him in their trait'rous folds around.
No voice of human pity whispering,
But a wild, exulting sound
Shrieking his dirge.

Proudly he stands beneath the fearful doom.
No fear is *his*, but in those speechless eyes
Burns deep the martyrdom of centuries;
And a great courage stays the gathering tear,
And backward far revenge is nobly thrust,
While the high face doth wear
The crown of martyrdom.

And far across the land and o'er the sea
The nations list to hear that hopeless cry,
And steep their laughter in his agony,
Which, circling round the victim, pierces far
Up to His throne where weeping cherubim
The golden gates of heaven unbar
To welcome him.

Hark! ye who calmly sit and feed the flame,
Hear his low cry of utter agony,
And pray that ye may yet as spotless be
As this poor soul. Go breathe your fears
To Him whose image ye would sacrifice,
And bathe your hearts in tears
Ye blushed to name.

Nor, boastful of your dignity and power,
Seek this low creature longer to despise,
But to the Maker lift ye prayerful eyes;
And, with your palms clasped tenderly,
Beseech forgiveness of the One
Whose mysteries in mute infinity
Await their hour.

Go with thy full apology, thou guilty one,
Who held a human soul fast bound in steel;
Hear thou this agonizing plaint, and feel
The adamantine fetters prick thy heart?
His triumph is of God; then pray for him
Who treads the wine-press from the world apart,
Despised, — yet not alone.

Goodwin's 3

WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

THE subject of this article is William of Orange, — not the William of Orange who, when England's throne was tottering to decay, stood as the firm champion of civil liberty and the political rights of man; but a noble ancestor of his, who, respecting not only civil, but religious liberty, also, delivered from the hands of an iniquitous government a people who but then had learned the sweetness of religious freedom.

The Reformation, beginning with Luther, and spreading like wild-fire throughout Christendom, naturally affected the people of the Netherlands very early, and imbued them with a spirit of inquiry after truth, which they, like their German neighbors, had begun to seek.

Charles V. had tried, but tried in vain, to overthrow freedom of opinion; but, like the wave of the sea, the more it was troubled the more violent it became, until finally it reached a pitch which human hands no longer tried to stay, but allowed to progress unchecked and unopposed.

Before, however, this grand result was reached, Philip II. appeared upon the stage, a sagacious monster, who, under the veil of taciturnity, perpetrated such heinous crimes as would have cast upon a more free-spoken man the opprobrium of the world, if it had not brought him to the halter.

That condemnation, however, was reserved for after times; and it has taken three centuries to bring out into full expanse the perfidy of a man, who, if respected in his own time, was only regarded for the vast power which a mighty kingdom gave him to wield.

But perfidious crimes, like wicked men, rarely go unpunished; and Philip II., a memorable example of this rule, though he excelled for a day, suffered most severely in the end. It was through Philip II. that Spain, a nation that had been honored for ages, fell into that position which for many years after Philip's time she held, and which she has

but recently begun to recover from. But Heaven always chooses an instrument for its work, and William of Orange seems to have been selected as the fit tool to destroy the importance of this then mighty kingdom, and to overthrow the enormous power which Charles V., through his unconquerable ambition, had obtained.

The family of William of Orange first emerges into distinct existence about the middle of the eleventh century; and though in direct line our hero had many worthy ancestors, yet none appear so estimable as the man we have selected as the subject of our article.

In early years he was the chosen associate of the great Emperor. For Charles, perceiving the talents of the youthful prince, gave him that confidence which as a boy he merited, and of which as a man he clearly showed himself worthy.

We see him when in early youth officiating as the chief manager at the solemn ceremony of the abdication. Here, too, was Horn, who was soon to suffer; Egmont, whose future achievements at St. Quentin were not to save him from the cruel axe; the Cardinal Granvelle, whom the Netherlands spurned, and whom subsequent ages have abhorred. And here we see, too, Berlaymont, Brederode, Noircarmes, also Viglius, and last, but not least in cruelty, Philip II., with his hypocritical expression, his simpering smile, and his loathsome countenance, made more loathsome to us by his impious deeds.

Thus early in his brilliant though sad career we see William of Orange taking the chief place at one of the most solemn, and yet one of the grandest scenes that history can relate. The aged and decrepit monarch, at whose nod the whole world had trembled, was to dispense with his vast power, and to give up all his mighty possessions into the hands of that timid, though most treacherous youth, Philip.

At the early age of twenty, Orange was appointed by Charles to the chief command of the army of the French

frontier; and Motley says that "the young prince acquitted himself of his high command in a manner which justified his appointment." Here was a place coveted by such skilful generals as Buren, Bossu, and even Egmont; and yet Charles, perceiving, with that ready power of reading character for which he was noted, that Orange was the man for the place, appointed him to the position; and we have seen that the Emperor was not disappointed in his choice.

When William was a hostage at the court of Henry II., that monarch imparted to him one day the grand scheme for exterminating the Protestants, which was afterwards consummated on St. Bartholomew's day. But Orange revealed neither by word or by look the enormous mistake the king had made; and Motley says that "he earned the name of the 'Silent' from the manner in which he received the communication."

Whatever may have been his religious convictions at a later day, it is certain that at the time of the communication made by the French monarch he had no tendencies to the doctrine of the Reformers; but, with that spirit of humanity which ever directed his actions, he resolved to frustrate a scheme which would be revolting to the sensibilities even of a most hardened wretch, but which Philip II. connived at executing, and which Alva listened to with admiration.

His policy through life was always as humane; and though shortly after Philip's accession he was obliged to follow out many principles that were disagreeable to him, still he always acted with moderation.

When Philip had commanded the extermination of the heretics throughout his dominions, Orange remained steadfast to the right, and though he was obliged to accede in a measure to what he disliked, yet Motley says, "he gave orders to enforce conformity to the ancient Church, not with bloodshed."

And now see how conscientious was this worthy man. Here he was, a Catholic at heart, reared and instructed in

the creed of the Church from very infancy, having at his disposal the lives not only of Anabaptists, but of Lutherans also, many of them men of the highest repute and consideration, and yet possessing such innate refinement of character, such tenderness of heart, and such a clear sense of equity and justice, that he was ready to sacrifice the Church, when she commanded him to do evil, rather than to violate his conscience, and to defile a name which the basest calumnies have not been able even to tarnish.

Of all the evils which can befall a nation, none are so calamitous as revolution. Government is the prop of society, and when that prop is taken away society must fall, and chaotic confusion must ensue; and, though out of the shattered fragments there may be collected enough materials to construct a new administration, yet while this work is going on the direst calamities must exist. But there *are* times when revolution is a blessing, there *are* times when the impositions of a government become so onerous that revolution and rebellion seem the only safeguards to a people's liberty, and like a drowning man they grasp at a straw to save them from sinking.

Such was the condition of the people of the Netherlands about the middle of the sixteenth century. They had borne the impositions of a Charles, but they could not put up with the bloody tyranny of a Philip. And though the Council of Blood had no terrors for them, though it only served to aggravate the growing disorder, yet they could not brook its cruelties in idea, though they might scorn them in reality. They could be carried to the stake without a murmur, but they could not bear the thought of being tyrannized over.

Revolution being determined upon, and men's hearts burning to redress their shocking wrongs, Who is to lead us? was the question; and all eyes turned on Orange. And then William of Orange sprang forth, ready to defend the right; and when prudent counsels and civil measures had failed, then like a hero he grasped the sword, determined to the

end to fight for honor, humanity, and the rights of man. Then did he cast aside the toga, thinking it better to defend the cause of justice, even though bloodshed should ensue, than to pander for the cruelties of a church whose corruption and bigotry had made it the detestation of the thinking world.

In rating the talents of a man, we should not look more to his deeds than to the obstacles he had to overcome. For one man may, when prospered by circumstances, achieve great results with little trouble, while another may accomplish much less, but yet be deserving of greater credit, simply because the obstacles he had to contend against were more numerous and weighty. But when a man achieves great results in spite of mighty obstacles, he surely is deserving of the greatest praise. Such a man was William of Orange. And as toils the weary traveller on sand-bound Sahara, who sees before him the long-desired oasis, always within his reach, yet never within his grasp, but presses onward, made only more eager by disappointment, so toiled William of Orange, never discouraged, but from each failure gaining only greater strength, and ever looking up to that great Disposer of events who gave him comfort even in the midst of adversity. When we reflect upon all the difficulties he had to contend against, when we consider the vast military and executive talent he had to oppose, we give ourselves up to wonder and admiration at the man who, in spite of all, could do so much.

First on the stage came the bloody Alva, who, though one of the first generals of his time, and a good statesman too, could not cope with that quiet, humane, yet sagacious gentleman. Then we see the prince opposed by Requesens. Next comes Don John, the hero of Lepanto. But his airy dreams, his fanciful reveries, his ambitious plans, all failed. His hopes of conquering England, and liberating the fair Mary Stuart from the clutches of the heretic Elizabeth, passed away like the fleeting cloud, while his mighty

schemes for subjugating the Netherlands were entirely frustrated by the quiet, calm, yet determined perseverance of Orange. It is true that Alexander Farnese opposed our hero with better success; but what might have been the issue of their conflict had Orange been spared a little longer from the hand of the assassin, we can only judge by his course toward Farnese's predecessors.

Nobody at this late day can doubt for a moment the sincerity of Orange. For if by bribery, however enormous, he could be induced to abandon a tottering cause, if by any means, however extravagant, he could be persuaded to desert a shattered party, Philip was willing and ready to offer any personal terms. But the restoration of his confiscated estates, the return of his imprisoned son, the re-establishment of his now indigent family, were to him but as empty phrases, when the safety of his country was to be the price at which they were to be bought. "No," he says, "neither for property nor for life, neither for wife nor for children, would I mix in my cup a single drop of treason."

William of Orange was a wise man; for had he not been so, he could not have achieved what he did. He was a beautiful and impressive writer, as his many productions bear witness. He was a man of fine conversational powers, as well as of great oratorical talent. He was a man, too, of excellent military abilities; while none can dispute that he was a scholar. Finally, he was a pious man; and as the first rays of the early morn shot across his little camp, William of Orange might be seen kneeling in prayer, thanking his God for the blessings given him, and imploring favors for his distracted and sorrowed people.

Such a man, then, was William of Orange; and whatever glories may attach themselves to his reputation, whatever honors may attend his name, and whatever detractions, too, his enemies may make from his character, all must concur in paying at least one tribute to his memory, by acknowledging that William of Orange was a true-hearted gentleman.

Cornell 63

BULL AND BEAR FIGHT.

"Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls."

CHILDE HAROLD.

THE modern *plaza de toros* is only a new name of what we know in the classics as the arena, the bull-fight being an offspring of the gladiatorial strifes. Like most barbarous sports, it has been greatly modified, and to a certain degree civilized. But it is not our intention to write a moral disquisition on this subject; for with all its cruelty, real and attributed, it is not without many redeeming qualities; and Americans should be the last people to cast the first stone, living as we do in glass houses of exceedingly frail structure. When public opinion no longer sustains mobs, prize-fighting, and duelling, it will be time enough to consider the question in a moral point of view. Until then, we have no right, though we often claim and exercise it, to moralize other people and their peculiar institutions. We like consistency in nations as well as in individuals.

It is our intention to give a brief description of a bull and bear fight at which we were a spectator. This, gentle reader, was not under the sunny skies of Madrid, but by the Pacific, in one of our own sister States. Yes, a bull-fight under the patronage of the stars and stripes!

It is Sunday; a smiling sky and fragrant air make glad the restless hearts of your distant brothers. The crier's voice is heard loud above the shouts of "exhilarated" natives and Yankees "half-seas over." Hundreds crowd to the *plaza de los toros*, distant about a mile from town. A temporary structure has been built after the manner of those in Spain, — with rough boards serving as seats, and with no covering but the sky. The performance was not to commence before three o'clock, P. M., but by noon

"Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
No vacant space for lated wight is found."

The audience is composed of grandees, dons, merchants, navy officers, gamblers, Digger Indians, — white, yellow, red, black, — of all complexions, — but, alas! no fair Spanish maids,

"Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye."

Very different must have the audiences that witnessed the bull-baitings, or, as a quaint old historian calls them, the "*righte royalle pastimes*" in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, with which that very Christian queen was pleased to delight the people on Sunday mornings at Hockley in the Hole!

Well, to return; a frail fence separates the spectators from the arena, in the middle of which is chained a huge grizzly bear. The arena is about forty yards in diameter; opposite the entrance you see the wild, ferocious Spanish bull, enclosed in a small corral, bellowing out his impatience to enter the list. The *matador* now comes into the ring. He is dressed in gaudy and fantastic colors; in his left hand he holds a red flag, in his right a small, glistening dagger; he is an athletic man, possessed of great agility. Next comes his assistant, mounted on a nimble, prancing Spanish pony; his only weapon is a lance, which he gracefully holds in his right hand. Then the clown, who makes a fool of himself for money, while many of the spectators make fools of themselves for nothing, by laughing at him. Fear is depicted in every feature of his face, yet he claims by his threatening gestures to be "mucho bravo."

Now that the actors are all together, bull, bear, and men, the spectators are wrought up to a high pitch of excitement; but not a whisper is heard: everything is as silent as the grave, in which, perchance, one of these *muy valientes hombres* may sleep to-morrow! The actors are self-possessed, and await without fear or trembling — with that courage that smiles in death — the opening of the contest.

Thrice sounds the trumpet; the *matador* quickly jumps to

the corral in which the bull is confined, and falls flat to the ground. The bars are about to be taken down; the bull will strike at him, who looks a willing sacrifice, to gratify the morbid taste of the audience. From his black cap, emblematic of death, there protrudes a small stick, at the end of which is affixed a sharp point, concealed by red and blue ribbons. Poor fellow! — *Dios guarde a usted!* The bars are quickly thrown down; the bull, mad with pent-up rage, gives one long bound. He has struck at the gaudy colors, the dart has stung him, and he has leaped over the man, who remains uninjured. Quick as a sudden flash of lightning, he is on his feet again, with his red flag in his left hand and his dagger in his right. Like a brave standard-bearer, with fearless step and a stout heart, he advances towards the foe, that stands at bay, holding the vantage-ground, and ready to embowel him. The bull bounds, the *matador* jumps aside, and the red flag is torn and tattered by the horns of the infuriated animal, who is now assailed by the horseman with his lance. Many wounds are given, but none received: science in fight is mightier than brute strength. The echoing woods and vaulted heavens send back the long, triumphant huzzas of the assembled thousands.

Up to this stage of the proceedings bruin has been a passive, but not unwilling observer of the contest around him; he has been unmolested. He looks as lazy as when he issues forth from his winter quarters; he looks as happy as if he were feasting on honey and cherries, — delicacies of which the bear is excessively fond. Yet beneath this lazy, passive look there is an air of self-sufficiency and defiance, which, like the escutcheon of the famous old predatory house, threatens you with its *Noli me tangere*.

The *matador* entices the bull in the vicinity of bruin, whom he reluctantly approaches. But he has passed too near the grizzly, who now gives a long growl, and manifests other premonitory symptoms of fight. The bull inclines his head, as if making a bow of introduction after the most

approved manner of modern champion pugilists, and strikes; bruin returns the salutation by raising his paw, and gives him a warm welcome by firmly grasping his nostrils, causing much blood to flow. Ah, reader, great was the noise then! The meeting of three funeral processions at a cross-road in the old Roman capital was not a circumstance to it. All the dogs, bells, and organ-grinders in Cambridge together could not make such noise, a greater one than which Beelzebub himself did not hear in the conclave of the assembled devils! Growling, bellowing, huzzas, and ten thousand voluntary ejaculations, more expressive than pious, rent the air and deafened the ear. The reader must picture in his imagination the rest of the conflict: it baffles description. The bear was declared the victor by the unanimous voice of the audience. The poor, lacerated, bleeding bull, with his nose bitten off, had his pains for his trouble. No sooner was he free from the clutches of the grizzly than he ran away from his tormentors, remaining at bay in a corner of the arena. Loud shouts of "*Fuera el toro!*" rent the air, which, freely translated into pure Anglo-Saxon, means, "Put him out!" But the bull did not wait to be "put out." With one desperate bound, he dashed down the fence, and was among the spectators, fighting his way out. If a hundred bombs had exploded in the arena, the spectators could not have been more frightened. Some fought with the bull, many with each other; revolvers and knives were drawn. Whole benches fell to the ground; and their occupants found themselves in positions similar to those of Freshmen in the good old days of "football fights." False modesty shall not prevent the writer of this from saying that he occupied a recumbent position, much against his inclination. Well, the bull escaped, and so did we — from serious injury. Another bull is introduced; the fight is re-enacted; the bull is stabbed in the cervical vertebræ, and falls dead at the feet of the much-applauded *matador*. Thus the bull-fight is at an end, and so is our article.

Goode '64

PHONOGRAPHY.

THE invention of alphabetical writing is enveloped in the mystery which surrounds all matters pertaining to the early ages. Tradition, mythical legends, and history unite in ascribing it to the Phœnicians or Chaldæans; but some writers have thought that, by the examination of the Hebrew characters, they have traced back the invention to a time so remote, that Noah or one of his sons must have been the author of the first alphabet. But however uncertain we may be as to the name of the inventor to whom our gratitude is due, we are in little danger of over-estimating the benefits which have resulted from the invention. It is indeed difficult to conceive what would have been the condition of the world at the present time, had there been no way of recording the deeds of warriors and statesmen, and the thoughts of poets and philosophers. Yet great as are the benefits which alphabetical writing has conferred, the system seems never to have been satisfactory to earnest and active minds. There appears to have been at an early period an eager desire for a system of writing which should be able to keep pace with the orator's words.

The earliest system of shorthand which has come down to us is that which is usually attributed to Tyro, the freedman of Cicero. Roman emperors practised this system, and amanuenses wrote the works of Roman authors in it. Whole books written in Tyro's characters are preserved to this day, and from an investigation of these it has been found that nearly all the principles of shorthand, as practised at the present time, were recognized in Tyro's system. But Tyro, instead of rejecting the common alphabet, only simplified it; and therefore, in order to follow the slowest speaker, he was obliged to introduce arbitrary signs to represent the terminations of case, gender, number, and person, and also many of the commonest words. Even then the system was

considered valuable, and was commended by Cicero, Plutarch, Ovid, and Ausonius.

Time passed on; the Latin ceased to be a living language, and for more than a thousand years shorthand was one of the lost arts. A kind of abbreviated writing was used, however, at the court of Louis the Pious of France. Owing to the superstition of the French, who thought this writing magical, this abbreviated writing fell into disrepute; and so strong has this prejudice been, that even at the present time shorthand is almost entirely unknown in France.

Doctor Timothy Bright published the first system of shorthand in England, in the year 1838; and so thoroughly convinced have the English been of the need and value of some means of rapid writing, that nearly two hundred systems have been published since Bright's was first made known. To attain rapidity in writing Bright represented five hundred of the commonest words in the language by arbitrary signs. The forms were simple and easily written, but the strain upon the memory, in committing them so thoroughly that they might be written without thought, was too great for ordinary mortals.

John Willis, "Bachelor in Divinity," was the author of the first real shorthand alphabet. He published his system in 1602, and so great was the desire for some way of saving time and labor, that ten different editions of this shorthand were issued.

Passing by Rich's system, which Locke speaks well of in his Treatise on Education, and Addy's improvement, which Doddridge used and recommended, we come to Gurney's improvement of Mason's system, which has been used by the Gurney family down to this day, though several better systems have been published. This family has for a long period held a monopoly of reporting for the English government, and receives annually a sum varying from a half to three quarters of a million of dollars. With singular family spirit, they still adhere to the system invented, or rather improved, by their ancestor.

Mason's system was still further improved in 1758 by Angel, who had on his list of subscribers the name of Samuel Johnson. Though Johnson is said by Boswell to have declared that it was an impossibility to write as fast as a person read, yet he expressed a kindly opinion of the art, which has often been quoted. "Shorthand, on account of its great and general utility, merits a much higher rank among the arts and sciences than is commonly allotted to it. Its usefulness is not confined to any particular science or profession, but is universal; it is, therefore, by no means unworthy the attention and study of men of genius and erudition."

Byrom's system, published in 1767, Taylor's, published in 1786, and Lewis's, published in 1815, complete the list of attempts to supply the world with improved ways of rapid writing by means of arbitrary characters. The main point at which they aimed was swiftness in writing. But a true shorthand, adapted for use in writing records and for correspondence, as well as for professional reporting, must be at least as legible as the common longhand. A satisfactory system of shorthand must also, according to President Hill, be based on seven distinct principles. The forms must represent sounds, and not words, and must be of the simplest possible shape. The relative frequency of the elementary sounds having been determined by a careful study of the language, the most easily written characters must be assigned to the most frequently recurring sounds. Compound forms must be provided for the most frequently occurring double consonants. The system must admit of the insertion or omission of the vowel sounds without altering the general appearance of the word. The most common words of the language must be represented by writing a single prominent sound of the word. Lastly, it must be possible to write common phrases without lifting the pen from the paper.

To produce a system recognizing these principles and meeting every requirement evidently could be the work of no common mind. This work was accomplished and its

results given to the world in the system published by Isaac Pitman of Bath, England, in the year 1837. It was first called "stenographic sound-hand," but the name was soon changed to Phonography. It superseded all other systems at once, and is now admitted to be the only shorthand to which a learner should give his attention. It has been so popular in England, that more than 100,000 copies of Pitman's Treatise have been sold. In this country the "Manual of Phonography" by Benn Pitman, a brother of the inventor of the art, has met with a sale of many thousand copies. Several magazines have been published in this system, and about one hundred different works have been issued from the press. It is used for reporting the proceedings of Congress and the various State Legislatures; for all kinds of legal, military, and literary reporting; by editors in preparing their leaders; by ministers in writing their sermons; by lawyers in taking notes of evidence, pleas, and decisions; and by physicians in recording their cases and their various modes of treatment. It is of service to merchants, authors, politicians, statesmen; in short, to all who desire to practise economy of time and labor spent in writing. It is based on sound principles and is philosophically developed; and the study of it is an excellent discipline and a source of constant delight. Phonography may be written rapidly enough to follow the most fluent speaker; and in legibility it far exceeds the ordinary written long-hand.

There seems to be a peculiar propriety in calling the attention of students to this subject. No education can be considered complete without a knowledge of this time-saving art. No young man is ready to study for a profession until he has prepared himself, by an acquaintance with Phonography, to gain the greatest possible benefit from the oral instruction of the professional school, and to make copious extracts from his private reading.

In his tale of "David Copperfield," Dickens tells what is supposed to be the story of his own difficulties in learning

one of the old systems of stenography. It illustrates in a remarkable manner the power of patient industry and perseverance over the most painful discouragements and the greatest hinderances. But he who would become acquainted with Phonography has no such difficulties to meet. In reply to the oft-repeated question, How much time is required to learn Phonography? the answer is, one hour's daily practice continued for two months. So much time will give a full acquaintance with the principles of the art and enable the learner to write much faster than by the ordinary long-hand. Very many persons would not require so long a time. After the learner has fully mastered the general principles of the system, if he desires to write with great rapidity, he must devote himself to the beautiful system of abbreviations and contractions by which Phonography is fitted for the swiftest writing. To become a verbatim writer requires two hours' daily practice for a period varying from four to twelve months, according to the natural fitness of the individual for rapid writing. That is the price which must be paid for this accomplishment. So efficient have been the labors of Benn Pitman in producing instruction books, that the art may be learned from the Manual without the assistance of a teacher. Let the learner follow the directions of the Manual, and persevere, and he will gain the object of his ambition.

NEW BOOKS.

Comte 63

The Canoe and the Saddle, Adventures among the Northwestern Rivers and Forests, and Isthmiana. By THEODORE WINTHROP. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

WE have already noticed in the pages of the Magazine some of Mr. Winthrop's literary peculiarities. The book which now lies before us, like "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," and "Edwin Brothertoft," is written in an easy, graceful style. Owing to the subject of the work, allusions to the classics — in which the author is so happy — are few; but it teems with original wit, and partakes, in its wild dramatic incidents by "flood and fell," of the romantic life of which it treats.

The first part of the book is devoted to a minute, critical, and comical account of the Chinook Indians, — wretched beings, whose ignorance is so lamentable that one of their chiefs, who was chosen captain for his superior cunning and wisdom, was given *three trials to guess which was his right hand, — and, wonderful to relate, failed to do it!* The serio-comic manner in which the author treats of these people renders a description of their customs, habits, and peculiar jargon highly attractive. He speaks of what he himself saw, heard, and did, — of his personal experience, — of his perilous ride in an ill-balanced canoe, whose "stroke oar" was drunk; of his rides on horses so lazy, that when they die they must needs have a yoke of oxen to help them draw their last breath. But if this part of the book does not prove interesting to the reader, the second part, or Isthmiana, cannot fail to command a careful perusal. It is an account of the transit across the Isthmus of Panama in the early days of the emigration to California, before the railroad, whose every sleeper cost a human life, was practicable, — at a time when naked natives and lazy, stubborn mules, regardless of the heavy whip and oft-repeated monosyllabic adjurations of the not very pious driver, were the only means of conveyance! It also contains an account of a ramble through the surrounding country. The author entertains us, among other things, with the description of a breakfast in an inn where there were still a few third-class boiling eggs, which on being brought were found to be impregnated with a "perfume not

esteemed in Yankee land, except when public characters already in bad odor are to be further anointed." We speak from experience, whence we say that the accommodation at those inns, with old dilapidated furniture, — *as dusty as college recitation-seats on Monday mornings*, — is anything but agreeable. The travellers "are lulled to sleep by the murmurs of returned California curses that permeate the house; dream of the alligators and boa-constrictors they ought to have seen. Nightmare comes to them in the shape of the mules they have bestrode. Next morning, wakened by the clinking of the Cathedral's cracked bells, the gentlemen *invert their boots to search for scorpions*, and the ladies regret that they have anticipated mosquitoes, as one would wish to do strawberries, by three months."

Taken all in all, the "Canoe and Saddle" is not unworthy of its gifted author, whose life, like the majestic river he describes, was "short but glorious, — a life all one strong victorious struggle!"

Sever 64

The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1863.

We observe with great satisfaction the efforts that several of our American publishers seem to be making to produce on this side of the Atlantic books which shall surpass the most elegant productions of European presses. It is fortunate for the reading public that numerous valuable works have come forth dressed in the superb typography of the Riverside and University Presses. But among the many elegant books of the last year or two, none can quite reach in chaste elegance of design and perfect typographical finish two books issued by our enterprising friends, Sever and Francis, the "Democracy in America" and "The Golden Treasury," both from the University Press. The last is a perfect gem of a book. In print, paper, and binding it is unsurpassed by any book ever issued from the American press. The intrinsic excellence of its contents is not less, for we regard it the best selection of English songs and lyrics we have ever seen.

The pleasure of reading in an exquisitely clear and beautiful type these gems of English lyric poetry is enhanced still more by the delicate beauty of the head and tail pieces which ornament the book.

Severall

Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

THOSE who have enjoyed the delightful essays in the "Recreations" and "Leisure Hours in Town" will be glad to follow the genial country parson in the more serious moods of his "Graver Thoughts." This last series consists of seventeen essays or sermons, — just such sermons as we might expect from the author of "Recreations," — clear and elegant in diction, lofty in sentiment, and eminently practical in aim and method. We do not know of a more delightful collection of Sunday reading.

Severall

The Poems of ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.

THE Poems of Adelaide Procter may safely be styled beautiful. But to us she does not seem to possess the true requisites for a great poet. It has been remarked, we believe, that she was the only living poetess worthy of filling the place left vacant by Mrs. Browning. From this opinion we must differ. Admitting her to be the best female poet living, she is not for that reason to be ranked with that inspired woman, of whose lofty, sublime, and burning genius she by no means partakes. Through all her poems, from first to last, runs the same vein, with little variation. This vein is one of tender and tearful melancholy. It prevails in retrospections over past sorrows, painful and irremediable; it is suggested by death-beds; it is awakened by stories of blighted hopes. Of cheerfulness there is a sad deficiency. It is especially needed as an offset to the pensive, sentimental air which all her poetry breathes so largely. Some bereavement seems continually to be weighing upon her mind, but along with it a tone of resignation is always to be noticed, and under all flows a deep, strong current of religious feeling.

COLLEGE RECORD.

Order of Exercises at the Inauguration of Thomas Hill, D.D., as President of Harvard University, March 4, 1863.

I. Music by the Band.

II. Music by the College Choir, assisted by the Glee-Club of the Harvard Musical Association. Choral, "A mighty fortress is our God." — Luther.

III. Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Peabody.

IV. Oration in Latin, by Edward G. Stetson of the Senior Class.

V. Address and induction into office, by his Excellency, Governor Andrew.

VI. Reply, by President Hill.

VII. Music. "Domine, fac salvum Præsidem." — J. K. Paine.

VIII. Inaugural Address, by President Hill.

IX. Music. Chorus from the Antigone of Sophocles. — Mendelssohn.

X. Benediction, by the President.

At meetings of the Senior Class held on the 9th and 10th of January, 1863, of which Francis A. Marden, of West Windham, N. H., was chosen Chairman, and Clifford C. Waters, of Salem, Secretary, the following Class Officers were elected:—

Orator: Benjamin T. Frothingham, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Poet: John T. Hassam, of Boston.

Odist: Frederic Brooks, of Boston.

Chief Marshal: Arthur Lawrence, of Boston.

Assistant Marshals: Edward G. Stetson, of Lexington; Edward D. Boit, of West Roxbury.

Chaplain: Thomas W. Bishop, of Boston.

Class-Day Committee: Charles Jackson, of Boston; Frederic Cromwell, of Cornwall, N. Y.; Henry E. Townsend, of Boston.

Class Secretary: Arthur Lincoln, of Hingham.

Class Committee: Clifford C. Waters, of Salem; Edward B. Drew, of Chelsea.

Class Chorister: Locke Etheridge, of Hastings, Minn.

Class-Supper Officers.

PRESIDENT: James L. Pearce, of Maysville, Ky.

CLASS-SUPPER COMMITTEE: John C. Warren, of Boston; Clarence H. Denny, of Boston.

CHORISTER: Francis C. Loring, of Boston.

SUPPER ODIST: John Fiske, of New York, N. Y.

CHRONICLER: Albert Blair, of Barry, Ill.

TOAST-MASTER: Henderson J. Edwards, of Boston.

Mr. C. P. Bowditch was chosen second member of the Class Committee, but resigned.

At a subsequent meeting of the Class held March 11th, the same officers as before presiding, Mr. Boit was elected Poet in place of Mr. Hassam, resigned, and Mr. Robert Amory was chosen third Marshal in place of Mr. Boit.

THE LATE JAMES NEVILLE HEDGES. — At a meeting of the Junior Class, held on Thursday, March 5, to take suitable notice of the death of their classmate, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: —

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from among us our much-loved and respected classmate, James Neville Hedges, —

Resolved, That while we bow in submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, and believe that our sad affliction is in accordance with the all-wise purposes of his overruling providence, we desire to give expression to those feelings of grief which our sudden and melancholy bereavement calls forth.

Resolved, That as classmates, friends, and companions of the deceased, we deeply mourn the loss of one whose qualities of mind commanded our respect, whose noble and self-sacrificing patriotism won our highest admiration, and whose kindly and genial spirit awakened in us the warmest feelings of friendship and affection.

Resolved, That in our own deep sorrow we do not forget those to whom our friend was bound by the closer ties of domestic relationship, and that we respectfully tender to the afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of respect for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the papers of the day.

Appointments Confirmed. — It gives us great pleasure to observe that the appointment of Ephraim W. Gurney as Assistant Professor of Latin has been confirmed by the Board of Overseers of Harvard College. The appointments of Truman Henry Safford as Assistant Observer at the Observatory, and Alexander F. Wadsworth as Proctor, have likewise been confirmed.

Our War List. — We have very few names to insert, and therefore reserve them for next month. Meanwhile we ask our friends to furnish us with all the trustworthy information they can concerning Harvard soldiers.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Sept '64

DULCE EST PRO PATRIA MORI. — It is with the deepest sadness that we record the sudden and untimely death of our late friend and associate editor, James Neville Hedges, of the Junior Class. The sad event took place at the house of his father, James N. Hedges, Sr., in Circleville, Ohio, on the 16th of February, 1863.

The circumstances attending his sudden departure from Cambridge will be remembered by his friends, as will also the long period during which no tidings were received from him. His thoughts at this time, and the feelings which prompted him to forsake for a time the pleasures of college life, are expressed in two paragraphs of his, which appear in the Editor's Table for September (p. 38). Early in December last, as we learn from a letter recently received by us from his father, our friend connected himself with the 114th Regiment O. V. I., in the capacity of Private Secretary to Colonel John Cradlebaugh, commanding that regiment. Col. Cradlebaugh was at this time appointed U. S. District Judge for the Territory of Utah; afterwards he went to the Territory of Nevada, and is its present delegate to the United States Congress. Col. Cradlebaugh left the regiment at Cincinnati, Ohio, while on its way to Vicksburg, to attend to his duties in Congress, but expecting soon to join it. He was delayed in Washington until the 10th of February, when he passed through Circleville on his way to his regiment, calling for Hedges, who was then quite unwell. Hedges had been to Vicksburg with the regiment, was in battle the first day before Vicksburg, and subsequently at the taking of the Arkansas Fort. Soon after these events he was taken sick, and, improving some, left for home about the middle of January, arriving there on the 24th of January. At this time the improved state of his health gave promise of a speedy recovery, but only a week later he suffered a relapse and was subsequently confined to his room until his death. Not being able to join Col. Cradlebaugh upon his return to his regiment, he contemplated returning to Cambridge at an early day. But Providence had otherwise appointed his lot. He had, after his return, put his manuscripts in order to prepare an article for the Magazine, detailing his experience and views. He said that the hardship of a campaign and the general and individual suffering of an army were greater than he had conceived it possible, yet that he was exceedingly gratified that he had made the campaign, and in no manner regretted it.

These details we have related at length as they were communicated to us, in the belief that they will possess for our readers the same melancholy interest as they do for ourselves. Among the many who have left the Junior Class to join the army, Hedges was the last; but his life was the first to be sacrificed. He did not, indeed, meet death in the dread excitement of the conflict, but encountering the stealthy approach of a worse than armed foe, he yielded up his life — a costly sacrifice on Freedom's altar — with all the heroic self-devotion of a noble-hearted and devoted patriot. He leaves many warm and admiring friends at Cambridge, who feel the acute pangs of sundered attachments, and who will long cherish happy memories of friendly intimacy with him; for he was one whose personal traits in a remarkable degree won the esteem of all who knew him.

College Magazines. — We ask the considerate attention of our readers to a few words upon a subject which has been uppermost in our thoughts a few days past, — the support which a college magazine ought to receive, but which ours does not enjoy. We do not intend to weary your patience with a long series of complaints and expostulations. Our remarks shall have reference only to the future good of the Magazine.

First of all, a college magazine should have a pervading and enthusiastic public opinion among the students in its favor. Not an enthusiasm that blindly overlooks faults and deficiencies is wanted, but rather one which is founded upon a determination to do whatever is attempted to be done in the best and most thorough manner possible. When a magazine is once established, each student should feel his share of responsibility for its proper management, his share of pride in its success, or shame at its failure; and above all, he should recognize his personal obligation to sustain, as far as he has the ability, its literary character. For our own part, we should be glad to have at Cambridge what was suggested to us some time since by a member of the Faculty, — a Harvard Magazine which should enjoy the united support of the whole college, members of the Faculty and graduates, as well as undergraduates. But it is needless to remark how entirely out of the question any such scheme would be in the present state of things in college. The majority of the Faculty seem to look down upon a college magazine with utter contempt, regarding it as a nuisance, to be abated, like debating-societies, football games, and other kindred nuisances. There may be some good reason for this extreme feeling, but we confess our inability to appreciate its reasonableness, and feel quite sure that we see in it a tendency to widen the great gulf which seems to be fixed between teachers and taught in our college.

In the want of any active support from anybody who has acquired the dignity of A.B., or of anything more than bare sufferance from the Faculty, our Magazine must have a public-spirited support from the whole body of undergraduates in order to reach the highest measure of excellence or success. This kind of support, we are sorry to say, it does not now receive, — an assertion put forth with all confidence by us, who are obliged every month to obtain what we can by solicitation, and then fill up the remaining space ourselves. We think we can see in this state of things the effects of an intellectual atmosphere peculiar to Cambridge. It is a certain chilling breath of criticism, — more easily felt than described, — expressed perhaps by the "*nil admirari*" of Horace, — that deadens all enthusiasm, discourages generous effort, and is fatal to anything like that lively *esprit du corps* which in other colleges support so effectually magazines, debating-societies, and kindred institutions.

This apathetic and critical spirit is not confined to the students alone, it pervades our whole college universe, from the oldest professors down to the newly-fledged Sophomore; and, however difficult of explanation the phenomenon may be, its ill effects are matter of common observation. In noticing it we think we have pointed out the greatest obstacle with which the Magazine has to contend. Whether or not a change in this matter is practicable, we do not feel prepared to decide; but thus much is certain, that if those men of ability who now stand aloof only to criticise or look on with indifference could be induced to lend their aid, and those who look for a students'-magazine fully as excellent as, if not a

little better than, the "Atlantic Monthly," would be more moderate in their expectations, the Magazine might attain a much higher degree of interest and excellence than it can possibly reach under present circumstances. We believe that we might have at Cambridge a well-sustained Magazine, such as would be a credit to the College and a source of pride and satisfaction to ourselves. In what we have written we have attempted, by pointing out one of the hinderances that stand in the way of such a desirable consummation, to indicate where the remedy should be applied. We feel that the subject is well worthy the careful and anxious consideration of every friend of the Magazine.

THE INAUGURATION. — The exercises at the Inauguration of President Hill, on the 4th instant, must have been gratifying alike to his personal friends and to the friends of the College and of liberal education generally. In the Inaugural Address, which was the prominent feature of interest in the exercises, the worth of a liberal and integral education, as tending directly, and in proportion to its breadth and thoroughness, to excellence in professional pursuits and special fields of labor, was well set forth and illustrated. We cannot enter into any criticism of this effort further than to say, that the proposed subject of "Liberal Education" was considered from a purely philosophic point of view, and thus, as it seems to us, presented in its only true light.

No friend of Harvard can fail to sympathize with President Hill in his earnest desire that some course may be opened to scholarly ambition "more distinctly philosophical and literary than any which is now free to young graduates." For ourselves, we hope to see the day when the standard of requirements for admission to College can be put much higher than it is now, so that more of the reading Greek and Latin classics shall be done in the preparatory schools. Then, young men will enter College fitted to enter at once upon those branches of study which more properly belong to the curriculum of a university course. The first two years of the present course, relieved of that work which ought to be gone through with at school, and which seemed to us so much like school-work, will be added to the now too short period given to the pursuit of higher branches, and the result will be an "integral education" similar to that given by the English universities. Such an undergraduate course as we have indicated, combined with liberal facilities for graduates who wish to devote themselves to the pursuit of natural, metaphysical, or historical science, would do much to produce that high scholarship which is common in Europe, but which is as yet of too rare occurrence in this country. The closing passages of the Address, in which the relative importance of the different sciences as it appears to his mind is clearly set forth, would seem to furnish a satisfactory answer to those friends of the College who have expressed their fears as to the influence which President Hill's well-known bias towards the natural and mathematical sciences may have on the College.

The other exercises passed off well. The Latin Oration, the Governor's Address, the procession, and "rush" at the door, all took place as usual. The music is said by competent critics, for we cannot judge for ourselves, to have been highly creditable to the director, Mr. J. K. Paine, who composed one of the pieces. During the singing of the "Domine, fac salvum Præsidem," ex-President Quincy entered the church, and received from the whole assembly a manifestation of deep respect.

THE OPERA.— Six weeks of Italian Opera is a feast that we Bostonians and Cantabrigians seldom have set before us. The unprecedented success of the past season is to us quite inexplicable, for there have been no very remarkable voices, and but few praiseworthy performances, to attract the public. And yet, Manager Grau calls the season a decided success, by which he undoubtedly means that the receipts have been large, the public gracious, and the performances tolerable. Well, we suppose the performances have been to most people tolerable, simply because they have rarely heard an opera sung, or seen one acted, as it should be.

Mediocre performances are, we regret to say, the order of the day, and they will continue to be so, so long as the musical public suffer them. The great trouble is not, as many suppose, in the want of good singers, but in the folly of attempting to present more operas than the company can properly prepare. As a consequence, quality is sacrificed to quantity, and we have a large number of poor performances, in which the orchestra and the prompter are the only commendable features.

Of the present troupe, all the ladies, except Miss Kellogg, are strangers to us. Mme. Lorini has a very clear, powerful voice, of good compass, which she uses with great effect. Her execution is not delicate, but her intonation is invariably pure and distinct, and the cadenza does not suffer in her hands. Considering her indisputably "too solid flesh," she walks the stage with marked dignity, and acts with considerable passion. Mlle. Cordier pleases everybody with her radiant face and pretty little ways. Her voice is not of the first quality, but has the charm of freshness and great flexibility. She acts the part of the peasant or country girl with a grace which we seldom see. Miss Morensi is a young artiste, with a rich contralto voice of considerable power. She has yet, however, much to learn, both of singing and acting, before she can claim comparison with Adelaide Phillips. The other members of the troupe are too well known to need criticism. Anschutz and Maretzek will soon be here with their respective troupes, when rumor says that we shall really have an opportunity of hearing some of the best of least familiar German and Italian Operas well performed. We trust we shall not be disappointed.

EXCHANGES received since our last issue: — Yale Literary Magazine for February; Beloit College Monthly for February and March. We have also received "French Intervention in Mexico," a speech delivered in the United States Senate on Tuesday, February 3, 1863, by Hon. J. A. McDougal, of California.

NEW BOOKS

RECEIVED BY THE EDITORS OF THE HARVARD MAGAZINE.

The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language. Selected and Arranged, with Notes. By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1863. 16mo. pp. xiii. and 405. Green Vellum. Price, $1.25.

THE

HARVARD MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX. APRIL, 1863. No. 82.

THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF GOTAMA BUDDHA.

IN the fierce and bitter spirit of sectarian enmity which has been wont to fill the minds of men, the earliest travellers and missionaries who became acquainted with the doctrines and ceremonies of Buddhism, and discerned their remarkable resemblance to those of the Roman Catholic religion, accounted for that resemblance by supposing that the great religion of Buddha was a corrupt and counterfeit imitation of Christianity. In the early Aryan schism, the followers of Zoroaster transformed the gods of their orthodox, Sanskrit-speaking brethren into demons. The fathers of the Christian Church supposed that the oracles of Grecian antiquity were inspired by devils. And even in more recent times, by zealous though reckless upholders of the truth, the Arabian prophet is supposed to have been favored with the same inframundane assistance; it being gravely alleged that some satanic messenger was in the habit of whispering in the ear of Mohammed the monotheistic and highly spiritual doctrines which we sometimes find in the Koran. With this same laudable spirit of calumniating in other men

those very qualities upon which we plume ourselves, the early Jesuit missionaries found unmistakable evidence of diabolical teaching in those very doctrines and rites of Buddhism which most resembled those in which they had themselves been brought up. The priests of Europe were astonished and frightened to find themselves anticipated by the inmates of Chinese monasteries in auricular confessions, relics, beads, crosses, mitres, exorcisms, litanies, holy water, fasting, celibacy, and tonsure. When to all this we add that the worship of saints is common in Lamaic countries, and that Buddhism also boasts its Decalogue, very similar to that written upon the stone tablets in the Pentateuch, we shall not be surprised to learn that even so erudite a scholar as Frederic Schlegel could look upon the religion of Buddha as a mere caricature of Christianity. Late researches have, however, swept away these one-sided and absurd notions. Buddhism is seen to be one of the old and time-honored religions of the world, dating its origin as far back as the time when the book of the Law was discovered in the Jewish temple, and counting among its professors more than one third of the human race. Its founder, so long mistaken for the planet Mercury, and confounded by Sir William Jones with the Teutonic deity Wodan, has at length been shown to have had an historic existence, and the romantic events of his life have been brought to light and illustrated by the untiring labors of Stanislas Julien, Hardy, Koeppen, and Burnouf. It may be of interest here to reproduce some of the principal events of the life of that remarkable man.

Gótama Siddhártha Sákyamouni, surnamed Buddha, or the Enlightened, was born at Kapilavastu, at the foot of the mountains of Nepaul, in the year B. C. 624. His father was the king of Kapilavastu, and his mother was the beautiful Máyadevi, daughter of King Suprabuddha. Tradition says that immediately after his birth the infant Gótama stood up and surveyed the heavens arching overhead, and the four quarters of the earth spread about him, and finding

there none equal to himself, exclaimed, "I am the most exalted in the world; I am chief in the world; I am the most excellent in the world; this is also my last birth: hereafter there is for me no other existence!" Without conceding to tradition the historical truth of this decidedly apocryphal occurrence, or supposing in the half-fledged founder of Buddhism such a precocious development of metaphysical acumen as is shown in this bold assertion of the doctrine of *nirvana*, we may nevertheless admit that he appears, from all accounts, to have been a most remarkable child. His mother dying shortly after his birth, he was intrusted by his father to the care of his aunt. Under her care he grew up a handsome and accomplished youth, who very soon had made himself master of all the knowledge which it lay in the power of the teachers of the court of Kapilavastu to communicate. But mere temporal, mundane knowledge failed to satisfy him. His thoughts were turned upon higher, or at least more mysterious subjects; and he was never so contented as when, leaving his companions, he could sit alone, hidden from view and protected from interruption, in the dark recesses of the forest, absorbed in meditation upon the problems of life and death. This eccentric conduct was the occasion of much anxiety to the good king, his father, who at last resolved to marry him at once to some charming princess, and thus turn his attention to the things of this world. The young prince, on hearing of his father's intention, demanded a week for reflection thereupon; and at the end of that time, having come to the conclusion that he could study metaphysics nearly as well with a wife as without one, he announced his willingness to accede to the king's wishes. The ministers of state at once proceeded to look about them for a suitable alliance for the heir-apparent of the kingdom of Kapilavastu. Authorities differ as to who was the princess selected. Mr. Hardy thinks it was Yasódharâ, daughter of the king of Kolé; while M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire affirms that it was Gopâ, the daugh-

ter of Dandapani. However this may be, the marriage is represented as having been a happy one; but, as might have been foreseen, matrimonial cares proved insufficient to divert the mind of the prince from his transcendental speculations. So far from applying himself to practical matters, he pursued his metaphysical inquiries further and further, until they ended in what looks very much like scepticism. "Nothing on earth is stable," said Buddha, "nothing is real; life is like the spark produced by the friction of wood. It is lighted and is extinguished: we know not whence it came or whither it goes. It is like the sound of a lyre, and the wise man asks in vain from whence it came and whither it goes. There must be some supreme intelligence where we could find rest. If I were to attain it, I could bring light to man; if I were free myself, I could deliver the world." There is a vein of mysticism in this, which reminds one of Plotinus or Schelling.

The old king of Kapilavastu, having heard that by the sight of four signs — decrepitude, sickness, a dead body, and a recluse — his son Gótama would be induced to abandon the world, gave strict orders that all such objects should be kept out of his way. In this, as in other similar cases, however, it was found useless to struggle against fate. While riding one day in his chariot through the eastern gate of the city, the prince met a decrepit old man; shortly after, his eyes rested upon a leper sick by the roadside, and still farther on he came to a dead body, surrounded by the friends and relatives of the deceased, who were wailing and wringing their hands. Yielding to the thoughts to which these sad sights gave rise, and conversing with his charioteer upon the instability of all human things, Gótama was met by a holy mendicant, clad in religious garb, and carrying a bowl for alms! Thus Gótama's fate was settled. Four incidents, which to an ordinary man would have been of but little moment, had fixed his destiny. He determined to become an anchorite, — to attain to the divine wisdom, and thus

deliver the world from the calamities of decrepitude, sickness, and death.

Inspired with this idea, Buddha left his palace, his father, and his wife, one very dark night, and travelled, first on horseback and then on foot, to the city of Vaisali, where he became the pupil of a famous Brahmin who had three hundred disciples. He became, however, speedily dissatisfied with his master, who could not teach him the way to salvation, and being no better pleased with his next preceptor, a celebrated Brahmin of Rajagriha, he repaired with five of his fellow-disciples to the forest of Uruwela, where he remained six years, passing through a course of ascetic discipline. By the end of that time he had become disgusted with the Brahminic religion, and declared that its austere practices were a mere stumbling-block, and of no avail in freeing man from the dread of old age, disease, and death. His five companions branded him as an apostate, and immediately forsook him. Left alone by himself in the vast solitude of the forest, Gótama Buddha proceeded to elaborate the system of religion which bears his name. After profound meditation, and numberless revelations from above, he fancied, like Hegel, that he had arrived at absolute knowledge. His mode of life was again changed, and from the solitary recluse, Buddha became the teacher of mankind, — the apostle of a new religion.

The rest of his life is soon told. He went to Benares, the great seat of learning in India, and there made numerous converts. His lectures in Kosala and at the monastery of Kalantaka attracted crowds of listeners, and the king of Kosala himself embraced the new doctrines. After an absence of twelve years, Buddha visited his old home at Kapilavastu, and converted his wife and aunt, with many of the citizens. Whether his aged father also became a disciple, or whether he remained obdurate and unmoved by the eloquent teaching of his runaway son, we are unable to say. The good old man was soon after assassinated by Ajatasatru,

who speedily repented of his foul crime, and sought pardon and absolution in the Buddhist communion. After prolonged and continued travels, which are said to have reached as far as Ceylon, and during which he drew to his side thousands of disciples, Buddha retired to Kusinara, near Delhi, where he died, B. C. 544, in the eightieth year of his age.

The historical and credible portions of the life of Buddha are mixed up with a great deal that is legendary and incredible; and the sceptical historian might refuse to accept much of what has just been narrated. Some have gone so far as to deny that any such person ever existed, and have endeavored to attach an allegorical meaning to the events of his life, and even to the name of the city in which he was born. But the most thorough investigation refuses to confirm such extreme scepticism. It seems to be undeniable that the founder of Buddhism had a real historical existence; that he belonged to the royal caste of Kshatriyas; that he became disgusted and shocked with the absurd penances and pharisaical ceremonies of the Brahmins, and in tearing down the old religion, became the preacher of a new and better one. Before him, Kapila, the great founder of the Sankhya philosophy, had, like the Grecian Xenophanes, been scandalized at the gross anthropomorphic notions of the popular theology, and had proclaimed the one Absolute, the eternal, unchangeable Deity. But Kapila had still outwardly adhered to the divine authority of the Vedas. It was reserved for Buddha to openly renounce that authority, and to set up in its stead an advanced system of monotheistic worship. But Buddha did more than this. Had he come, bringing speculative tenets alone, he never could have acquired that popular favor which enabled him to meet the priests of Brahma face to face, and confound their sophistry and arrogance. He attacked the entire social system, the class-prejudices and sanctimonious exclusiveness of Brahminism, and this it was which more than anything else endeared him to the hearts

of the Hindoo people. From a simple set of priests, the Brahmins had gradually become the dominant class in society; and privileges were conceded to them such as scarcely any hierarchy of ancient or modern times would have dared to demand. They constituted themselves the absolute arbiters of all spiritual affairs. Like the Scotch clergymen of the seventeenth century, they set up an oppressive censorship over private matters, and were continually meddling with the concerns of domestic life. Their persons were invested with a factitious sanctity. A Brahmin might slay a Sudra without making other atonement than the payment of a small fine, but whoever smote the Brahmin was condemned to death. Exile was the punishment for whoever presumed to sit upon the same carpet with one of these haughty priests. If a Sudra were heard to speak contemptuously of a Brahmin, his mouth was burned; but if he dared to insult him to his face, his tongue was slit. If one of the common people were to listen to the reading of the Vedas, boiling oil was to be poured into his ears; but if he went so far as to commit to memory any portion of the sacred books, death was the only adequate penalty for his misconduct.

Not content with holding the lives and happiness of all the rest of the community in their clutches, the Brahmins, in the wanton exercise of their arbitrary power, instituted the horrible rite of *suttee*, by which widows were burned on the funeral pile with their departed husbands. In order to bolster up this flagrant piece of tyranny, with genuine clerical ingenuity they falsified the text of the Vedas, as has been recently shown by Wilson and Max Müller. Similar instances of sacerdotal forgery in later times and less remote countries, from the Text of the Holy Witnesses to the Decretals of Isidore, are familiar to readers of Church history; and in the case of the Brahmins such deception was the easier, since only by themselves could the sacred writings be read.

Thus did the priests of Brahma cast their web about society, and hold the entire community tightly bound in its meshes. No man could come unto God except through their mediation. Without going through their interminable system of absurd rites and complicated ceremonies, no one could be purified from sin. The history of priestcraft presents few instances of such complete, unqualified despotism. It is difficult to understand how any nation could have lived under a system like this, which must have rendered life almost intolerable to all but the haughty tyrants themselves. It was this system of whited-sepulchreism that Buddha attacked. Throwing aside all conventional restraints, and breaking through the regulations of caste, the young prince assumed the privilege of a Brahmin, to teach the moral law of God. Forsaking the splendors of his royal position, he took upon him the garb of a mendicant, and shrank not from the filthy contact of sinners and publicans. He gathered around him people of all ranks in society and of all sects in philosophy. He exposed to public view and held up to public opprobrium the overweening pretensions of the Brahmins; and in public argument he refuted their specious dogmas, just as Socrates in the agora shattered the subtle logic of the Sophists. He set at naught their hollow ceremonies, and made of no account their intricate ritual. And, more than all this, he unsparingly denounced the wrathful excommunications and cruel penances with which the Brahmins visited those who had sinned; and held out hopes of forgiveness to whoever would confess his errors and promise to sin no more. He drew down condemnation upon the selfish and lying trickery of the Brahmins, who incontinently grasped at all charitable contributions, turning them to their own uses; and, inculcating universal charity, universal forbearance, and forgiveness of injuries, he laid the foundations of a system of pure and sublime morality, such as has rarely been surpassed by any code of ethics the world has seen. Thus, in the words of an able writer, "he

whose meditations had been how to deliver the soul of man from misery and the fear of death, delivered the people of India from a degrading thraldom, and from priestly tyranny." Had it not been for these peculiarities of his teaching, Buddha could never have taken hold of the popular heart. We might have heard of him as an eminent philosopher and an acute metaphysician, along with Kanada, Jaimini, Kapila, Gaudapada, Patanjali, Charvaca, and a host of others; but of Buddha as the founder of a great religion we should never have heard.

The utter inadequacy of the Brahminic religion to satisfy the spiritual needs of man was the principal cause of the wonderful success and the rapid spread of Buddhism. But that success was hastened by the turn of political affairs. In 312 B. C. a daring adventurer of inferior rank, named Chandragupta, usurped, by a *coup d'état*, the throne of Magadha, and thus obtained, in total defiance of the Brahmins, the supremacy over all India. A contest of course arose between the reigning family and the sacerdotal order, which resulted, under the reign of Asoka, in the next century, in the establishment of Buddhism as the state religion. In later times the Brahmins regained their political ascendency, and commenced a fierce persecution against their adversaries, large numbers of whom were thus driven from India. Buddhistic doctrines were carried by the refugees into Tartary and Thibet, and in China Buddhism took its place as a recognized form of worship, beside the time-honored religion of Confucius. Though sullied with many corruptions, defaced with exotic observances, and overgrown with metaphysical dogmas, Buddhism has never ceased to spread its sway among the yellow inhabitants of Eastern Asia; and at the present day more than four hundred millions of the human race continue to love and revere the name of Gótama, the Prince of Kapilavastu.

Atwood 64

HORACE, ODE XVI. BOOK II.

O GROSPHUS, he whom fate has cast upon the wide Ægean wave,
And shrouded from his gaze the moon, while not a star appears to save,
With steady light, the mariner now tossing helpless and dismayed,
Turns to the immortal gods for help, and humbly begs their aid.

The savage Thracian seeks repose, the graceful-quivered Parthian flies
To seek for ease, — that ease bought not by gems nor Tyrian dyes,
Nor yet by gold. The wealth of kings or lictor's rod can ne'er remove
Those wretched tumults of the mind that splendid ceilings smile above.

The man is blest with calm content, who, safe from his paternal hoard
May see the old ancestral salt still glitter on his frugal board.
No carking care disturbs his peace; within his even-tempered breast
No sordid avarice is found to rob him of his gentle rest.

Why do we in this little life aim at so much can ne'er be done?
Why leave our land for distant climes, that lie beneath another sun?
The exile seeking to escape from care and tortures of the mind,
Still from himself can never flee, nor leave all memory behind.

The brazen-beakèd galleys plough with stately grace the crested tides,
Corroding care boards the proud ship, and o'er its deck forever rides.
The fleetest steed it sits beside, the nimble stag it leaves behind,
Outstripping in its onward course the fierce and stormy eastern wind.

A mind content with present good seeks not the field of anxious strife,
And with a cheerful, careless smile corrects the bitterness of life.
Nothing in all is wholly blest. Fearless Achilles early died,
While wan Tithonus vainly prayed to meet the death stern fate denied.

And time perchance to me may yield what still may be withheld from you,
A hundred flocks bleat in your fields, round you Sicilian heifers low,
For you the neighing mare is brought, the chariot-born with eye of fire,
While purple garments doubly dyed of softest wool form your attire.

No gifts like these, alas! are mine; but kind and undeceitful fate
Bestowed on me, with calm content, a rural home, a small estate,
A lyre with which to woo the Muse, the lovely goddess Grecian-born,
And for the little malice, wrought of vulgar minds, a quiet scorn.

Kennedy '61

MY TRIP TO RAINBOW.

"If there comes a crust by to-morrow, we 'll start right off for the burnt lands. If there are any moose in the State, they 'll be down by Girard ponds between the black growth and the hard-wood ridge. Eh! Dave?"

Dave assented with dutiful modesty to his father's words, and I, who had perceived, even in my short intercourse with the old man, his great woodcraft, believed that my long-cherished hopes were to be accomplished. We were in front of the logging-camp. Dave and his father were cutting large rock-maple logs, and I hauling them in by our fire. The past thirty-six hours had brought us warmth, mist, and rain, and we were all as jubilant as children. The moose-hunter, who has for a whole season relied on still hunting for all his sport, looks upon a rain in February with a peculiar feeling of gratitude to his woodland deity. The crust that the succeeding cold will form will not be as solid and sharp as that which comes under the vernal equinox, but the chase of the moose will be none the less exciting and certain of success.

"It 's hard to tell about this ere rain," said the old man; "it may clear off cold, or we may have a snow-storm that would spoil all our sport. However, to-morrow will tell us for sure; and if a crust does come, if only enough to bear the dog on the lake, I 'll guarantee you a moose before you leave for down-river."

The rain cleared away as the afternoon passed, and we had one or two glimpses of the sun, as he sank to rest behind the woods on the other side of Chesuncook. Dave passed the evening in frequent trips to the edge of the lake, to see what the prospect for the morrow was, while his father related to me many a story of his younger days, when moose and bear were plentier than at present, and when, as the old man said, "I'd as soon thought of firing at a pine-stub as at a moose for his hide. But now hides are wuth about eight dollars, and I guess it will pay to drag one out."

Before I could see Aldebaran through the smoke-hole, we rolled our logs on the fire, Dave had his last pipe full, and with a "Good night, Chicken," we slept. Was it cold the next morning? I don't know. Will had taken home the thermometer, but I do know how anxiously I rubbed my nose to get some warmth in it, and I have some recollection of Dave's gestures and remarks when he hauled in the wood to get breakfast with. *Crust?* The crust would bear anything, and was, as the old man said, "well spudded down." We were not long getting through breakfast, and then in a trice the two handsleds were packed and strapped, and we started.

Never shall I forget that morning walk on Chesuncook. We were four miles from the outlet, and had to walk that four miles, dragging the sleds, and enduring whatever blasts Boreas might see fit to send down upon us. Dave took one sled, I the other, while the old man plodded along at a very philosophical jog. The dog scampered away at first as though possessed with devils, and ran helter-skelter for the mere enjoyment of the morning; but before the walk was over, he was glad enough to curl behind the sled, or choose the still edge of the woods. I should have frozen had I been obliged to keep company with the others; so, starting on the run, I travelled about two miles and then stopped to see my companions. Dave was coming along a few rods behind, while his father was back a long half-mile. Dave and I were very cold, with all our exertions; but the old man, having taken the precaution to put on an extra coat, was comfortable. We could not stop long, so started, and after another pull were at the half-mile carry. Here, again, we waited for old Bryant, and his first words were, "Well, that lake allus was the coldest old hole, — never came here in July but what I met a frost." We were very glad to have the shelter of the woods for a short half-mile, and as the path was very good, and the crust very strong, snow-shoeing was mere sport.

We emerged from the woods by an old stub on the edge of Ripogenus Lake. This, like its larger neighbor, Chesuncook, is a quiet place in the river, merely a bulge of the Penobscot. Above and below it are the worst falls on the West Branch of the river, and the hardest places for the lumbermen on the drive. As we came upon the lake the old man sung out, "We 'll have to catch it before we make yonder shore," and true enough we did have to catch it. The sky was cloudy; the wind blew fiercely, and the shores had so desolate an appearance, that I could hardly imagine myself so far from the north pole. The rocky barrens of the northern side of the lake contrasted strangely with the pine-woods I had been accustomed to see, while the hills, snow-covered to the summit, fading away in the distance to Katahdin, wholly enveloped in clouds, made me almost expect to see red snow, or some other indication of the arctic circle. The winds blew horribly; they howled around us, and played tag up and down my back until I was well-nigh frantic. To run availed nothing. The two miles of the lake had to be crossed, and the winds would blow only fiercer at the other end. Dave sought the shore again; I took his sled, and, tying it behind mine, scudded before the wind, singing "Glory Hallelujah." While comparing my situation with that of Dr. Kane, I turned one side, and saw, *mirabile dictu!* on a high bank, from the lake, a frame-house and barn. I was thunderstruck for an instant, and then wondered why any mortal could have built a house in such a place. It only added to the chill of the scene. No smoke emerged from the roof, and no strange inhabitant called to us as we hurried by. Built a few years ago, it certainly found no one foolish enough this winter to occupy it.

Once on the shore, I ducked under a small spruce, and waited for the others. The old man came up, as jolly as ever. "What fools," said he, "you Boston people are, to build houses all together, all up in a heap, where you can't breathe, when you might come up to such a place as this and

get all the fresh air you'd want. Though, George, did n't you find it kinder hot and muggy just as you came round that small pint?" Without waiting for my reply, he continued: "This is a leetle the tallest kind of a day I have seen for many a year. I've been up and down the West Branch now for forty years, winter and summer, and I never saw the equal of this for wind."

We took the path of the three-mile carry, and, after having gone about a mile and a half, struck off south for Girard ponds and Rainbow Lake. Dave was our guide, and we followed him through a growth of young birches and maples, jerking the sled around this tree and that, letting it slide down a hill and slump against some stub, or hauling it laboriously up a steep pitch. We were in the burnt lands; many thousand acres are here covered with hard-wood growth, the pines and spruces having been burnt long ago. This was the moose country. Mr. Bryant said he *knew* there were plenty here, and I was well pleased to work like a horse if I could have the pleasure of sending a ball into this monarch of the woods.

We crossed the two Girard ponds, and then began to look about us for a place to pass the night. Girard, who had logged here five winters before, had a small camp about half a mile from Rainbow, but we did not expect to find it standing. A bed on the snow, with nothing over us but our blankets, seemed hardly desirable on such a night, so we proposed to go on and find the old camp, if possible. Having got to a sheltered cove in the woods, the old man and I waited while Dave started in search. Soon he came back with the pleasing intelligence that we could make it do for a night or two much better than sleeping out-doors. A short walk brought us to the place. It was a camp in the woods off the burnt lands; a small camp, designed for a lumbering crew of a dozen or fifteen men; it was in very good repair, and we were all in high spirits at our good fortune. They went to cut wood, while, with an old shovel,

found in one corner, I began to remove the five feet of snow that had fallen down the smoke-hole. I cleared away enough to get at the stones of the fireplace, and then, bringing in some of the wood they had cut, got a fire going.

"Don't be afraid of the wood, George; pile it on; we'll warm up the old place, and melt out some of this frost and snow. Curse that smoke-hole! Is it going to smoke?"

"Well she is, I'm afraid; see if you can't get down some of the snow from round the edge, out there on the roof."

"Smoke or no smoke, we must have our pork, and then we'll raise her from poverty," said Dave. So while his father remedied the flues we got dinner.

No joy can compare with that of the woodsman when he sits down to his dinner of pork, tea, and bread, before a roaring fire. The heat penetrating into the corners of the camp, and causing the snow around the smoke-hole to melt down in large, hissing drops, the cheerful glow that illuminates every side, are combined with the sputtering of the pork, and the bubbling of the tea, to send joy to the stomach and warmth to the chilly back of the hunter. Our pork was good; our tea was excellent; but our bread was frozen hard: cannon-balls could not have been more indestructible. This had become too common to speak about, so we cut off bits and swallowed them with a violent effort. We thought it best to get wood that afternoon, and try the moose next day, so Dave and his father cut, and I hauled, till near sundown. After our supper we were glad to go to bed. I slept cold, and was just as glad to get up again.

Our plan for the next day was, that Dave and I should go off south, keeping on the edge of the hard-wood growth, and so make the circuit of Rainbow Lake, if we did not come across a moose sooner; but the expectation was, that in half an hour's walk we should start one. The old man was to go to a pond about a mile to the west and see what he would be able to find. We took our rations, a cannon-shot of bread and a piece of raw pork, and started. The day

was clear and cold, and the snow-shoeing excellent. "If we start a moose here," said Dave, "we can easily overhaul him in half an hour." I watched the dog and the bushes, but old Major never lifted his nose to scent, and not a bush had been browsed by a moose that fall. The sun was at the meridian when we came out on the edge of Rainbow and stopped on the shore to eat our dinner. A little spring, that the cold had not been able wholly to conceal, gave us water, and we ate our raw pork and frozen bread with a relish unknown to any but one who camps in winter. It was so cold that the water in our little tin dipper froze hard while we were eating, and we had to cut it out with a knife, and get some more after our meal was over. Rainbow Lake was a long, narrow sheet of water, with a large number of islands in it, and steep, rocky hills around. I never got into such a country for snow-shoeing; no one could call himself an adept until he had slidden down some of those pitches or climbed over some of the rocks. No moose, no, not one. The day was beginning to wane when we struck an old logging-road that led to camp. The smoke issuing from the snow-covered roof told us that the old man had got back, and we conjectured that his search had been as fruitless as our own. Nor were we wrong; he had not seen any sign, and we were all very blue thereat. The other two could not account for it at all; they had believed that we should certainly find a moose down here, and to go back without one was disagreeable in the extreme.

We got our supper of pork again, without any moose-meat to cheer us, and then the old man said we might just as well go back to-morrow. "If you did not see a browsing on that long tramp, — and I did not see one in my walk, — you may be sure there are no moose around Rainbow this year." In fact, I came to the conclusion that the present country was like that around Sowadehunk Lake, where we boys had camped three weeks, — a very good country for moose, only the moose had all been killed off. Dave Bryant,

himself, killed eighty-two, three years ago this spring, around Sowadehunk, and we had heard of two Indians being at Rainbow. Plainly we were a few years behind the times, and I might go to Boston empty-handed, as far as moose were concerned.

The morrow came, clear and bright, and we made ready early. The old man wanted to go to the foot of the lake by way of Chesuncook pond, as he could not believe that it was his sad fate to go back without a moose. Dave and I took each a sled and dragged across Girard ponds, and through the woods to the burnt lands. We came up a little hill, and saw before us a scene which I can never forget. The day we came down had been cloudy and cold. We had not been able to see any of the mountains, nor, in fact, anything but a few rods either side of the road. But now, at nine o'clock in the morning, the sun shone from the clear sky on a scene of unequalled grandeur. Directly before us lay bare and snow-covered hills, fringed somewhat at the base with a few scanty spruces, and serving as the steps by which a Titan might have ascended to pile his Pelion on the grand Ossa before us. Ossa, proudly rising from his humbler brethren, was there in old Katahdin. The sunlight cast bright tints on its snow-covered sides and ice-tipped summit, and the beauty of the scene was increased by the tumbling waters of the Penobscot, which rolled at our feet with a swiftness that no ice could stay. We stopped, Dave and I, all heated with our walk, and gazed in silent wonder. Snow from our feet to the top of the mountain, five thousand feet in air; ice and snow on every rock, and even striving hard to conquer the stream. The ice crept into its waters; it reached out its weak hand from the bank; it essayed to form a chain across by stretching from rock to rock; but the waves laughed at it, leaped over the stones in spite of it, and would not be wooed by the ice-god. Happy stream! Faithful stream! Reminding Katahdin of June showers and August days, and singing always a constant song from May to December. Far

across from us, near the limpid waters, the eagle's nest remained undisturbed on the pine. The king of birds too shared the companionship, and early in the summer morning dipped his wing in the waters, and rose to greet the sun rising above the mountain. He carried a message to the peak, and came again with the salutation of the river's lord. Katahdin may have beauties for the artist and poet in the summer, but grandeur belongs to it in the winter, when no sound of man disturbs the quiet; when the wolf-track in the crust is the only indication that any living thing abides the cold wind and storms that scream their discordant cry with the ripplings of the water. Why go to the Andes? Why ascend Mont Blanc? Within a week's journey from home you may find the scenery of the Andes and the Alps, if you will only undertake the task. I was well repaid for my trip to Rainbow. I was well repaid for my cold, hunger, and privation. None but he who will work for it deserves to see Katahdin in February.

We started again, and soon got to the foot of Chesuncook, meeting the old man, who had — why need I repeat it? — seen not a browsing, nor a moose sign of any sort. The old man swore piously, Dave emphatically, and I ——

INCENTIVES TO ACTION.

THE answer of Demosthenes to the query, "In what consists oratory?" would have been appropriate for a more general question. "Action" we know is everywhere; and what consists without action, in some form or degree, is a question not likely to be answered satisfactorily to those expecting to find something positively passive. Search the world through, and where is not movement, change, progress,

or retrogression? for nothing remains stationary, everything either recedes or advances. Every form of nature, and, necessarily, every form of art, from the faintest zephyr that is scarcely perceptible to the mightiest efforts of mind, from the meanest trifle made by man to his master-works, speaks louder than words can tell, that, according to immutable laws, action is everywhere; everything throbs with the action of the Divine Mind.

With the causes at work in inanimate bodies, which, moving, know not that they move or why they move, with those in the vegetable world, and the lower animal creation, we have nothing to do. Our inquiry concerns his motives "who moves the hand that moves the world." Nevertheless, in passing, we may remark, that this universal action in nature, if not intended for, is at least worthy of, the imitation of man.

What a variety of actions does a bird's-eye view of the world disclose to us! How often is our sense of propriety shocked by seeing men act differently under precisely the same circumstances. Equally interesting is it to observe and compare the results of those actions: some, pursuing the same path, overtake others by reason of extra ability and energy; others, following different paths, arrive at the same goal; still others never arrive at any desired point, but often rush into destruction. It were interesting to know *the motives* underlying these actions in the minds of the actors.

To a casual observer it would appear that many things are done without motive; this view, however, philosophy condemns. Some influence, however obscure, always operates to induce a man to do what he does. Not only must there be a motive, but a powerful motive, to incite to anything particularly praiseworthy. Mankind is naturally sluggish; it needs something to enlist its interest, to direct its efforts, and personal interest must, in some degree, be involved. Although we do not know positively, we may

easily conjecture, from the actions of men and from their characters thus shown, by what motives they are influenced.

In the *desires* we find the incentives to action. The aspirant singles out some object that he knows to be desirable. Charmed, as it were, by the first glance, he is urged irresistibly toward it. It is alone to be gained by *action;* and, however averse to the means, knowing that it is the condition of acquiring it, he makes the effort, perseveres, and accomplishes something for himself and for the world. What monuments of labor have been reared by the desires to be, to do, to have, and to know!

But, although all actions are the results of motives, born of the desires, these motives are not all equally wise. Ignorance, superstition, and immorality hold reign over vast portions of the race. According as these predominate, the motives of a people are *blind;* and according as civilization, science, and religion are in the ascendency, so are the motives of a people. Although the devotees of the former are to be found chiefly among heathen tribes, to these they are not confined; neither are the advocates of the latter confined to civilized regions. Everywhere are the learned and the unlearned, the superstitious and the enlightened, the moral and the immoral, and everywhere, therefore, are to be found in operation blind and intelligent motives.

We have but to cast a single glance over the busy, bustling world, to discover the two great incentives to action. *The thirsting after wealth, the desire for reputation,* seem almost universal. These motives may be either *blind or intelligent,* according to the *ends in view.* He who labors for money as a means, not as an end, and employs that means, when acquired, for his own benefit and for that of his fellow-men, is clearly actuated by an intelligent motive. He has a worthy and legitimate end in view, and he will leave the world "better for his having been in it." He is a public-spirited man. Recognizing his relations and duties to society, he acts accordingly. Towns and cities grow up and prosper

around him. Every good enterprise that does not receive his active co-operation, receives at least his approval. He is a philanthropist and a Christian. His fellow-feeling is none the less for being widely extended. He is a friend to man, wherever found, and in whatever state. The poor, the suffering, the unfortunate, however afflicted, are particular objects of his care. Asylums and schools rise under his auspices. His ships carry to heathen tribes beyond the sea the truths and arts of religion and civilization. Like the great sun, that draws toward itself a wealth of water, that it may be again scattered broadcast o'er the gaping earth, to give new life to vegetation, he labors to make, and then diffuses what he has made, for his own particular and for the general good.

In contrast with this character is the *miser*, — he whose principles are as *wretched* as himself. He may by labor worthily accumulate wealth; but what *object* has he in view? what motive from which the act derives character? Wholly selfish. The desire to have, unassociated with any desire to do good, is the incentive to action, the highest pleasure, an infatuation for musing over what to the possessor is valueless. He benefits not even himself. His motive is blind; with him wealth is an end, not a means.

The desire for reputation is an incentive either blind or intelligent. How many start in life with "Excelsior," in its most selfish signification, as their watchword. All men are more or less selfish; but with these no act is done but to subserve self-interest, no sacrifice made that involves loss to themselves. Prominent among these stands the demagogue, — he who aims at spoils and a name. A character so well known and so prominent of late needs no illustration. Like Herostratus, who destroyed one of the "seven wonders of the world" in order to perpetuate a worthless name, he lifts himself on the ruins of his country; and, like Nero, viewing the havoc he has made, he "fiddles while Rome is burning." He it is who makes politics the meanest of trades,

who disgraces and misrepresents the people at home and abroad; who keeps honest, intelligent citizens in the background, and makes them hide their heads for very shame. Need we say that such an one is actuated by a *blind* motive?

But the desire for reputation may be an intelligent motive. We turn willingly from the picture just drawn to view human nature in a more favorable light. A different character is the patriot statesman. He has, indeed, a laudable ambition, inseparable from him as a man; but so far from being wholly absorbed in self, his own interests are subservient to those of his constituents. The good of the state, of the country, is his aim. No narrow-minded party scheme, annulling the *rights* of one section to please the *prejudices* of another, finds favor in his eyes. To him the rights of all are sacred, and he will guard them religiously. While such continues to be his course, he needs feel no anxiety for his reputation, — that *results* from his actions. *His* motive is intelligent.

Although, in reviewing the motives of men, we find little, comparatively, that is refreshing to our unselfish feelings, it would appear that there are some rare spirits, who, by their actions, wholly ignore self, and sincerely devote themselves to the cause of their more needy fellow-men. Instead of striving to overtop others, they lend a helping hand to those beneath them to draw them to a common level. Their motives being disinterested, no prospects of fortune or fame are before them. A sense of *duty* is their incentive, to go about doing good their highest pleasure. Do they suffer reproach? they are sustained by His example who preceded them in the work. Does suffering or want, of whatever kind, exist? They serve not self-interest under the cloak of philanthropy, but their benefactions fall like the manna from heaven, the hand that scatters being unseen.

Another class, the exact reverse of these, are those who make themselves of worse than no reputation, by surrendering themselves wholly to the desire for pleasure, and grati-

fying their perverted tastes in crime. They have discovered that the forbidden fruit is sweet, the descent to Hades easy. With them the conflict between desire and duty, if at all, is short, — they yield themselves willingly to the infatuation that possesses them, — the fruit of crime supplies the fruit of labor. They minister to themselves as animal, not at all as spiritual beings, and take no thought of any save the passing moment.

There is still another class, to whom *the desire to live honorably* is the incentive to action, — incentive worthy of any rank! Fortune and fame are beyond their reach; hard necessity stares them in the face. Their lives are scenes of labor, seldom varied by recreation or repose. Seldom has want driven them to crime, for death is preferable to dishonor.

In whatever they may result, let us see to it that *our* motives are intelligent and pure; let some *worthy object* ever be in view. In any event, we shall then be secure; our motives may be mistaken, other objects may be ascribed to us; but, valuable above all things, the consent of an approving conscience shall be ours.

THE ALABAMA AND THE GEORGE GRISWOLD.

Go forth! said the men of England,
And scour the Western seas, —
Ravage the wave with your leaden hail,
Burn and destroy each Northern sail
That fills with the blowing breeze.

And go! said the men of the North,
Let the West-wind favoring rise.
Go drive the ravening wolf from the door;
Go feed the hungry, go aid the poor,
Where the starving laborer dies.

And again came the voice from England:
Bid your deep-toned wolves of war
Tell to the world how we love the right;
Show that honor and freedom are our delight
In the cannon's echoing roar.

But hark! said the men of the North,
To the calls of want and woe.
Fill up the hold with the golden grain
That waved on the summer's Western plain,
Ere the sickle laid it low.

God speed! said the men of England;
Our thirst for red gold is strong:
If others suffer while rich are we,
What is it to us who is bond or free, —
Whether right shall conquer, or wrong?

God speed! said the men of the North;
That the sea-girt isle may see,
Though our brothers' blood is shed like rain,
Though our country swoons in her mortal pain,
That we live for humanity.

So go forth! said the men of England,
And scour the Western seas;
Ravage the wave with your leaden hail;
Burn and destroy each Northern sail
That fills with the blowing breeze.

And go! said the men of the North,
Let the West-wind favoring rise.
Go drive the ravening wolf from the door;
Go feed the hungry, go aid the poor,
Where the starving laborer dies.

Gove '64

VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.

AN examination of the condition of the female sex at different periods of the world's history does not fail to reveal the intimate connection between the position assigned to woman and the progress of civilization. Such an examination shows, too, not only the power of woman's influence, and that it is a law of eternal justice that man cannot degrade her without becoming himself degraded, but also that the position which woman holds in society is an exact index of the state of civilization.

In barbarous tribes, whether of ancient or modern times, woman is treated as a slave. Her position in slavery varies, of course, with the varying resources of the tribe. If game and fish are the chief articles of subsistence, her occupation is principally domestic; but if the food of the tribe is obtained by a rude cultivation of the ground, woman is consigned to out-door labor. In either case her condition is one of complete and abject slavery.

Australia has the most savage tribes which are known at the present day; and the treatment which woman receives there is well illustrated by the manner in which their courtship is conducted. If a young brave feels a desire to enter the matrimonial alliance, he watches a maid, of another tribe, perhaps, and when he sees her go to some retired spot, he rushes upon her and beats her over the head with a club until she is senseless; he then takes her to his home, where she is obliged to acknowledge herself vanquished by such strong proofs of affection, and compelled to serve her conqueror from that day forth.

Passing to less uncivilized tribes, the testimony of Tacitus with regard to the Germans is worth noticing. He represents that among this people women were treated with some degree of respect and affection, and in some measure were made the confidants and friends of their husbands, and that

even in matters of war their advice was often sought and taken. It is not surprising to find that he also speaks of this tribe as brave, humane, and far less uncivilized than the neighboring tribes in which woman was not treated with such consideration.

The most civilized nation among the ancients was of course Egypt; and it is there that the greatest respect for women may be found. Looking at modern times, the question is at once suggested, what people have made so little progress in civilization as the Chinese? And what people assign to woman so low a position in society? There she is not only a slave, but also a beast of burden; and it is by no means uncommon, say travellers, to see a woman yoked to a plough which is driven by her sturdy spouse. Such has been her position in China from the time of Confucius, who mentions women and slaves in the same connection, and speaks of a similar difficulty in managing both classes. Even a celebrated female writer, in urging upon her sex their inferiority, says that "they hold the lowest rank in the human species, and that the least exalted functions ought to be, and in fact are, assigned to them."

Nowhere does woman receive more consideration and better education than in England and America, and certainly nowhere has a higher state of civilization been reached.

Thus it is seen that the progress of human civilization has steadily kept pace with the progress of female education. This being true, it is hardly possible to place too high an estimate on the advantages and benefits which would result to our country from a more thorough and effective system of education of women. What, then, is the best course of female education? To this question there are two answers. One party, gradually growing smaller, fortunately, maintain that, as her path in life is, and ought to be, humble and subordinate to her husband's, so only that education is necessary which will fit her for these humble duties and this subordinate position. Another party assert that the highest mental

attainments are not incompatible with the position and duties of wife and mother. They say that, as women have the same mental powers as men, requiring the same mental discipline for their complete and systematic development, that course is best adapted to female education which is found to be best for the development of mind; and that, to meet the difficulties of life with success, woman needs the same acumen of intellect, maturity of judgment, and refinement of taste as men; and that whatever is most valuable as mental discipline for the one is equally so for the other. Fortunately for this country, among those who hold these opinions is the noble-minded and generous-hearted founder of the institution the name of which has been placed at the head of this article.

Matthew Vassar was born in England, but was brought by his parents to this country when about four years of age. The family settled a few miles from Poughkeepsie, New York; and finding there wild hops growing in abundance, they determined to do honor to one of Old England's customs by making "home-brewed ale." From this time the destiny of the family was settled. The old Dutch farmers relished the drink, and a successful business was soon established.

At the age of fourteen Matthew Vassar went forth to seek his fortunes, with his wardrobe in a handkerchief and six shillings in his pocket. At the end of five years he returned with his six shillings expanded into one hundred and fifty dollars. The brewery having been burnt about this time, he determined to rebuild it, and re-establish the business. Success crowned his efforts, and he is now one of the millionnaires of New York. Having no children, he determined to devote his property to some charitable purpose. After entertaining various projects, among which was that of founding a hospital like the famous one in London which was established by the munificence of his relative, Sir John Guy, he resolved to found a female college, recognizing the principle that woman

is entitled to and needs as varied, extensive, and thorough an education as man. Having announced this determination, an act of incorporation was granted by the Legislature of New York, naming Senator Harris, Hon. James Harper, Doctors Magoun, Lathrop, and Hague, Benson J. Lossing, and others as its trustees; and to them Matthew Vassar handed over, on the 26th of February, 1861, the magnificent sum of $408,000, as the endowment of the college. The donation was accepted by the trustees, and on the 4th of June, 1861, ground was broken for the foundation of the college edifice. Since then the walls have been erected, and at the present time the sounds of busy labor are heard throughout the interior. The building will be finished in the spring of 1864, and be opened for the reception of students in the ensuing autumn. It is built in the Norman style, and provided with a mansard roof. The material is brick and the height three stories. The print which has been issued reminds one of the common engraving of the Tuileries, in imitation of which the building was planned. The dimensions of the building are enormous. The length of the front is five hundred feet, while the wings extend to a distance of one hundred and sixty-five feet, and the main building has a depth of one hundred and seventy-one feet. Here are to be, under one roof, the chapel, art gallery, library, lecture and recitation rooms, two double houses for four professors, president's house, apartments for the lady teachers, matrons, and steward, and accommodations for three hundred young ladies. The rooms for the students are admirably arranged in suites of four, composed of a parlor and three sleeping-rooms. Three young ladies are to occupy, in common, one parlor, connected with which is a separate bedroom for each. The excellence of this arrangement will be seen at once. The building is to be warmed by steam, lighted by gas, thoroughly ventilated, supplied with pure soft water, and is to be rendered nearly fire-proof, and provided with the most efficient means of escape in case of fire. It stands three hundred feet from the road. At the

entrance is to be a neatly-built lodge, and the avenue to the College is to pass through a garden perfected with all the adornments of the gardener's art. The grounds of the College consist of two hundred acres of the finest land in the Hudson valley. Through these grounds runs the Casparkill Creek, from which a pond has been made to furnish bathing in the summer and skating in the winter. The distance from Poughkeepsie is about one mile. For the grounds, and the construction of the building, it is estimated that about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be required. The remaining one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is to be expended for the pictures to adorn the art gallery, for the library, the collections in natural science, and for the endowment of the College.

The main principle upon which this institution is to rest is simple, and easily stated. In the words of the founder, it is to be "an institution which shall accomplish for our young women what our colleges are accomplishing for our young men." On the presentation of the funds to the trustees, Mr. Vassar gave expression to the following sentiments, which do honor alike to his head and heart. "It occurred to me that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development. I considered that the *mothers* of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny. Next to the influence of the mother is that of the female teacher who is employed to train young children at a period when impressions are most vivid and lasting. It also seemed to me that if woman were properly educated, some new avenues to useful and honorable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her. It further appeared, there is not in our country — there is not in the world, so far as is known — a single fully-endowed institution for the education of women. It was also in evidence, that for the last thirty years the stand-

ard of education for the sex has been constantly rising in the United States; and the great, felt, pressing want has been, ample endowments to secure to female seminaries the elevated character, the stability, and permanency of our best colleges."

Such are the views which have induced Mr. Vassar to devote his princely fortune and the remaining years of his life to the noble object of elevating the standard of female education.

Mr. Vassar also proceeded to give his ideas of the branches of study which should be pursued. He said: "I wish that the course of study should embrace, at least, the following particulars: The English language and its literature; other modern languages; the ancient classics, so far as may be demanded by the spirit of the times; the mathematics, to such an extent as may be deemed advisable; all the branches of natural science, with full apparatus, cabinets, collections, and conservatories for visible illustration; anatomy, physiology, and hygiene, with practical reference to the laws of the health of the sex; intellectual philosophy; the elements of political economy; some knowledge of the Federal and State constitutions and laws; moral science, particularly as bearing on the filial, conjugal, and parental relations; æsthetics, as treating of the beautiful in nature and art, and to be illustrated by an extensive gallery of art; domestic economy, practically taught, so far as is possible, in order to prepare the graduates readily to become skilful housekeepers; last, and most important of all, the daily systematic reading and study of the Holy Scriptures, as the only and all-sufficient rule of Christian faith and practice."

These views of Mr. Vassar indicate the course of study which will probably be followed, though the exact curriculum is still under consideration. A college diploma obtained here will represent, not that the recipient has spent a certain number of years at the institution, but that she has successfully passed the examinations in all the departments. Testi-

monials will also be given, setting forth that the pupil has passed an examination in one or more branches.

The president is to be Milo P. Jewett, a graduate of Dartmouth College, a gentleman of liberal culture and extensive experience in the effective management of young ladies' seminaries. Some members of the faculty have been already selected, and at least one of them is now in Europe fitting himself for the duties of the position which he is to assume. Others are to be appointed at the next regular meeting of the board of trustees, in June. As was previously stated, the College will be opened for the reception of students in the autumn of 1864.

Such is the institution which Matthew Vassar is endeavoring to establish. The attempt does honor to the age in which we live, to our country, and to the generous-hearted man who has given such a princely sum for its accomplishment. Harvard and Yale only followed in the footsteps of their predecessors, but Matthew Vassar has struck out a new path, and taken a long step in advance. All honor to Matthew Vassar, the founder of the first female college!

J. S. Kg. 63

ARE WE LOYAL?

SAD indeed is it for a people when we fear to put this query to our neighbor, lest he answer, "Not I." A few years ago an American would have deemed it the grossest insult; yet such are the changes which the last eight months have wrought in our government, and so different the aspect which foreign affairs have assumed, that now we are constrained to cast this imputation upon the character and actions of a considerable party at the North, — how significant their name, — *Copperheads!*

I fear it is a matter of regret to too few of us who now stand upon the threshold of a life, — who shall say how noble, — that at this time, when, most of all, our best energies should be directed towards an analysis and consideration of our own Constitution, — that code under which our fathers lived, now transmitted to us that we may cherish and protect it, — when none of us dare ask his friend to define the executive power or give the letter of the Fugitive Slave Law; that at this moment, so precious to us, we should be consuming our minds and memories with thoughts of the *British Peerage* and the *House of Lords!* Thus far we are not permitted to study that which should be dearest to every true American, though consoled with the promise of a hasty glance at it near the close of the term. Now all this *may* be judicious, it may be that the timid, cautious, non-committal policy of our College Government is still radiant with an under-current of true loyalty. Yet we would ask any candid person whether this is at all *probable*. If such be the case, why suppress before us who are committed to their care and guidance sentiments which, if noble and worthy the hour in which we live, could only serve to cover with honor an institution whose voice is, alas! hopelessly silent. To those who "*read, discuss, and diffuse,*" let me address myself. What *read* you? Copperhead speeches.

What do you *discuss?* The *despotism* of our National Administration. What do you *diffuse?* Seeds of treason, so vile that your own fangs devour them ere they fall to pollute the earth. What would you have? What colors would you show, did Liberty come to take the census of *loyalty?* The voice of our University, — inglorious now, — be it said to the shame of us all, is silent, save a low murmur of timid, trembling patriotism, half choked by the louder wail of *heartless indifference.* This is your shield, behind which you sit secure, safe from the faint whisper of Emancipation, so feeble, indeed, that it seems only for the silent night, — and for Him!

What shall rouse us from this deadly lethargy? Who will rebuke the Copperhead in our very midst? None but that great *Conscience* which is born of justice and humanity. Let him *discuss* anarchy and *despotism in America,* with this single opponent, and then cower away for fear and very shame. Yes, and one other rebuke I offer you, — you, who blush to say, with heart and will, "Stand by the President!" — one other which, if love of nobility and virtue remain, if reverence for what is purest and most beautiful in youth still claim your heart's esteem, will with silent breathings lift you from your littleness up to a loyalty and patriotism such as that which graced the character of him we loved to look upon. Read reverently: —

THE MARCH OF THE MUD-SILLS.

BY GORHAM P. STEVENS.

From the South, in stormy April, seen and dreaded from afar,
Rolling up with growing fury, burst the thunder-clouds of war;
And before their startling echoes in the hills have died away,
They are answered by a ringing shout from Massachusetts Bay.
Then the long-preparing vigor in a single moment warms,
As there sounds above the tumult an electric call to arms!
Southward move the stern battalions, forming fast on every side,
Close on one another's footsteps, in an overwhelming tide;

For the nation is in peril from the vipers in her breast,
And until their hate is baffled, there is little time for rest.
Massachusetts heads the column, and the others join her train,
From the farmers of Wisconsin to the lumbermen of Maine.
They are equal to the crisis; they have left behind their fears,
Though the state is weak with treason, and the weeks contend with years.
As their mighty chorus echoes through the Capitol and dome,
And their cannon seem to thunder, "Stand aside, the Mud-sills come!"
Thus they hurl defiant answer to the taunting words of old,
When the Mud-sills were derided, and the gentlemen extolled.

We had hoped that such a contest waited for another age, —
That the record of such baseness would defile a later page;
But since you have thrust it on us, we will shape it as we can,
Taking up the angry gauntlet in the name and aid of man.
We are turned from calmer labors; you are fretted from your sloth;
Let our arbiters, the nations, look and judge between us both:
And, as here we stand contrasted, let it once for all be seen
What these words about our labor and our independence mean.

We were born of earnest parents; and from them have tried to learn
That the goods we deigned to covet it was no disgrace to earn:
We have learned the dear-bought lesson, which they brought across the sea,
That though idleness is pleasant, it is sweeter to be free!
Once there was a time of danger; you did not despise us then;
For you gave a noble leader and we furnished him with men.
Then for you we turned to battle, put our strength and courage forth,
Perilled in the Carolinas all we rescued in the North.
As we helped you, so we loved you; for we could not then believe
That we only love while giving, only hate when we receive.
We have filled your land with railroads, sent our vessels through the seas,
Perilled life and comfort freely to contribute to your ease.
We have cut away the forests, filled the fertile plains with life,
Conquered man and banished cougar in continued years of strife,
Opened to you all the region by our toil and treasure won;
We have given, you have taken, at the rate of three to one.
We have given trade an impulse; we have fostered every art;
In the progress of the country we have more than borne our part;
We have furnished you with fabrics, from machinery to brooms,
We have clothed you with the products of our workshops and our looms;

And the toils and institutions of the Mud-sills you deride
Are the source of all your comforts and the cause of all your pride.
Can you honestly deride us while you keep our cotton-gin,
While you use our manufactures, from an engine to a pin?
And the taunting name of Mud-sills, we adopt it here to-day.
We are not too weak and haughty to confess that we are clay.
We will make our claim to title the nobility of toil;
And, like men of ancient Athens, we are children of the soil.
Give us honesty for honor; we have credit unalloyed
By the perjury of statesmen and the robberies of Floyd.
On our own enduring shoulders we will take this weight of woe,
Though we love our fathers' honor, that will not ward off the blow.
Then let others build their glory on the actions of the past,
And in a descending series show themselves the least and last;
While the memories that cluster round each venerated name
Stamp the faults of base descendants with a deeper brand of shame;
While the same heroic daring that they glory to recall
Makes the follies of the present seem sarcastically small.
You have turned from many channels, where it calmly rolled before,
Industry's resistless torrent to the foaming sea of war.
Commerce felt your feeble pressure, and is pouring down a host
From a quieter employment to beleaguer all your coast.
When you check your sales of cotton, till the mighty wheels are still,
Till the spindles cease their whirling in the halls of every mill,
There is chance for will and courage in the heart of every town,
Regiments spring into being as the cotton-mills shut down.
Blacksmiths turn their idle muscles to the steel that now is hot;
Farmers seek another harvest, artisans a nobler lot.
In the strength of quiet purpose, all your blows we counted small,
Till you struck the common parent and protector of us all.
Then you roused a mighty people, and from out that solemn hush
Burst a tempest such as gathers only once, — and then to crush.
There is something more than human keeping heart and purpose warm,
Something strikes besides the present, in the freeman's lifted arm.
In us breathes the soul of Labor, and our triumph was foretold
When the cry went up to Heaven in the darker days of old;
When the guilds of German workmen firmly into battle went,
And the blood of prouder fathers quailed before the men of Ghent:

When the burghers of the cities, for their merchandise and wine,
Formed a league against the nobles and the robbers of the Rhine.
We espouse their holy quarrel, cleave the waves in which they sank,
Consecrate to-day the chalice whence in agony they drank.

Tell us not of our reverses; for to us they seem to be
But as irritable pebbles flung against a raging sea;
And as ocean waves sweep backward to return with grander swell,
So the tide of human freedom shall sweep over these as well;
Till the nations, listening vainly for a vaunting that is gone,
Hear alone the rising chorus of the Mud-sills marching on;
Till the class that built the nation, from their energy and skill,
Shall be free to mould its progress by the edict of their will.

NEW BOOKS.

S. S. Ref. '63

A Present Heaven. By the Author of "The Patience of Hope." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. 1863.

THIS charming book, replete with grace and that beauty which is of spirituality alone, forms but a fitting companion to "The Patience of Hope," which the same author has lately laid before the public. In depth of thought and profoundness of religious experience, we think it superior to its predecessor, though to our mind wanting in that peculiar beauty which made its companion so dear to us. We cheerfully recommend this last of the pair to all those who hark to hear "the mourners go about the streets," or sigh that "the windows be darkened." Full of consolation and the sympathy which weeps for us, — which is pure and holy, — it breathes to us a whisper of comfort and love such as the Master himself alone can have inspired.

Comic '63

Fair Columbia: a National Song, dedicated to the Friends of the Union. Words by EUGENE BATCHELDER. Music arranged by A. B. POPPENBERG.

THIS is a song for the hour, patriotic and inspiriting. It has been very popular, having already passed through three editions. It was first announced at Portland, where it was sung with great success at the principal theatres, and received the highest praise from the press. We trust, and have no reason to doubt, that it will be equally, if not more, successful here. It can be obtained at the University Bookstore.

EDITORS' TABLE.

S. S. Aug. '63

EXAMINATIONS FOR DEGREES. — To whom we are indebted for this innovation we are unable to say with certainty, probable as it may appear to most of us. Yet it is enough to know that it has arrived, and we hail it as the first step in a reform which will in the end be highly beneficial to the College, which, indeed, we earnestly hope may at some future day rise into the *University*. "C'est le premier pas qui coute." So we must not be discouraged if at first this idea seem injudicious and severe. If the result be important, we shall not regret the steps which led to it, however irksome and disagreeable. Every man who has lived a year in College knows that there are those who enter upon the Academic course with no other idea than that of unlimited idleness, coming out at the end of the course on a par with others whose merits far surpass their own, and to whom the weary part at Commencement may be the only distinctive emolument. Now we conceive the new plan to be directed mainly against such men as these, — men who never should come to College at all; not because they take no honors, — far from it, — but because they make no wise use of their time whatever. Such as these indisputably lend a certain tone to the Class, and like black sheep disfigure the beauty of the flock. It will unquestionably elevate the standard of scholarship in the College far above that under which we now lead a desultory and most unsatisfactory existence here, but by thus stimulating effort it will, we think, infuse new life into the students who now live as it were in hopeless apathy. But it is by no means for this consideration alone that we consider the present innovation a wise move; it is upon much broader principles that we thus regard it. Far from being among those who place mere scholarship (certainly in the course of instruction now adopted in the College) above everything else, we consider it of vastly more importance here at Harvard, especially at the present time, to teach *character*.

It is astonishing that, with a full knowledge of the utter uselessness and mockery which mark much of the present system, the government still deem it expedient to keep in the old ruts with such absurd pertinacity. That the system of *marks*, for instance, is degrading, what clearer proof have we than the singular puerility which marks all Classes in the College. It needs no argument to an observant person mingling with the students to-day, to see that among those to whom the country should look for assistance there is an utter lack of individuality, and an indifference to the present hour which too plainly speak an infancy in thought, together with an inability to understand the crisis through which we are now passing. Think of a *recitation* for *men*, as we are wont to call ourselves; and lately we learn that the Freshmen are given *sums* to work out, — with loss of sleep and health, if necessary. Why not give them little slates, with pencils and sponges attached? Now we contend that this is what keeps the students down, and makes heartless automatons of what should be the future "sinews of the state." This is one reason why thought, discussion, and debate are fettered, and the mass of us content to live in shameful ignorance of the great questions which are now agitating the country. But we forbear to dwell on a picture which to us is only too painful, and gladly turn to the hope which we wish to express, namely,

that in time such drawbacks will be supplanted by a healthier and more vigorous system, perhaps the Oxford plan of private tutors, when men shall no longer waste their lives in blind efforts after the attainment of honors purchased only at the expense of health, and still more of that pure companionship, so gentle, so affectionate and elevating that it leavens our sin imperceptibly to us, and which, after all, how many men, of rare talent, too, have looked back upon as the greatest blessing of their College course. Such a consummation as this seems, indeed, almost visionary, if we look at the present state of affairs around us. Yet, as the straw that shows which way the wind blows, must we regard this new system of examination for degrees. It is a matter of hope and rejoicing that a new administration seems to comprehend what is most needed here, and it may not be too presumptuous to hope that, large-hearted and generous as we know it to be, good fruit will come of love and patient endeavor. Meantime, — *Stand by the President!*

THE NEW DORMITORY.

" Three wise men of Gotham went to sea in a bowl;
If the bowl had been stronger," &c. —

In this age of varied progress and discovery the enlightened mind is continually on the *qui vive* for the development of some new wonder, and instead of being startled, as formerly, by the announcement of an important astronomical discovery, or the assumption of some deep and incomprehensible mathematical hypothesis, it has become strangely reconciled to the *mirabile visu et dictu*, and now yields implicit belief where once it would have investigated, doubted, and disputed endlessly. We are convinced, however, that there still remains in man's nature a considerable degree of love for the strange, and an ever-active desire to examine into and unravel the mysterious; and we are led to these reflections by the appearance, lately, of certain strange sights beneath our dormitory window, which could not fail to attract the attention of the most unobservant, and confuse the well-digested philosophy of the most experienced. For some time past, at different hours in the day, the College Yard, in the vicinity of Massachusetts Hall, has presented to the wondering passers-by the picture of a mysterious group of individuals, numbering variously from five to seven, aged apparently somewhat beyond the meridian of life, and arrayed in all the various styles of dress which have appeared during the past and present century, gathered in close conclave upon different parts of the ground, making cabalistic gestures, and evidently intent upon some great purpose. The irregularity of their movements, which varied in all the different degrees of the peripatetic, the gesticulative, and the stationary, left it very uncertain for some time whether their designs were upon the heavens or the earth; but the attention of the group having been suddenly directed upwards, we were about to infer that it was a case of augury, and that the famous tradition of Romulus and Remus was about to be realized with all its important consequences, when our opinion was suddenly changed by seeing one of the group, whom we immediately recognized as the Bug-hunter to the University, drive a cross-shaped stake into the ground. From this significant act we concluded that the designs of the group were of an entirely terrestrial nature. After the lapse of a few moments of close conference, the group advanced from

their late position, and a second stake was erected upon a new spot marked by their impress. By this momentary change of position the faces of the group became more plainly visible, and upon closer scrutiny we recognized the familiar features of the Faculty. By a direct association of ideas our confused thoughts reverted to the all-absorbing topic of the day, and we readily remembered that the site of the new *dormitory* had not as yet been selected; hence the mysterious group and their singular movements. Being somewhat interested in the progress of the new building, we lent a willing ear to the earnest conversation, and found that there were "various and conflicting theories" as to the best spot to build on, each department reasoning from its own peculiar premises. With a view to astronomical advancement, it was urged that the building should be erected upon the hill near the President's house, in order that the rooms might command a full view of the moon, and thereby incline the occupants to study its beauties. This wise suggestion provoked serious objections from the Librarian, who feared that so close vicinity of a *dormitory* might impart a soporific influence to Gore Hall, and who believed that the new building would look better as a wing to Dane Hall. Strong metaphysical arguments exposed the absurdity of this plan, however, and contended that the dormitory ought to be built upon the *first premises* recommended by Astronomy. History seemed favorable to this plan, though it preferred that it should "go a little farther back"; but Mathematics was *diametrically* opposed to these suggestions, and, "flying off at a tangent," entered a *reductio ad absurdum* upon the whole proceedings, which up to the latest accounts remained reduced to that absurd state.

THE NEW LECTURES. — The most natural inference is that the students of the University are permitted to attend them. Not a bit of it. We understand that members of the Senior Class, by petitioning, (that right so flattering to prerogative,) may stand the chance of admission to this new course. The lower classes are without the pale entirely. We regret that, the privilege of contributing to the Magazine being confined to undergraduates, we are unable to obtain a satisfactory explanation of this exclusive provision. Perhaps it is supposed too many would attend, thereby excluding those who have prior right to them. But how many of the students would really attend if permission were granted to all? We venture to answer comparatively few; only those who, without interfering with the privileges of others, would derive the highest pleasure and advantage from so rare a course of lectures.

EXCHANGES. — Beloit Monthly, Yale Literary, and Williams Quarterly.

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THE INSANITY OF HAMLET.

THE character of Hamlet has elicited more discussion than that of any other of Shakespeare's creations; yet it seems no impossible or even difficult task to reconcile the apparent inconsistencies of his behavior. The presumption at least is, that his character is just as Shakespeare designed it should be, for the tragedy of Hamlet is his *chef d'œuvre*, and he could not have been ignorant of what critics are pleased to call the eccentricities in the actions of its hero. But, waiving our right to presumptive evidence, it seems to us that the internal evidence of the play itself is sufficient to establish that the character of Hamlet is not inconsistent, that his mind has not lost its reason, but that his insanity is a feigned madness.

It will be well to remember that the plot of this tragedy was by no means an invention of the great poet's, though modified and enlarged by him. The story on which Shakespeare founded his play was recorded by a Danish historian as early as 1204, and was translated into French by Belleforest, and published in his *Histoires Tragiques*, through which version the tale found its way to the English stage after hav-

ing been redeemed in matter and style by Shakespeare's cunning touches of fancy and art. We cannot narrate at length the incidents of the original story, but it will be sufficient for our present purpose to say that it represents the young hero, "Hamblet," as feigning madness to elude the vigilance of his enemies, and to take revenge on them with impunity. It is not probable that Shakespeare, who followed the plan of the story so closely throughout, would have departed from it in this most important particular. But if he did depart from it, it was to represent Hamlet as really mad: the alternative lies between these two; and by no hypothesis can he be charged with having created the character inconsistent with itself, and therefore unworthy of his pen. It seems to us that he intended Hamlet should feign madness and — to use Talleyrand's wicked witticism — that language should *conceal* his thoughts. We find a parallel instance in the tragedy of "Brutus" by Howard Payne.

In the first act Hamlet entertains doubts, fears there has been foul play, suspects his unnatural uncle and the fidelity of his mother. He determines to fathom this dark mystery, and, with all the superstitious fears of that credulous age, will speak to the ghost, though hell itself should gape and bid him hold his peace! And surely his is no madman's speech, when, in the solemn stillness of the midnight hour, as the ghost of his royal father appears, he exclaims: —

> "Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
> Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
> Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
> Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
> That I will speak to thee: I 'll call thee Hamlet,
> King, father, royal Dane: O answer me!
> Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
> Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
> Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
> Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
> Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
> To cast thee up again! What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do?"

When the king relates the circumstances of his death, and urges his son to revenge the most unnatural murder, Hamlet promises instant action. And because he delays the execution of that promise, made in the excitement of the moment, he is, we are told, insane, — he forgets. He does delay, but does not forget: and his very delay is an additional proof that he has not yet lost his reason. If he had rashly run to the king's chamber and stabbed him to the heart, we would be more inclined to call him mad; for, if not insanity itself, rashness, acting impulsively, careless of consequences, is its premonitory symptom. But he has reasons for procrastination; he doubts whether the ghost was an honest ghost, and, outside of its testimony, the proofs of the king's guilt are purely of a circumstantial nature. The uncle succeeding to the throne, the marriage following so quickly upon the funeral that the burial rites might pass for the nuptial ceremonies, the mourning dress of the queen for her bridal attire. Hamlet is a man of great sensibility and refinement, conscientious withal, and unwilling to trifle with the sanctity of human life; yet revenge must be his, the hour of retribution must come. But the King of Denmark is a powerful monarch; the edict of his will is law. Therefore, Hamlet, be on thy guard, lest he suspect thy suspicions; assume a fixed insanity, put thy antic disposition on; it will be a protection and a refuge, a pretext for uttering words that shall pierce the king's hard heart, before thy good sword shall draw its precious blood; under its cover thou canst speak words of anger to thy faithless mother. By acting thus, the better shalt thou remember *him*.

"Yea, from the table of my memory
I 'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past,

That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter; yes, by Heaven!"

Although it is difficult to learn where sanity ends and madness begins, it is a conceded fact, that an insane man, unlike a drunken man, never says "I am not mad." Yet Hamlet says this when he warns Horatio and Marcellus not to be surprised at his eccentric conduct in the future, for he intends to feign insanity.

"Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!
How *strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,* —
As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on, —
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, 'Well, well, we know,' or, 'We could, an
If we would,' — or, 'If we list to speak,' — or
'There be, an if they might,' —
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear."

And "swear" in sepulchral tones comes from the ghost, now invisible. This it seems to us is explicit enough to satisfy anybody but those critics who would know more of the play than Shakespeare himself. Assuming that Hamlet *pretends* to have lost his reason, his conduct is not inconsistent, but perfectly reconcilable. So well does he act his part, that even the cunning old Polonius is deceived: —

"Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?"

But why should Hamlet frighten kind, gentle Ophelia? Because he wishes to be thought insane by all, and how can he induce men to believe that better than by imposing upon

a frail girl, whom he was supposed to love, who will soon spread the news?

Note how admirably he conducts the interview with Polonius, when he speaks as a madman; but no sooner has the door closed than he exclaims, "These tedious old fools." The mask is off, and Hamlet is himself again. "*Verily I am but mad north-northwest; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.*" In Act III. Scene IV, he sees his father's ghost. He directs the queen's attention to it; she sees it not, and replies that it is the coinage of his brain. But he quickly answers: —

> "*My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,*
> *And makes as healthful music. It is not madness*
> *That I have uttered: bring me to the test,*
> *And I the matter will reword; which madness*
> *Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,*
> *Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,*
> *That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.*"

Here he wishes to undeceive his mother, and does what no madman would promise and what no madman could do, — he proposes to repeat what he had said exactly. Dr. Ray, in his work on the Jurisprudence of Insanity, thus states this fact: "In simulated mania, the impostor, when requested to repeat his disordered idea, will generally do it correctly; while the genuine patient will be apt to wander from the track, or introduce ideas that had not presented themselves before."

The play is full of proofs of this nature, but we cannot devote more space to their consideration. If Hamlet deceived, he also was deceived; he died, as he had lived, the victim of deception.

Perkins 64

GLOOM.

SILENT, mystical, congealing
Every warm and glowing feeling,
Where it rests,
Falls the shadow of depression,
Like a gloomy, cold oppression,
On the breast.

Every star that with its shining
Gave the clouds a "silver lining"
Now is set;
While the way seems dark and lonely,
And with spectral demons only
Is beset.

Sadly we, with weary longing,
Try to catch the gleams of morning;
But the sight,
Looking forth with eager sharpness,
Seeth in the dreary darkness
Only night.

There 's a sombre, ghostly, haunting
Spectre, seeming to be chanting
In the soul
Measures awful and pathetic,
Yet so fearfully prophetic
As they roll,

That their meaning seems to tell us
That whatever yet befell us
Here of woe

Shall be doubled on the morrow,
All that trouble and that sorrow
Can bestow.

There 's a sad and mournful groaning,
And a melancholy moaning
In the air,
And the very wind is sighing
Like a burdened spirit dying
In despair.

All that once was peace and gladness,
Turning into forms of sadness,
Seems to say,
Every joy that earth can give you
Is departed, then why live *you !*
Why *your* stay ?

All its happiness expressing,
There 's a sad foreboding pressing
On the heart:
While from everything we cherish
Comes the murmur, " We must perish,
We must part."

And the chord that binds the nearest
To the friends we love the dearest,
When it parts,
Is the lash that cuts the deepest
Where our human strength is weakest
In our hearts.

A PARALLEL BETWEEN GALILEO AND BACON.

EXPERIMENT has been the great teacher since man had a place upon the globe. This idea is implied in the reply of Galileo to his opponents in Pisa. "Without an experiment," said he, "you could not tell that a stone, if thrown up, would ever come down again." Galileo, by his researches and experiments, took the first important step toward the system of inductive philosophy which has stood the test of two centuries, and has demonstrated itself to be the only common-sense theory of scientific investigation. Lord Bacon, although nearly contemporary with Galileo, did not publish any of his great works until some years after the latter had discovered many important facts in physical science and promulgated his peculiar opinions in regard to induction. The renown of Bacon seems to rest almost entirely upon the testimony of *literary men*, and not upon that of *true physicists*. Both have able supporters, and the great question of their relative merits appears to depend upon the decision of this one disputed fact, namely, which of the two was the real discoverer of the system of inductive philosophy?

Now, Galileo is certainly the more modest, for he does not claim to be the discoverer of the theory, but to have resuscitated it, so to speak, from the sepulchre in which it had lain entombed during the Dark Ages, and to have made it a living organism. Bacon, on the other hand, or rather his advocates, seem to imply that, before he gave the results of his researches to the world in his *Novum Organum*, men rested entirely upon dialectics and logic. Was there no knowledge, then, in ancient times outside of the clique of Schoolmen, who so abused the name of Aristotle? Were the temples of Nineveh and Baalbec reared by dialectics? Did the construction of the aqueducts of Rome depend upon the architect's knowledge of logic? We have had no better

philosophical induction in all ages than that of Archimedes in the principle of specific gravity.

Bacon conjectured that the object to be attained by experiment and induction would be to lay open, not only the law which governs bodies, but also the *form*, — that is, the inherent qualities which constitute the phenomenon, and are the cause of the powers of bodies, — which makes weight, weight; color, color; hardness, hardness, &c. And with this knowledge he hoped to be able to infuse these properties into other substances, however different in chemical composition and physical appearance. He even describes the process of making silver, and further implies that a man shall be able to induce "new *forms* upon bodies," and these not by mixture, but by an entirely new creation of properties. Now it is not necessary to show that this never has been, and, in all human probability, never will be, accomplished, for in chemical analysis, by decomposing compound substances, although we obtain new bodies, we know nothing of their qualities in themselves, but only their laws, while Bacon affirms that we shall obtain new *forms*, such as Nature herself has not produced.

Let us now examine the state of the case between Bacon and the inductive system. He never was a great experimenter, and contrived no new mode of procedure, while Galileo was acknowledged to be the best analyst and philosopher of Europe in his time. As to the process of induction, or deriving general principles and truths from particular instances, no one has ever followed the process of mental examination which Bacon taught; in fact, he does not seem to have practised it himself with any reliable or noticeable results. In the object of induction, Bacon seems likewise to have signally failed, for all that was new in his method has been productive of no adequate results. His investigations were subsequent to those of Galileo, and even to those of Gilbert of Colchester, while the system of the great Florentine,

totally unlike that of his rival, is universally practised in all its general bearings at this day.

Even if we concede that the philosophical works of Bacon contain what is now known as the inductive process, still it must be apparent to every intelligent and candid person that the priority remains with Galileo. Galileo commenced his investigations in 1584, at the age of twenty. At this time Bacon had just begun his law studies, and was engaged as lawyer, minister of state, and queen's counsel until 1621. His first work giving indications of his researches in physical science was not published until 1605, when Galileo had actively carried on his experimental philosophy for twenty-one years. At this time he had finished all his discoveries in mechanical science, had publicly taught them at Pisa and Padua, and had published the results of his researches. These works included treatises on the phenomena of falling bodies, on the principle of virtual velocities, and on the water and air thermometer. About this time, also, he was turning his attention to astronomy, to which he devoted the remainder of his long and useful life. Bacon's reputation as the discoverer of the inductive system rests entirely on the *Novum Organum*, and this was not published until Galileo's discoveries had been known and taught throughout Italy for fifteen years. It is not probable that Galileo was aware of the existence of Bacon, at least until after he had completed his mechanical investigations, while the latter was evidently well acquainted with the works of Galileo, and mentions him at least twice in the *Novum Organum*, where he takes exception to his explanation of the tides as founded on the motion of the earth, which Bacon says is a "datum that cannot be granted."

Gilbert of Colchester was born twenty-four years before Galileo, and is considered by the Scotch writers as the precursor of the so-called Baconian philosophy, but his work, *De Magnete*, &c., was first published in 1600. This was sixteen years after Galileo had observed the isochronism of

the pendulum and invented the *pulsology*, and thirteen years after he had been appointed Professor at Pisa. It cannot be allowed, then, that Gilbert preceded Galileo in the matter of induction, although the latter did not publish his work on the Loadstone until five years after the former had given to the world his treatise on the same subject. Galileo commends the labors of Gilbert, while Bacon only refers to him to treat him with contempt, asserting that he "told many fables," and considering him of the empiric school, which he says "produces dogmas of a more deformed and monstrous nature than the sophistic or theoretic school." We cannot allow, then, that there is any analogy between the writings of Gilbert and those of Bacon, nor can we avoid the conclusion that Galileo was in full possession of the theory of induction before Gilbert published his works, upon which his claims alone depend.

There can be no doubt that the labors of Galileo were conducted in the true system of induction, as practised for the last two centuries by the most eminent physicists, and his priority to Bacon must therefore be admitted. The cause of truth certainly claims for this subject more attention than it has hitherto received, and it is to be hoped that some competent scholar will undertake it with a thoroughness with which it has not yet been pursued.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE STAGE.

THE original object of the stage was to represent life, to personify human nature; and all the effects of stage scenery, all the contrivances that art and ingenuity could invent, were called into play to give an air of reality to this mimic life. Anything which could in any way aid the imagination in forgetting the present and its surroundings was brought into use; and the closer the resemblance which these scenes bore to life became, the more complete was the dramatic triumph considered. The stage was the arena on which the workings of the human mind were allowed full scope; and the actual *deeds* that took place upon the stage were not considered as of much importance, save as they were the embodiment of ideas, whose growth in the mind the spectator had been allowed to witness; or as they were the incentives to call into play the varied emotions of human nature.

Originally it was the aim of the true dramatist to select some fragment of historical writing, which contained the gradual development of some idea; which showed the play of some peculiar passion, or which showed the result of the want of some trait of character. This formed the plot of the drama. It served simply as a groundwork; and it became the task of the author, besides making the characters all to play their respective parts in forwarding the action of the play, and giving to each his proper part in the dialogue, by which the connection of events might be clearly shown, to put into the mouth of the hero or heroine words which should show the thoughts which were passing through their minds; thoughts which were the index of the passions within, and which showed what it was that prompted the various acts and movements in the play.

The act of criticising a play resolved itself into a simple comparison of it with life. The nearer the resemblance, the better the play.

When this was the object of the stage, when its aim was simply to "hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature," and it was content to keep within its proper limits, and to keep always this end steadfastly in view; so long, I say, as this was the case, the influence of the stage must have been for the good. The pulpit warns men of vices, and shows them the evil result of indulgence in them; the stage presents the same result in vivid, life-like characters before them; and, while the pulpit tells us that the result of certain actions is thus and thus, leaving us the choice of believing or not, the stage shows us that it *is* so, by example, and presents to our view, one after another, the steps by which the result is brought about. The pulpit warns us of giving too great indulgence to our passions, and points out the end to which such indulgence will lead; we may see the connection between cause and effect or not; but the stage shows us the workings of that passion in the human mind, the effect it has, if indulged in, on the actions of life, and slowly but surely it leads us, leaving no link in the chain of evidence broken, till the curtain falls upon the wreck of another human life, and the passion has proved its supremacy over the will.

It may be thought by some that I depict the stage in too glowing colors; that I am describing more what the stage should be than what it is, or ever was. I am not. I am simply describing what in these days the *ideal* stage alone is, but what *originally* the stage itself really was. The stage has gone from one extreme to the other; and the stage of the nineteenth century is as corrupt and as evil in its influence on society, in nearly the same degree as that of the sixteenth century was free from these bad influences. Now-a-days instruction is lost sight of. I speak now, of course, not of the revivals of the earlier Drama, but of the Drama of the present day. Instruction, I say, is lost sight of, and the theatre is frequented more as a source of mere amusement and pleasure than anything else. Show and effect are substituted for simplicity and nature. To excite the loud laugh-

ter and tumultuous applause of the audience is the one point to be gained, instead of attempting to move the tears and call forth the silent approbation of those who witness the play. Coarse drollery, and oftentimes vulgar, and even low banter, are substituted for true wit and lively and sharp repartee. In short, the stage is gradually but surely losing sight of its original aim, and, from being a source of good and pleasure combined, it resolves itself into a stimulant to excite the passions and keep in constant strain the nervous system.

Such was and such is the Drama. What an evidence against our times is this degeneracy of the stage! For the Drama is but an index of the popular mind. If a play is not in accordance with the feelings and sentiments of the audience, ill-suited are they with it; and that play can never become a favorite with the public which does not fall in with the popular tastes and notions.

There must have been a real love of the Drama in those old days, when the groundlings were obliged to stand during the exhibition; and I think that but few of us would be willing to "stand out," if I may be pardoned the expression, a five-and-a-half-hour tragedy. No change of scenery aided the imagination, and served to help along the illusion and break the monotony, save perhaps a wooden gallery at the back for royalty to rest upon, or a wooden tomb thrust upon the stage in the graveyard scene in Hamlet. Beside all this, imagine a young fellow's making his "first appearance on any stage" in the character of the Queen in Hamlet, while a coarse, rough fellow enacts the gentle Ophelia. For in those days there were no pretty women, dressed to please the eye, and invested with all the mysterious fascinations that the stage seems to throw around them. Men alone represented all the characters. It is clear that the audience must have been formed, in these days, of those who went for the intrinsic worth of the play itself, and not for the excitement and pleasure with which the surroundings of modern times have invested the theatre.

No writer stands forth so prominent as a type of the earlier dramatic writers as Shakespeare. His name has become associated with his profession to such a degree, that the name of Shakespeare has come to be all but a synonyme for that of the stage itself. His works form the model of English poetry, and serve also as a means of even perpetuating our language; and if not of keeping it wholly in its original form, yet of retarding the otherwise too hasty change which it has a tendency to undergo.

Shakespeare's writings are the purest specimens and models that we have of English poetry. His works have been a favorite with readers of every age since his own. Other poets have written since his time, but the double laurel which Melpomene and Thalia placed on his brow no other has attempted to displace.

The Drama mirrors the world, we say, and so it does, and Shakespeare's Drama above them all. The writings of others have acquired a greater or less *local* reputation, but Shakespeare lived and died a genius of universal mind, and as such his works have won for him a universal reputation.

The beauty of Shakespeare's art is expressed in one word, — it is in its comprehensiveness. He constructs the plot, delineates the characters of the *dramatis personæ;* he throws around the whole scène a picturesqueness and naturalness that makes us fall at once into feeling with the characters themselves. We sympathize with Juliet as she falls almost overwhelmed at Romeo's banishment; we grieve with Hamlet when, as though to add one more drop to his cup, but too full now of sorrow, Ophelia proves that she too is false and leagued against him; we watch with eager anxiety the deadly conflict on Bosworth Field, and cannot but express a feeling of relief and pleasure when the remorseless Richard falls and "civil wounds are stopped."

It is the perfectness and completeness in the whole which pleases us. The work is not finished here, and neglected there, but Shakespeare views the play as one great whole;

and yet he does not overlook the little charms and graces which go to embellish and set off to advantage the whole.

It were impossible to criticise his works in one essay. Each play is written with a particular end in view, and demands a criticism by itself. The painter's scenes are all different, though it is true we may recognize the style and touch of the same pencil through them all; and we may say a little about the peculiar genius and touch which distinguishes one painter's scene from another; but we can say little on this point. We have to sit down and judge each by itself. So Shakespeare presents us the offsprings of his mighty intellect; he shows us the efforts of his great genius, and we can only bow in admiration before them. But with such vast fields open for study before us, each one of which is so fruitful in ideas and so fraught with wisdom, it were almost unjust to speak merely of those special marks of genius which pervade them all.

IN MEMORIAM.

Let others sing in joyful strains,
And sweetly flowing measures,
Of woful war and war's alarms,
Of peace and peace's pleasures;

Of Nature, in her wildest scenes,
Of mountain, forest, ocean,
Of wonders wrought by heaven-born Art,
Of Love's sublime devotion;—

Not these can so my feelings move
As thou, who long hast stood,
Through many scenes of joy and pain,
By me, my Brier-wood!

In dull December's dreary days
I first did thee behold:
Soon thou wert mine, yet not my slave,
Though purchased with my gold.

Thy hungry mouth with food I filled,
With fire I warmed thy heart,
I pressed thee to my lips, and thrilled
To feel thy warm breath start.

And from that time, with truth I say
My idol thou became;
And though I burn thee every day,
Yet thou art still the same.

'T is true, gnawed by time's tooth and mine,
Thy stem hath shorter grown;
And a dark, beauteous lustre o'er
Thy swelling sides is strown.

What pleasing memories of the past
Dost thou within me raise,
And bring before my eager eyes
Visions of other days.

Again I seem to see the ground
Deep covered o'er with snow,
And in the morn, with air profound,
A pedagogue forth go.

He slowly climbs the hillside steep,
Draws near the school-room door,
Goes in and weareth out his soul
Till three long hours are o'er.

And then with buoyant step and heart
He hastens down the hill,
Eats dinner quickly, lights his pipe,
And smokes with right good-will.

But *tempus fugit*, and again
The pedagogue forth goes,
Toils through the weary afternoon
Until his labors close.

Then after supper round him thick
The merry children stand,
Striving in noisy glee to grasp
Smoke-wreaths with eager hand.

Still later, when the little ones
Are snugly stowed in bed,
Round him the fragrant incense burns,
And lost in clouds his head.

Not Jove in toddies more delights
Of copious nectar made,
Not Tityrus so much enjoys
His cobbler * in the shade.

Whatever fortune may betide,
Whatever fate may be,
Stick thou to me, dear Brier-wood!
Fondly I 'll cling to thee.

* Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi,
Silvestrem tenui musam meditaris *avena*. — VIRGIL.

Feb. '63

COLONIAL RIGHTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

MUCH light is often thrown upon social questions by an historical examination of the various aspects which they have worn at different times and under different circumstances. The all-important questions of what is right and what is wrong have throughout the course of ages met with ever-varying interpretations; the deliberate verdict of one generation being never entirely acquiesced in, but always modified, and sometimes reversed, by the more enlightened understanding of the generation which succeeds it. Whatever may be said in favor of the often-quoted maxim, that "human nature is always the same," it is certainly not of its moral phases that this unchangeableness can be predicated. From the time when the people of Syracuse threw ten thousand Athenian prisoners into a stone quarry, to experience the torments of a lingering death; from the time, more recent, when Tamerlane built for his amusement a pyramid of the skulls of ninety thousand enemies slain in battle; or from the time, still later, when the great apostle of Presbyterian theology burned publicly in the street of Geneva a Unitarian friend who had in confidence sought his protection; down to the present time, when prisoners are exchanged with banded rebels, and when an endangered government hesitates to treat as pirates those marauders who prey upon its commerce; an extensive change in the feelings and opinions of men is unmistakably manifest. And it is the accumulation of contrasted facts like these which makes us "lift the eyebrow of astonishment," (to use an Oriental phrase,) when able writers like Mr. Buckle come forth with the incomprehensible assertion, that there has never been any such thing as moral progress. Now, since the opinions and actions of men are to a great extent determined by their feelings, we have only to look at the social constitutions of any age, in order to ascertain the moral state thereof. And if we find that,

with the advance of civilization, mankind have, either in their political theories or in their practical legislation, shown ever increasing respect to the doctrine of individual and national freedom, we shall suspect that the claim of a nation to the exclusive management of its own affairs is in harmony with that perfect code of equity to which we are continually approximating.

It needs but a passing glance at the constitution of early societies to assure us that in ancient times the notion of personal freedom, whether in the case of dealings between individuals or between related nationalities, was entirely unrecognized. The doctrine that each person and each collection of persons has the exclusive right to be the arbiter of its own destiny, subject to no meddling interference from without, found no place in the speculations of ancient philosophers, or on the statute-books of ancient lawgivers. The family, and not the individual, was the unit of society, and to family duties all individual rights were subjected. By a tie religious no less than political, the members of the family were all held in allegiance to its oldest male representative. The father could expose his son in infancy, and when grown up could sell him as a slave, or put him to death for disobedience; and the wife was to an equal extent in the power of her husband, to whom she legally stood in the relation of daughter, so that marriage was but the exchange of one form of servitude for another. No transfer of property was valid, unless the persons conducting it swore in the name of some ancestor — ages ago dead, it might be; for so absolute was the *manus* of the *paterfamilias*, — an expression signifying that he held the rest of the family *under his thumb*, — that it could not be conceived of as departing from him at death; but must be exercised by him, through the medium of prescriptive ceremonial, over whole generations to come. In view of the likeness which generally holds between the different customs of any state of society, it is interesting to find that in early times a relation analogous to that between

father and son was sustained by colonies to the parent states by which they were founded. Although in many cases, owing partly to their great distance, to the dangers attendant upon long journeys, and to the consequent difficulty of communication, the colonies of a Greek city were to some extent legally independent of it, choosing their own municipal officers and making their own laws; yet they all theoretically recognized the supremacy of the mother city, and were practically held in allegiance to it by bonds of filial piety which in these days it is difficult to understand or realize. The birthday of the colony was commemorated in annual ceremonies sacred to the first adventurer who led the people on the colonizing mission from their old home; and from no other place than the parent state might an *œkist* be selected to consecrate the establishment of a new colony. Refusing to assist the mother country in time of its necessity was a mark of the direst ingratitude; and the enmity and frequent wars between Korkyra and Corinth were as great a scandal to the moral and religious feelings of antiquity as would now be considered the doings of an unnatural son, who kicks his aged father through the front door.

Coming to modern times, we find that immense changes have been worked, not only in our systems of ethics and our codes of laws, but in the ultimate structure of society itself. Our ideas of justice, of the mutual claims of members of a community upon each other, are not what they were in ancient times. The family is no longer the unit of society, but a nation is conceived as being made up of individuals, each of whom is entitled to the full and unrestrained use of his natural faculties, provided he infringe not the equal right of others. The son can no longer be slain or enslaved by his father, and the right of married women to the undisturbed possession of their property is, in the writings of leading political thinkers, becoming from year to year more explicitly recognized. Domestic slavery, with some sophistical exceptions in the case of inferior races, has been quite

generally condemned. And the divine right of kings has become an obsolete and much-laughed-at dogma. In view of such a radical alteration in the state of society and the opinions of men, it is but natural to infer that the old theory of colonial dependence, which has its only logical basis in the patriarchal theory of government, must also have been swept away along with the other relics of a less civilized age. Since those rights which are now considered to be the natural and inalienable heritage of every individual may by parity of reasoning be extended to any collection of individuals, we might expect to see those rights asserted and maintained by colonies which, under the stimulus of governmental oppression or from any other cause, desire an independent and untrammelled existence. And such we find to have actually happened; more conspicuously in the case of our own war for independence against the tyranny of George III.; but also in the separation of Mexico and the South American republics from the parent governments of Spain and Portugal. In the present generation, the abstract right of colonies to have an independent government so soon as they desire it, has been repeatedly advocated on moral grounds by the most advanced political thinkers, such as Mill, Wakefield, and Herbert Spencer. And unless we return to the ancient theory of patriarchal government, we see no alternative but to accept their conclusions. For if it be admitted that one man has no right to control the actions of another man, that one corporation has no right to meddle with the affairs of another corporation, that one city is not justified in domineering over another city, that one class in society ought not to legislate for another class, and that one section of a country has no right to obtrude its private interests to the detriment of the other sections, then it must also be admitted that one country has no business to interfere with the liberties of another country. The advocates of despotism can draw no dividing-line, at which to take their stand, and cry to the advocates of liberty, "Thus far shall

ye come and no farther." Between the ancient theory of family despotism and the modern theory of individual freedom there can be no half-way compromise which is not chargeable with inconsistency. Either we must concede the right of all individuals, apart and collected, to work out their own destiny, or we must at once establish a paternal despotism, like that of China. Assuming that every man is not to be the ultimate judge of his own interests, we must set up a minute and elaborate supervision over all the affairs of private life, as was formerly done in France. Having begun by maintaining our dominion over reluctant colonies, probably on the pretext that it is "for their good," we may continue by setting up our control over the members of our own society, using the same convenient sophism to justify the latter as well as the former aggression. For their own and the public good, we shall be in duty bound to burn all heretics. We may then appoint committees to investigate the quality of all manufactured products, lest some unlucky purchaser be sold in buying them. We may go on with our laudable endeavors to promote the welfare of society, and extend our jurisdiction over the press. We may legislate as to what opinions shall be promulgated, and what not; what books may be perused, and what not; what newspapers may be taken, and what not; and, as a fitting climax, we may emulate the example of that worthy Danish king, who gave his subjects directions how to scour their floors and iron their shirt-bosoms.

MAY, 1863.

HOPE, breathing in this golden Spring, —
 Hope, whose dear image never dies, —
 Now fills with dreamy ecstasies
This fresh and sweet May offering —

That like some gentle angel turns
 To kiss the eyelids, wet with tears,
 And whispers softly to our fears,
And heals the flame that slowly burns

Within, and ever languidly,
 Envelops weary hearts in pain,
 And eyes that shall not see again
The splendor of our liberty.

Half hid in woodland solitudes,
 Where quiet Nature loves to dwell,
 Alone with each low sentinel
That wanders listless through her woods,

Within each forest corridor,
 Far, far in leafy deeps unseen,
 Mingled of ever-changing green,
Where arches span the fragrant floor,

This tender messenger of God
 Creeps ever, and in silence steals
 These odorous aisles among, where peals
A lilied anthem from the sod.

And sunshine smiles to soothe our grief,
 And dew-kissed flowers shed tears of joy:
 All Nature doth her art employ
To teach us the supreme belief,

That, in the wondrous years to be,
 Shall God our bleeding Honor save,
 When falls across the listening wave
The twilight of our Century.

COLLEGE RECORD.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF 1863.

THE Class began in September, 1859, with 128 members. The largest number ever in the Class at one time was 134, at the beginning of the Sophomore year. At the beginning of the Senior year, the number was 116. Of these 105 expect their degrees at Commencement. Eight, who have gone to the war, expect them eventually.

The whole number ever connected with the Class is 151. Of the 35 who have left, 5 have died: — Moses Bartlett Sewall, of Charlestown, in Freshman year; Horace Sargent Dunn, of Boston, Second Lieutenant 22d Reg. Mass. Vols., May 22, 1862, at New York; Gorham Phillips Stevens, of Lawrence, First Lieutenant 1st Reg. Excelsior Brigade, Aug. 12, 1862, at Harrison's Landing; Samuel Shelton Gould, of Cambridge, Private 13th Reg. Mass. Vols., killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862; Henry French Brown, of Boston, from fever contracted at Newbern, in the spring of 1863.

During the war, thirty of the Class have been in the service. Five have joined lower classes. Four have left the Class, and returned to their homes in the South.

Places of Residence.		Birthplaces.	
Boston,	29	Boston,	28
Cambridge,	4	Cambridge,	4
Elsewhere in Massachusetts,	30	Elsewhere in Massachusetts,	24
New York,	13	New York,	11
Pennsylvania,	6	Pennsylvania,	6
New Hampshire,	5	New Hampshire,	8
Maine,	3	Maine,	5
Illinois,	3	Illinois,	4
California,	1	Connecticut,	2
Wisconsin,	1	Vermont,	2
Missouri,	1	Missouri,	2
Minnesota,	1	Michigan,	1
Ohio,	1	Ohio,	1
Kentucky,	1	Kentucky,	1
North Carolina,	1	South Carolina,	1
District of Columbia,	1	Azores,	1
Azores,	1		
Massachusetts,	63	Massachusetts,	56
Elsewhere,	39	Elsewhere,	46

Average age at Commencement,	21 years 8.6 months.
Oldest,	27 " 10 "
Youngest,	18 " 11 "

Older than 25,	4
" " 22,	35
Younger than 20,	6

Average height,	5 feet 7.367 inches.
" weight,	139.214 lbs.
" chest,	37.56 inches.
" upper arm,	12.56 "
" fore-arm,	10.46 "

OBITUARY.

At a meeting of the Junior Class of Harvard College, June 2, 1863, the following resolutions were adopted: —

Whereas, Our classmate, Anson Grandcelo Thurston, of Lowell, has been removed from us by death, —

Resolved, That in losing him we feel that we have lost one of our choicest spirits, whose place can never be filled.

Resolved, That while we mourn our classmate, the sad tidings of whose death reached us just as his term of service was expiring, and while we were eagerly looking forward to his speedy return, a classmate so worthy of universal regard, with whose memory are connected so many pleasing associations which can never be forgotten, our grief is softened by the contemplation of his heroic patriotism, which drew him from our society to the fatal field where he laid down his life in the service of his country.

Resolved, That with a copy of these resolutions we tender our heartfelt sympathy to his family, now mourning the loss of a son and brother, who promised to surpass the most ardent expectations of his relatives and friends.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Our War List. — We have taken satisfaction in recording from time to time the names of Harvard men who have joined the ranks of the Federal army to aid in crushing the rebellion. We have a goodly roll of patriots. Many *alumni* now hold high posts of honor and responsibility which they have earned by distinguished ability and faithful service. We need not now write their names; they are already familiar to us as household words. Our only regret is that we have had neither the time nor the facilities for making our list complete. We have published all the information we could obtain from the newspapers, from our friends in College, and from a somewhat extended correspondence with graduates; but still we have been unable to follow all the changes of rank so as to keep our list corrected up to the latest date. But while we regret that we have been unable to do more, we are glad to learn that the work is not to be left undone.

A "Memorial History" of the part taken by sons of Harvard in the war is in course of preparation by a graduate of the Class of 1859, who has been connected with the army, and is now residing in Cambridge. It is the author's intention, we understand, that the roll of honor shall include the name of every *alumnus* engaged in the army or navy, and with the name of each there is to be a brief account of the part taken by him in the war, together with a mention of his rank, promotions, battles engaged in, wounds received, and all other facts and incidents of interest. *Four hundred and fifty* names, with information more or less extensive connected with each, have been collected by the author already. It is a matter of interest to every one of us who is proud of his *Alma Mater*, that this record of honorable service be made as complete as possible. We hope, therefore, that the author will receive generous co-operation in his work, and at his desire we will inform our friends that information will be gladly received by him through the Librarian of the University.

Method of Dealing with the Freed Negroes. — In spite of the exclusion of political questions from the pages of the Magazine, the engrossing topics of the present day will sometimes unavoidably come up to occupy our attention, especially when other subjects of contemplation are slow in suggesting themselves. Lacking as we do the political knowledge and the political wisdom requisite for dogmatically evolving an opinion on the question we have placed before ourselves, we must be contented with briefly criticising, in a spirit of philosophic scepticism, a few opinions propounded by those whose ability none will dispute.

Three ways have been proposed in which we may dispose of the freed blacks. It has been said that we may send them to Africa, to the fauna of which they originally belonged; and again, that we may bring them to New England; and yet again, that we may let them remain where they are. Much has been said in favor of each of these measures, and much has also been said to show that they

are all impracticable. Men have disputed about the proper method of dealing with the negroes, as furiously as they have wrangled about the origin of knowledge, without ever coming to a satisfactory conclusion. Lockian and Kantian were never more at variance than Abolitionist and Democrat; and the sociologic problem is worse off than the psychologic, in not yet having found its Spencer.

In this bewilderment and aporeity (if we may coin the expression) two ways have been suggested of getting rid of these bones of contention. In the first place, we may *hang* all the freed blacks. While we cannot refrain from admiring the simplicity of this proposition, we are forced to remark, that such a course of proceeding, though highly decorous in ancient times, is less so in "the nineteenth Christian century"; and that, unless we are actuated by the humane intention *of* freeing the blacks not only from their masters, but also from the miseries of this mundane life, we must beware of incurring an opprobrium like that forever attached to the name of the Carthaginian general who sacrificed a hecatomb of Sicilian contrabands to the *manes* of his ancestors.

The other remedy above referred to is, that we *whitewash* the freed blacks; acting doubtless on the principle that, if once made white, they will be no longer blacks, and will no longer merit the contemptuous title of "nigger" (Lat. *niger*) so freely bestowed upon them by their Caucasian neighbors. This plan is eminently chimerical. Its proposers and supporters forget that the sable pigment lies beneath the epidermis, and cannot be removed by any chemical or pharmaceutical means at our disposal. While the presence of so much lime upon the body, as is implied in the process of whitewashing, would oblige the poor black always, on going out in the rain, to slake not his thirst only, but his entire clayey tenement.

To those fastidious critics who may call this arrant trifling, we will merely observe that so *dark* a subject cannot be better dealt with than by making *light* of it.

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